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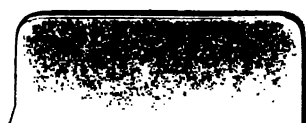
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DOCTORS AND PATIENTS

OR

*ANECDOTES OF THE MEDICAL WORLD
AND CURIOSITIES OF MEDICINE*

BY

JOHN TIMBS, F.S.A.

AUTHOR OF

'LIVES OF WITS AND HUMOURISTS' 'A CENTURY OF ANECDOTE' ETC.

IN TWO VOLUMES—VOL. I.



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(2 vols)*

**MICROFILMED
AT HARVARD**

TO THE READER.

THE VOLUMES here submitted to the reader are not, in any sense, a *Medical work*. The object of the Author is not to direct persons how to physic themselves, or this work might well be entitled Every Man his own Poisoner.

The leading title implies that it has as much to do with Patients as Doctors—their conversational and anecdotic characteristics. Then, the lives of eminent practitioners have yielded the Compiler many interesting traits and experiences wherewith to entertain his readers.

Next, his object has been specially to point out certain errors current in regard to disease and medicine, and to convey his explanations with due regard to clearness and the avoidance of technicalities. Indeed, his aim has been to fit each section of the work for general reading.

The 'Curiosities of Medicine' have yielded the Compiler ample materials, and he has taken special care to

quote the authorities for his statements, so as to recommend them for the reliance they are entitled to.

Time was when the remedies of Medicine were few and far between, in comparison, with the present multitudinous accumulation of cures for 'the ills that human flesh is heir to.'

We have a vivid recollection of hearing Sir Lucas Pepys, formerly President of the College of Physicians, inquire at a druggist's shop at Dorking, the uses of the contents of the several drawers and bottles in his stock. Sir Lucas received for reply, 'to prepare prescriptions, &c.,' when he naively added, that he never used more than a dozen articles in all his practice.

The Table of Contents and Index appended to each volume of this work convey an idea of the variety of Anecdotes which it contains.

January 1873.

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EARLY SURGEONS.

The clergy and the Jews were the leading men of the medical profession during the tenth and eleventh centuries. From 1131 down to 1163, the popes took occasion to thunder against practising ecclesiastics. A chief justice, about the year 1223, recommended to the Bishop of Chichester one Master Thomas, an army surgeon, as one who knew how to cure wounds, a science particularly needed in the siege of castles. Barbers assisted in baths, shaved, and applied ointments. Henry V., at Agincourt, with 30,000 men, had one surgeon and fifteen assistants. During the reign of Henry VIII., there were twelve surgeons in London. In 1512, physicians and surgeons had to be approved of by the Bishop of London, or the Dean of St. Paul's. Females were everywhere to be met with practising the healing art. The tooth-drawer's, now the dentist's art, is not of recent date. Sir John Blagrove, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, had all his teeth drawn, and afterwards had a set of ivory teeth in again. Otter, in Ben Jonson's 'Silent Woman,' says all her teeth were made in the Black Friars.

Social History of the Southern Counties.

OFFICE OF SERGEANT SURGEON.

One of the duties of this office was anciently to attend the sovereign in all battles. Henry V., when he invaded France, had only one principal surgeon with him, one Thomas Morstede, afterwards surgeon to Henry VI. He wrote 'a goodley boke on chirurgery,' which is now extremely rare. This person was authorised to press as many surgeons as he thought necessary; and it appears from Rymer's *Fœdera*, that with the army which won the day at Agincourt there landed only one surgeon, this same Thomas Morstede, who did, indeed, engage fifteen in that capacity; but these gentlemen were compelled to add a little fighting to their practice of surgery, and three of them acted as archers. He took into his service, also, Nicolas Colnet, as field-surgeon, for one year. With such a surgical staff, what must have been the state of the wounded after the

day of battle? The pay was 10*l.* quarterly and twelve pennies daily for subsistence ; but then both Morstede and Colnet could receive prisoners and plunder, and when the latter amounted to more than 20*l.* in value, a third part of it was given to the King.

IMPROVEMENTS IN MEDICINE AND SURGERY.

It is a fact capable of demonstration, that since the healing art reached that point of cultivation which entitled it to the name of science, disease has been gradually decreasing both in frequency and fatality. And it is equally capable of proof, that the degree of perfection with which anatomy has been studied at any successive periods, may be safely taken as the rule by which the progress of all the other branches of the science may be ascertained. And on what else should it depend ;—how much does a watch-maker know about a watch by counting its beats, and looking at the outside? As anatomy has been encouraged, so has medicine progressed. Wherever dissection was forbidden, surgery declined ; and, even in the present day, those schools of medicine in which dissection is most liberally practised, send out into society surgeons and physicians who seldom fail to prove in after life the accuracy of Baillie's assertion, that 'the dead body is that great basis on which we are to build the knowledge that is to guide us in distributing life and health to our fellow-creatures.' Sir William Petty (who died 185 years since) states, that the proportion of deaths to cures in St. Bartholomew's and St. Thomas's Hospitals, was in his time one to seven ; while we know by subsequent documents, that in St. Thomas's Hospital, during 1741, the mortality had diminished to one in ten ; during 1780, to one in fourteen ; during 1813, to one in sixteen ; and that, during 1827, out of 12,494 patients treated, 259 only were buried, or one in forty-eight. As his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex justly said—'Indeed, such is the advantage which has been already derived from the improvement of medical science in this line of study, that comparing the value of life as it is now calculated to what it was a hundred years ago, it has absolutely doubled.'

The most fatally malignant diseases have become compara-

tively mild in the hands of modern physicians. The entire half of our population were at one time destroyed by one disease alone—small-pox; the mortality of which at the present time is but fractional. Typhus fever once visited this country in annual epidemics, and to slay one out of every three whom it attacked; whereas in the present day it is seldom seen as an epidemic, and its average mortality does not amount to one in sixteen. Measles, scarlet fever, hooping-cough, and consumption, are no longer regarded with the extreme terror in which they were once viewed. From 1799 to 1808 the mortality of consumption amounted to about twenty-seven per cent. of those who became ill; from 1808 to 1813 it diminished to twenty-three; and from 1813 to 1822 it still further decreased to twenty-two per cent. . . . As anatomy was more attended to, surgery proportionally advanced, until the days of Harvey (who discovered the Circulation of the Blood about the year 1610), bold and important operations were attempted. The extreme clumsiness and cruelty with which they were even then performed, could scarcely be credited, had we not in our possession some descriptions of them by those who operated. Thus, Fabricius of Aquapendente, preceptor of the immortal Harvey, describes what he considered an improved and easy operation in the following terms:—‘If it be a movable tumour, I cut it away with a red-hot knife, that sears as it cuts; but if it be adherent to the chest, I cut it without bleeding or pain, with a wooden or horn knife soaked in aqua-fortis, with which having cut the skin I dig out the rest with my fingers.’

Westminster Review.

IDIOSYNCRASY.

This is a peculiarity of constitution, so that a person is affected by certain agents, differently from the generality of mankind. Thus, some persons are incapable of using butter or cheese; some are purged by honey; others cannot wear flannel without great irritation; some have a violent fever and eruptions by the use of certain kinds of fish or certain fruits, or malt liquors. Some people have idiosyncrasies with respect to medicines: thus, opium has such very distressing effects on

some patients, that it cannot be used by them as by others. Idiosyncrasies are to be discovered only by experience in each individual case ; and where they are matters of indifference, it is needless to waste time in combating them ; but where they may lead to disease, or interfere with methods of cure, a prudent physician will endeavour to arrest them.

Dr. Macaulay's Dictionary of Medicine.

SANCTORIUS AND HIS CHAIR.

Sanctorius is the Latinised form of the name of an eminent Italian physician, who was called in his own language Santorio. He was born in 1561, at Capo d'Istria, studied medicine and took his degree at Padua, and then settled at Venice as a practitioner, where he had considerable success. In 1611, he was recalled to Padua, and appointed professor of the theory of medicine in that university. He then commenced a series of observations on insensible perspiration, which have made his name known even among those who do not belong to the medical profession. 'For the better carrying on the experiments,' says Addison, in the 'Spectator,' No. 25, 'he contrived a certain mathematical chair, which was so artificially hung upon springs that it would weigh any thing as well as a pair of scales. By this means, he discovered how many ounces of his food passed by perspiration, what quantity of it was turned into nourishment, and how much went away by other channels and distributions of nature.' His best known work contains the results of a long series of observations made upon the weight of his own body, and the external causes which induced its increase or diminution. He treats especially of insensible perspiration, on the due amount of which he makes health and disease depend. There is much curious and valuable matter in the work. He unquestionably conferred a benefit on medical science, by directing the observations of medical men to the functions of the skin ; but unfortunately the doctrines were extended much too far ; and coinciding with the mechanical principles which were coming into vogue after the discovery of the Circulation of the Blood, as well as with the chemical

notions which were not yet exploded, they contributed to complete the establishment of the *humoral pathology*, under the shackles of which the practice of medicine continued almost to our own times. In another work, Sanctorius describes an instrument he had invented for measuring the force of the pulse, and several new instruments of surgery. He was also the first physician who attempted to measure by the thermometer (then newly invented) the heat of the skin in different diseases, and at different periods of the same disease.

‘THE CHARIOT OF ANTIMONY.’

Basil Valentine, who lived towards the end of the fifteenth century, published a singular work, which he called, ‘*Currus Triumphalis Antimonii*.’ Valentine ranks among the first who introduced metallic preparations into medicine ; and is supposed to be the first that ever used the word antimony. In the above work, after setting forth the chemical preparations of that metal, he enumerates their medicinal effects. According to the prevailing custom of the age, he boasts of supernatural assistance ; and his work furnishes a good specimen of the controversial disputes between the chemical physicians, and those of the School of Galen ; the former being attached to active remedies, and the latter to more simple and inert remedies. Valentine’s ‘*Chariot of Antimony*’ opens with the most pious exhortations to prayer and contemplation, to charity and benevolence. But the author soon forgets himself, and breaks out in this virulent invective : ‘Ye wretched and pitiful medicanters ; who, full of deceit, breathe out I know not what ! Thrasonick brags ! infamous men ! more mad than Bacchanalian fools ! who will neither learn, nor dirty your hands with coals ! You titular doctors, who write long scrolls of receipts ! You apothecaries, who with your decoctions, fill pots, no less than those in princes’ courts, in which meat is boiled for the sustenance of some hundreds of men ! You, I say, who have, hitherto, been blind, suffer a collyrium to be poured into your eyes, and permit me to anoint them with balsam, that this ignorance may fall from your sight, and that you may behold

truth, as in a clear glass !' 'But,' says Basil Valentine, after proceeding in this strain for some length, 'I will put an end to my discourse ; lest my tears, which I can scarcely prevent continually falling from my eyes, should blot my writing ; and, whilst I deplore the blindness of the world, blemish the lamentation which I would publish to all men.'

HOW TO NURSE OLD AGE.—WINE, 'THE MILK OF
THE OLD.'

The great English lexicographer, near the close of life, when writing to a friend, says, 'My diseases are an asthma and dropsy ; and what is less curable, *seventy-five*.' A few precepts how to lessen the inconveniences of this last disease may not be without their use. In old age the sensibility of the nervous system is diminished, the muscular fibres are less irritable, and many of the arteries are ossified and obliterated. The body is bent, and those who have been tall and graceful in their youth, stoop forward in old age more than others, from the shrinking of the cartilages that lie between the vertebræ. The body is lean, and tremulous on any exertion. The torpor of the system, and the fulness of the veins, are the chief predisposers to disease in old age. The perspiration is checked, probably from the obstruction of the smaller arteries ; and old people are, accordingly, subject to asthma, habitual catarrh, and water in the chest. These are to be treated by the appropriate remedies ; and prevented, if possible, by warm clothing, and regulating the temperature of their apartment. From the venous plethora arise apoplexy and palsy, piles, and obstructions in the liver, which may end in dropsy. These dangers are to be obviated by scrupulous attention to the alvine and urinary discharges.

The principal support of old age is to be found in nourishing and cordial diet, with a proper allowance of wine, but to many old persons, wine becomes unpleasant, while sweet things are often remarkably grateful. The appetite for solid food is frequently lessened, but many old people eat heartily, without any inconvenience. Long lying in bed is proper, both

on account of its promoting the perspiration, and sparing the exertions of the enfeebled frame. But a time will come, when all these cares would prove unavailing : ' it is appointed unto man once to die,' and happy are they who shall exchange the infirmities of old age for the life and immortality brought to light by the Gospel.

Dr. Macaulay's Dictionary of Medicine.

The vital powers have drooped, and the enfeebled functions have sunk into a state resembling that of infancy ; their imperfect action requires assistance, and, if duly afforded, they will go through a process of renewal for a time, in imitation of the early development of the same process in childhood. But the pristine juices which aided that development are gone ; the nutriment, therefore, of old age must possess those stimulating qualities which in the child were needless. An old man's milk must be wine ; his pap must be succulent soups ; and his diet must be rich and tender meats. The fires that sustained a young constitution are fled, and their place must be supplied by warm clothing ; the soft couch and luxurious seat, which would have too early promoted the physical capacities, are now essential to prolong their stay, and prevent them from becoming utterly extinct. The bracing cold bath must be exchanged for one of tepid temperature, that it may penetrate a system now being closed up ; and those indulgences which would have weakened powers when immature, must likewise be had in subjection in their decay. Air, too, is as necessary now as then ; but violent exercise would prove as dangerous as when the powers were immature ; the arms of the nurse, or the little riding-chair, should therefore be replaced by an easy carriage ; the body strengthened by frequent friction of the skin ; and the loss of natural moisture supplied by scented ointments and sweet unctions. The shocks of the nerves, the sudden inclemencies of the weather, and all the other accidents which his mother so dreaded when he was a child, must now be equally guarded against by the nurse of his senility ; and the same tranquillity and innocent pastimes which alternated the days of his early existence must be resorted to for the purpose of warding off undue excitement from the hours of his second child-

hood. With treatment like this, an old man will live to the full end of his natural term. His mind, unobscured, will pour forth all the treasures of memory, and what he lacks in wisdom will be supplied by the lessons of experience.

The Science of Life.

Fermented liquors, if otherwise suitable to the constitution, exercise a beneficial influence upon old people and other weakly persons whose fat and tissues have begun to waste—which is one of the most usual consequences of the approach of old age. It is a common symptom of the decline of life: the stomach either does not receive or does not digest food enough to replace that which is daily removed from the substance of the body. Weak alcoholic drinks arrest or retard, and thus diminish, the daily amount of this loss of substance. They greatly stimulate the digestive organs also, and help them to do their work more fully and faithfully; and thus the body is sustained to a later period of life. Hence, poets have called wine ‘the milk of the old,’ and scientific philosophy owns the propriety of the term. If it does not nourish the old so directly as milk nourishes the young, yet it certainly aids in supporting and filling up their failing frames.¹ And it is one of the happy consequences of a temperate youth and manhood, that this spirituous milk does not fail in its good effects when the weight of years begins to press upon us.

Johnston's Chemistry of Common Life.

PROGRESS OF MEDICINE.

A very general opinion prevails that the medical sciences, and more particularly those which relate to the cure of disease, have not participated in the wonderful progress made in the other branches of human knowledge since, in the study of the outward world, vague and unverified conjecture was replaced by careful observation and experiment. We hear every day of discoveries being made in physics or chemistry, and the experience we have had of the small chance of error in these sciences leads us to place implicit reliance on such announce-

¹ Hence, the vulgar proverb, ‘all that does not fatten helps to fill up.’

ments. It is otherwise with the discovery of a new remedy, even when it meets with recognition from the orthodox members of the medical profession. We see that new modes of cure are believed in for a time and then abandoned. Every one has had evidence of this fact brought under his notice in a way he is not soon likely to forget. A few years ago it was customary for medical men, in cases of scarlet fever, to order the house in which a patient lay to be kept warm and free from draughts. New views have since prevailed, and on all occasions the value of fresh air is insisted on. Accordingly, when a case of scarlet fever now occurs, we hear of doors and windows being thrown open even in mid-winter, and what a few years ago would have been considered a certain cause of death to the patient is now considered part of the usual treatment. Within the last quarter of a century a still more remarkable change of practice has taken place as to the value of venesection. Many of us can recollect the time when it was universally believed that the first step to be taken in any serious complaint was to bleed the patient ; but now so completely has opinion changed, and so high does the prejudice against blood-letting run, that few physicians, even if they believe that under certain circumstances it would be beneficial, will dare to employ it. He knows that if the case should terminate fatally he will be charged with the death of his patient, and he therefore quietly and prudently submits to the rule which fashion or current opinion prescribes for him.

From the Times Journal.

MAN DISTINGUISHED FROM OTHER ANIMALS.

Professor Huxley describes the human skull as constituted of a room (the brain-case), a floor, the axis, and a cellar ; and the differences of form and position in these parts existing in various animals from the fish to man, showing how what resembles an ante-chamber in the one assumes the form of a cellar in the other. Man's anatomical pre-eminence mainly consists in degree rather than in kind : the differences are not absolute. His brain is larger and more complex, and his teeth

resemble those of animals in number and pattern, but are smaller, and form a continuous series, and, in some cases, differ in the order of succession. His law of growth is also very different. Dividing the length of the human infant into one hundred parts, the head is twenty-four per cent, the body forty, and the legs thirty-six ; while in the adult the head is thirteen, the body thirty-four, and the legs fifty-three. In the lower classes of mankind the rate of growth is a little different, and the negroes retain more of the youthful proportions. In conclusion, Professor Huxley defines the leading characters of the different modifications of mankind, such as dolichocephali, long-headed ; brachycephali, short-headed ; leiotrichi, straight and wavy-haired ; ulotrichi, woolly-haired ; leucous, fair complexion and red or yellow hair ; melanous, hair and skin very dark or blackish ; leuco-melanous, pale skin and dark hair ; and xantho-melanus, yellow, brown, or olive, and the hair black.

SYMPATHIES AND ANTIPATHIES.

The subject of sympathies and antipathies is extremely curious. A curious story is told of a clergyman, that he always fainted when he heard a certain verse in Jeremiah read. Zimmerman tells us of a lady who could not endure the feeling of silk or satin, and shuddered when touching the velvety skin of a peach. Mr. Julian Young tells the story of an officer who could not endure the sound of a drum, and ultimately fell dead when compelled to hear it. There are whole families who entertain a horror of cheese ; on the other hand, there was a physician, Dr. Starke, of Edinburgh, who lost his life by subsisting almost entirely upon it. Some people have been unable to take mutton, even when administered in the microscopic form of pills. There is the case of a man falling down at the smell of mutton, as if bereaved of life, and in strong convulsions. Sir James Eyre, in his well-known little book, mentions three curious cases of idiosyncrasy : the case of a gentleman who could not eat a single strawberry with impunity ; the case of another whose head would

become frightfully swollen if he touched the smallest particle of hare ; the case of a third who would inevitably have an attack of gout a few hours after eating fish.

London Society.

It is well known that certain objects excite instant horror in the minds of persons to whom they are antipathetic, and in this manner quite distinct from the affectation of fright. Some remarkable instances of real sympathy and antipathy are collected by Dr. Millingen, in his book on Mind and Matter. Amestris Lusitanus relates the case of a monk who fainted when he beheld a rose, and never quitted his cell while this flower was blooming. Orfila, a less questionable authority, gives an account of a painter, named Vincent, who was seized with violent vertigo, and swooned whenever there were roses in the room. Volpi relates the history of an officer who was thrown into convulsions if pinks were shut up with him in his chamber. Boyle records the case of a man who felt a natural abhorrence of honey ; and that of a young man who fainted when the servant swept his room. Hippocrates mentions one Nicanor, who swooned whenever he heard a flute. Boyle himself, in spite of his philosophy, fell into a syncope when he heard the splashing of water ; Scaliger turned pale at the sight of water-cresses ; Erasmus experienced febrile symptoms when smelling fish ; the Duke d'Eprenay swooned on seeing a leveret, though a hare did not produce the same effect ; Tycho Brahe fainted at the sight of a fox ; Henry III. of France if he saw a cat ; and Marshal d'Abbret if a pig faced him. King James I. could not endure a drawn sword. Effects of this kind are, in the majority of cases, purely physical ; in some cases, however, the imagination is first affected.

THE BEATING HEART.

While, on the one hand, the pulsations of the Heart are not in themselves evidence of life, on the other hand, their cessation is no evidence of death, but only one among the many signs of death. When death follows on a long and painful illness, the irritability of the heart vanishes almost with the

vanishing breath ; but if the decease be sudden, the heart will continue beating for some time afterwards. Harless observed it beating in the body of a decapitated murderer, an hour after the execution. Margo found the right auricle beating two hours and a half after execution, although not a trace of irritability could be detected in other parts of the heart. Dietrich, Gerlach, and Herz found that both ventricles contracted, if one were irritated, forty minutes after death. Remak observed the rhythmic contraction in the hearts of birds and animals two days after death ; and Em. Rousseau mentions that a woman's heart had these rhythmic movements seven-and-twenty hours after she had been guillotined. It is not always, indeed, that the pulsations cease, even when the death has been gradual. Vesalius had a terrible experience of this. That great anatomist, who had nobly braved so much odium because he would not, as his predecessors had done, content himself with the dissection of animals, but suffered his scalpel to traverse the complexities of the human frame, one day opened the body of a young nobleman, whose medical attendant he had been, to ascertain, if possible, the cause of his death. Imagine the horror, which ran through all present, at the sight of the heart still equably beating ! Vesalius was accused of having *dissected a live man* ; nor was the accusation unreasonable in those days. He had to appear before the Inquisition, and narrowly he escaped with his life. A pilgrimage to the Holy Land was his punishment ; but he never outlived the scandal created by this unfortunate occurrence.

Blackwood's Magazine.

ARCHITECTURE OF THE HUMAN BODY.

Professor Humphry, M.D., in a lecture delivered by him at the Royal Institution, commented on the great importance of our feet, as the foundation of the human edifice, and on the combination in them of strength and lightness, whereby they are so well adapted for our firm support and easy locomotion. In proceeding to the description of parts of the foot he adverted to the size as being strictly proportional to our height ; and he

then contrasted its structure with that of the hand, which is formed for more free and independent movements. The remarkable works sometimes executed by the foot alone, such as those by a painter at Antwerp, the Professor referred to the lateral action of the toes, rather than to capabilities resembling those of the fingers; and after pointing out the peculiarities which had led to the classification of the extremities of animals into hands, paws, and feet, he said that man alone possesses a perfect foot, and he alone is able to plant it firmly upon the ground. The Professor next considered the various parts of the foot, dilating on the beautiful arch and the formation of the heel, and the provision made for the elasticity required in the movements of walking, ascending, and descending; and after stating that it is not natural for us to alight on our feet vertically, said that when this occurs by accident serious results often ensue. He then alluded to the beautiful apparatus required for the motions of the feet, and the admirably harmonious combination of muscles, ligaments, and nerves which give to our limbs and feet so much of an automatic character. After saying that a perfect foot is one of nature's rarest gifts, and very difficult to maintain, the Professor adverted to its deformities and diseases, some of which proceed from the unnatural conical shape given to our shoes; and he especially alluded to the consequences of wearing high-heeled boots, which deprive us of one of our distinctive advantages over animals, and which, by throwing all our body out of its equilibrium, produces the ungraceful 'Grecian bend.' In speaking of the ankle joint, he said that it is the finest piece of mechanism in the human body, and has to perform the hardest work.

Dr. Humphry explains that the movements of the lower jaw are governed by the action of a very large and powerful muscle, which covers a large portion of the side of the skull; it reaches to the temple, and in its upper part spreads upwards over the whole side of the head, like a fan.

NOTABLE PRACTITIONERS.

LINACRE AND THE COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

The great glory of Linacre was, that he projected and accomplished a most important service to medicine, by the institution of the Royal College of Physicians in London. He had beheld with concern the practice of physic chiefly engrossed by illiterate monks and empirics ; a natural consequence of committing the power of approving and licensing practitioners to the bishops in their several dioceses, who certainly must have been very incompetent judges of medical ability. To strike at the root of this evil, he therefore obtained, by his interest with Cardinal Wolsey, letters patent from Henry VIII., dated in the year 1518, constituting a corporate body of regularly bred physicians, in London, in whom should reside the sole privilege of admitting persons to practise within that city, and a circuit of seven miles round it.

To use the words of the charter of the college : ‘ Before this period, a great multitude of ignorant persons, of whom the greater part had no insight into physic, nor in any other kind of learning ; some could not even read the letters on the book, so far forth, that common artificers, as smiths, weavers, and women, boldly and accustomedly took upon them great cures, to the high displeasure of God, great infamy of the faculty, and the grievous hurt, damage, and destruction of many of the king’s liege people.’ This was the state of things before the foundation of the College of Physicians. Afterwards, it is true, empirics were occasionally treated in the most summary manner, and their dealings with the credulous must have been wicked and gross to have deserved such a punishment as the following, recorded by Stow, in his Chronicle : ‘ A counterfeit

doctor,' says he, 'was set on horseback, his face to the horse's tail, the same tail in his hand as a bridle, a collar of jordans about his neck, a whetstone on his breast, and so led through the city of London, with ringing of basins, and banished. Such deceivers,' continues the chronicler, 'no doubt, are many, who, being never trained up in reading or practice of physick and chirurgery, do boast to doe great cures, especially upon women, as to make them straight that before were crooked, corbed, or crumped in any part of their bodies, &c. But the contrary is true; for some have received gold, when they have better deserved the whetstone.'

On the establishment of the College, which was to put an end to those and similar abuses, Linacre was elected the first president, and continued in that office during the remainder of his life, about seven years. The assemblies of the College were held at his own house in Knight Rider Street, which he bequeathed to them at his death.

DR. BULLEYN.

At the head of the physicians of the Elizabethan era was William Bulleyn, born in the Isle of Ely, one of the family of the unfortunate Anne Boleyn. During the reign of Queen Mary he practised in Norwich, whence he removed to Blaxhall, in Suffolk. No one ranked higher as botanist and physician. Speaking of the rushes near Orforde, in Suffolk, and about the Isle of Ely, Bulleyn says: 'The playne people make mattes and horce-collars of the greater rushes, and of the smaller they make lightes or candles for the winter. Rushes that grow upon dry groundes be goode to strewe in halls, chambers, and galleries, to walke upon—defending apparell, as traynes of gownes and kirtles, from the dust.' He tells of the virtue of Suffolk sage, which, Mr. Jeaffreson adds, the nurses of the county still believe in as having miraculous effects when administered in the form of 'sage-tea.' Of Suffolk hops, now but little grown in the county, he speaks with high praise, especially of those grown round Framlingham Castle and 'the late house of nunnes at Briziarde.' 'I know in many places of the

country of Suffolke where they brew' theyr beere with hoppes that growe upon theyr owne groundes, as in a place called Briziarde, near an old famous castle called Framlingham, and in many other places of the country.' In the doctor's 'Book of Simples' we find of figs—'Figges be good agaynst melancholy and the falling evil, to be eaten. Figges, nuts, and herb grasse do make a sufficient medicine against poison or the pestilence. Figges make a good gargarism to cleanse the throate.' The Double Daisy is mentioned as growing in gardens. Daisy-tea was once employed in gout and rheumatism, as herb tea of various sorts still is by the poor of our provinces.

SIR THEODORE MAYERNE

was physician to many crowned heads—Henry IV., and Louis XIII. of France; and James I., Charles I., and Charles II., of England. Though Mayerne was the most eminent practitioner of his day, his prescriptions show much of the ignorance of the time. He recommended a monthly excess of wine and food as a fine stimulant to the system; and in his Treatise on Gout, the inordinate employment of violent drugs. Calomel he commonly administered in scruple doses. Sugar of lead he mixed much in his conserves; pulverised bones he was very fond of prescribing; and the principal ingredient in his 'Gout Powder,' was 'raspings of a human scull unburied.' But his sweetest compound was his 'Balsam of Beets,' strongly recommended as an unguent for hypochondriacal persons, into which compound entered adders, bats, sucking whelps, earth worms, hog's grease, the marrow of a stag, and the thigh bone of an ox. His remedies for canine madness were communicated to the Royal Society in 1687, and his Receipts and Experiments in Cookery, with the best way of Preserving, were much prized. He firmly believed in amulets and charms.

He built Lindsey House at Chelsea, where he died, March 15, 1655, and was buried in the Church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. His library went to the College of Physicians, and his wealth to his only daughter, who was married to the Marquis of Montpensillon. There is a three-quarter portrait of this cele-

brated physician at the College of Physicians, in Pall Mall East.

At the Canary House in the Strand, long distinguished as a place of public resort by persons of high character, in March 1654, Sir Theodore Mayerne, who was the friend of Rubens and Vandyke, and assisted them in the chemical compositions of colours, became ill from the effect of drinking some bad wine, that, to a person of his advanced age, being then in his 83rd year, operated as a deadly poison. He foretold to his friends with whom he was drinking, the time of his death, and it happened according to his prediction. He was buried in the old church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields; and in the vaults of the present church, M. J. H. Burn, some years since, while on a fruitless search for some memorial of Nell Gwynne, saw, among other fine monuments, unknown to archæologists, a superb memento to the distinguished Sir Theodore Mayerne.

SIR KENELM DIGBY'S SYMPATHETIC POWDER.

This eccentric person, though he fell into the errors of philosophy, and many of the wild dreams which were common in his day, was certainly possessed of no ordinary talents. He is most widely known by his Powder of Sympathy for the Cure of Wounds, which he described in 1658. The secret of this composition, after Sir Kenelm's death, was revealed by his chemist and steward, as follows : dissolve English vitriol in warm water, filter the solution, and then evaporate till a thin scum appears on the surface. It was then left undisturbed, and closely covered in a cool place for two or three days, when fair, green, and large crystals appear. Spread these crystals abroad in a large, flat, earthen dish, and expose them to the heat of the sun in the dry days, turning them often, and the sun will calcine them white; then beat them, and expose them again to the sun, securing them from the rain; when they are well calcined, powder them finely, and expose this powder again to the sun, turning and stirring it often. Continue this until it be entirely reduced, and put it up in a glass; tie it up closely, and keep it in a dry place.

It was applied as follows:—If any piece of a wounded person's apparel, having on it the stain of blood that had proceeded from the wound, was dipped in water holding in solution some of the Sympathetic Powder, the wound of the injured person would forthwith commence a healing process. It matters not how far distant the sufferer is from the scene of operations, or whether he is conscious of them. Sir Kenelm gravely related that, coming accidentally on two of his friends, whilst they were fighting a duel with swords, his friend Howel endeavoured to separate them by grasping hold of their weapons. His hands were severely cut, insomuch that, in four or five days afterwards, when he called on Sir Kenelm with his wounds plastered and bandaged up, he said his surgeons feared the supervention of gangrene. At Sir Kenelm's request, he gave the knight a garter which was stained with his blood. Sir Kenelm took it, and without saying what he was about to do, dipped it into a solution of his powder of vitriol. Instantly, the sufferer started. 'What ails you?' cried Sir Kenelm. 'I know not what ails me,' was the answer; 'but I feel no more pain. Methinks that a pleasing kind of freshnesse, as it were a cold napkin did spread over my hand, which hath taken away the inflammation that tormented me before.' 'Since that you feel,' rejoined Sir Kenelm, 'already so good an effect of my medicament, I advise you to cast away all your plasters. Only keep the wound clean, and in moderate temper, 'twixt heat and cold.' Sir Kenelm afterwards showed the Duke of Buckingham the wondrous power of his powder, when he, Sir Kenelm, took the garter out of the solution, and dried it before the fire. Scarcely was it dry, when Mr. Howel's servant ran in to say that his master's hand was worse than ever—burning hot, as if 'it were betwixt coales of fire.' The messenger was dismissed with the assurance that ere he reached home his master would be comfortable again. On the man retiring, Sir Kenelm put the garter back into the solution—the result of which was instant relief to Mr. Howel. In six days the wounds were entirely healed. This remarkable case occurred in London, during the reign of James I., to whom Sir Kenelm communicated the secret.

Such is the marvellous story of Sir Kenelm Digby. Other practitioners of that age were not behind him in their pretensions. It was not always thought necessary to use either the powder of sympathy, or the weapon-salve, to effect a cure. It was sufficient to magnetise the sword with the hand to relieve any pain the same weapon had caused. They asserted, that if they stroked the sword *upwards* with their fingers, the wounded person would feel immediate relief; but if they stroked it *downwards*, he would feel intolerable pain.

Sir Kenelm Digby was a person, according to Lord Clarendon, very eminent and notorious throughout the whole course of his life, from his cradle to his grave—a man of very extraordinary person and presence, which drew the eyes of all men upon him, of a fair reputation in arms, in a word, possessing all the advantages that nature and art could give him. It is impossible, however, to acquit him of excessive credulity, or of deliberate imposture; for, on his return from his travels, in 1623, he rendered himself remarkable by the application of a secret he had met with abroad, which afterwards made so much noise in the world, under the title of the ‘Sympathetic Powder,’ by which wounds were to be cured, although the patient was out of sight,—a piece of quackery scarcely credible. The virtues of this powder, Sir Kenelm maintained, were thoroughly inquired into by King James, his son, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Buckingham, with other persons of the highest distinction, and all registered among the observations of the great Chancellor Bacon, and were to be added by way of Appendix to his Lordship’s Natural History.

On the breaking out of the Civil War, he was by order of Parliament committed prisoner to Winchester House, but soon afterwards set at liberty, at the intercession of the Queen Dowager of France. It was here, during his confinement, in 1643, that he wrote the ‘Observations,’ alluded to above.

The last generation witnessed the great demand for vipers, in consequence of the virtues supposed to reside in their flesh. The lingering belief in the wonderfully invigorating qualities of *viper broth* is not yet quite extinct in some places. By the ancients the animal was generally served to the patient boiled like

a fish, as being more efficacious than when taken in the form of a powder, or other dried state. Sir Kenelm Digby's beautiful wife, Lady Venetia, was fed on capons fattened with the flesh of vipers.

DR. RADCLIFFE.

About the year 1820, the situation of the grave of Dr. Radcliffe, in St. Mary's Church, Oxford, was not very precisely known; but on opening one near the supposed spot, a brick grave was discovered, which proved to be that of Radcliffe, by the evidence of a gold coffin-plate; the simple inscription of which was forthwith copied, and engraved on the marble pavement-stone immediately over the spot:

JOHN RADCLIFFE
M. D.
DIED NOV^R. THE 1ST. 1714
IN THE 65TH. YEAR
OF HIS AGE.

Thus plainly is denoted the resting-place of the eminent Dr. Radcliffe, physician to William III. and Mary, and to Queen Anne.

Radcliffe was bold, rude, and frequently wanting in the common courtesies of life, particularly towards his professional brethren, with whom he was always waging war. This trait of his character was happily ridiculed in the 'Map of Diseases,' given by Martin Scriblerus, which was 'thicker set with towns than any Flanders' map;' for there Radcliffe was painted at the corner, contending for the universal empire of this world, and the rest of the physicians opposing his ambitious designs, with a project of a treaty of partition to settle peace.

Richardson relates of Radcliffe, that he once said to Dr. Mead, 'I love you, and now I will tell you a sure secret to make your fortune; *use all mankind ill*,'—and it certainly was his own practice. Radcliffe himself owned that he was avaricious, even to spunging (whenever he could contrive to do it) at a tavern reckoning a sixpence or shilling among the rest of the company, under the pretence of hating (as he ever did) to

change a guinea, because (said he) *it slips away so fast*. He could never be brought to pay bills without much following and importunity ; nor even then, if there appeared any chance of wearying out his creditors. A paviour, after long and fruitless attempts, caught him just getting out of his chariot at his own door, in Bloomsbury Square, and set upon him. 'Why, you rascal,' said the doctor, 'do you pretend to be paid for such a piece of work ? why, you have spoiled my pavement, and then covered it over with earth to hide your bad work.' 'Doctor,' said the paviour, 'mine is not the only work that the earth hides.' 'You dog, you,' said Radcliffe, 'are you a wit ? you must be poor—come in,' and paid him.

We find the following amusing account of the doctor. It appears that Dr. Edward Hannes (afterwards Sir Edward) sat up a very spruce equipage, and endeavoured to attract the eyes and the hearts of the beholders by means of it, but found himself fall short in his accounts, and not able to cope with many of the old practitioners, particularly Dr. Radcliffe. He therefore bethought himself of a stratagem ; and to get into reputation, ordered his footman to stop most of the gentlemen's chariots, and inquire whether they belonged to Dr. Hannes, as if he was called to a patient. Accordingly, the fellow, in pursuit of his instructions, put the question in at every coach-door, from Whitehall to the Royal Exchange ; and as he had his lesson for that end, not hearing of him in any coach, ran up into Exchange Alley, and entering Garraway's Coffee House, made the same interrogatories above and below. At last, Dr. Radcliffe, who was usually there about Exchange time, and planted at a table with several apothecaries and surgeons, that flocked about him, cried out that 'Dr. Hannes was not there,' and desired to know 'who wanted him ?' The fellow's reply was, such a lord and such a lord ; but he was taken up with this dry rebuke, 'No, no, friend, you are mistaken ; the doctor wants these lords.'

Dr. Radcliffe lived on the west side of Bow Street, Covent Garden from 1687 to 1714 ; the house was taken down in 1732, to erect Covent Garden Theatre. He had for his neighbour Sir Godfrey Kneller, the king's chief face-painter. The doctor's dwelling-house was in Bow-Street, whereunto belonged a very

convenient garden, that was contiguous to another on the back of it, appertaining to Sir Godfrey, which was extremely curious and inviting from the many exotic plants, and the variety of flowers and greens, which it abounded with. Now as one wall divided both inclosures, and the doctor had some reason, from his intimacy with the knight, to think he would not give a denial to any reasonable request, he took the freedom, when he was one day in company with the latter, after extolling his fine parterres and choice collection of herbs, flowers, &c., to desire the liberty of having a door made, for a free intercourse with both gardens, but in such a manner as should not be inconvenient to either family. Sir Godfrey very readily gave his consent; but the doctor's servants, instead of being strict observers of the terms of agreement, made such a havoc amongst his hortulanary curiosities, that Sir Godfrey was out of all patience, and found himself obliged, in a very becoming manner, to advertise their master of it, with his desire to him to admonish them for the forbearance of such insolence; yet, notwithstanding this complaint, the grievance continued unredressed, so that the person aggrieved found himself under a necessity of letting him, that ought to make things easy, know, by one of his servants, that he should be obliged to brick up the door, in case of his complaints proving ineffectual. To this the doctor, who was very often in a choleric temper, and from the success of his practice imagined every one under an obligation of bearing with him, returned answer, that 'Sir Godfrey might even do what he thought fit, in relation to the door, *so that he did but refrain from painting it;*' alluding to his employment, than whom none was a more exquisite master of. Hereupon, the footman, after some hesitation in the delivery of his message, and several commands from his master to give it him word for word, told him as above. 'Did my very good friend, Doctor Radcliffe, say so?' cried Sir Godfrey. 'Go you back to him, and, after presenting my service to him, tell him, that *I can take anything from him but physic.*'

Walpole, says Cunningham, with his usual attention to accuracy, says, 'Walpole has laid the locality of this story in a wrong place; it belongs to the Piazza (Kneller's residence

before he removed to Great Queen Street), and to Bow Street Dr. Radcliffe's. It could not have occurred in Great Queen Street.

The Bull's Head Tavern, in Clare Market, was a favourite resort of Dr. Radcliffe; he was on terms of familiarity with Betterton, the famous tragedian, and at his persuasion was induced to risk no less a sum than 5,000*l.* in a venture to the East Indies: the ship sailed, and had a favourable passage; when on her return, she was taken by the 'Marquis de Nesmond,' and all her cargo, amounting in value to 120,000*l.*, captured by the enemy. This loss ruined the poor player, but Radcliffe received the disastrous intelligence at the Bull's Head (where he was enjoying himself with several persons of the first rank) with philosophic composure, desiring his companions not to interrupt the circulation of the glass, 'for that he had no more to do but to go up so many pair of stairs to make himself whole again.' Nor did this pecuniary loss check the exercise of his liberal spirit, for it was in the course of this year that he contributed a considerable sum towards the repairs and embellishments of University College.

At the close of 1699, King William, on his return from Holland, where he had not strictly followed the prudent advice given by Radcliffe, being much out of order, sent for him again to the palace at Kensington. In reply to some questions put by the physician, the king, showing his swollen ankles, which formed a striking contrast with the rest of his emaciated body, exclaimed, 'Doctor, what think you of these?' 'Why truly,' said he, 'I would not have your majesty's two legs for your three kingdoms.' With this ill-timed jest, though it passed unnoticed at the moment, the professional attendance of Radcliffe at court terminated, nor would the king ever suffer him to come again into his presence, notwithstanding the Earl of Albemarle, who was then the chief favourite, used all his interest to reinstate him.

WAS DEAN SWIFT MAD?

Mr. W. R. Wilde, F.R.C.S., in the second edition of his able work, *'The Closing Years of Dean Swift's Life,'* replies : *'That Swift not only expired "a driv'ler and a show," but lived a madman, is what the world generally believes ;'* but Mr. Wilde, having stated all that is generally known of Swift's suffering and disease, asserts that, *'up to the year 1742, the Dean showed no symptom whatever of mental disease, beyond the ordinary decay of nature. Towards the end of that year, the cerebral disease under which he had long laboured, by producing effusion, &c., destroyed his memory, rendered him at times ungovernable in his anger, and produced paralysis ; but all this was the result of physical disease.'* It cannot be doubted that his not speaking was not the result of either insanity or imbecility, but arose either from the paralysis of the muscles by which the mechanism of speech is produced, or from loss of memory, such as frequently appears in cerebral disease ; for he would often attempt to speak, but could not recollect words to express his meaning, when he would shrug up his shoulders, and sigh heavily. We have also the evidence of one of the few eye-witnesses of the Dean's condition at this period, that he never yet talked nonsense, or said a foolish thing. The disease under which he laboured so long might be termed *'epileptic vertigo,'* such as that described by Esquirol, an affection to which it is well known many men of strong intellect have been subject. For the last few years of his embittered existence—from his 75th to his 78th year—Swift's disease partook so much of the nature of senile decay, or the dementia of old age, that it is difficult to define by any precise medical term, his actual state. Mr. Wilde has very carefully examined the question ; and although to this day it is difficult to persuade the great mass of the people in Dublin that the Dean was not one of the first inmates of his own madhouse (although the building was not erected till many years after his death)—yet, there is nothing to confirm the assertion, promulgated by Johnson, that Swift's *'madness was compounded of rage and fatuity ;'* or that Swift expired *'a driv'ler and a show.'*

Mr Wilde adds : ' It is remarkable that the last sufferings of Sir Walter Scott—one of Swift's biographers, and certainly not the most lenient one—present a striking parallel to the case of Swift in nearly every particular except in point of duration. When Scott was in his 58th year, he first began to feel those premonitory symptoms of incipient disease of the brain under which Swift laboured from the time he was 23. Many of Sir Walter's symptoms in the two closing years of his life resemble those of Swift, and the *post-mortem* symptoms are very much alike.'

A DUEL BETWEEN TWO PHYSICIANS.

The following poem, which refers to a dispute between two medical men of the Irish State, Dr. Barrett has attributed to Dean Swift :—

Ye high commissioners of death,
And fatall stoppers of our breath,
By Jove, you make us wonder
That you, who ought, like birds of feather,
Most willingly to flock together,
Should now be riv'n asunder.

What dev'lish motives did you feel,
Or was the Devill in the Deel,
To cause this dismall fray ;
For sure his kingdom can't increase
If you, his agents, be n't at peace,
And both in concord stay.

Charon for joy did shout so clear,
That you from Arctick might him hear,
To the Antarctick Polus.
If one of you by sword had fell,
Few souls he'd ferryed o'er to hell
For want of mortall Bolus.

As for the motives, most men doubt
Why these two doctors did fall out ;
Some say it was Ambition,

And that the one did undermine
The other's credit, with design
To be the State's Physitian.

According to my little sense,
It was an act of Providence,
In kindness to the nation.
For when knaves quarrell good men thrive,
Their mortal feuds keep us alive,
Their death's our preservation.

Next for the manner of the fight,
If I conceive the matter right,
One gave the other worne ground,
But (Jove be praised) it so fell out,
That, though designed, a bloody bout,
Betwixt them pass'd not one wound.

Now why one doctor did advance,
And why the other backward danc'd,
Let's make some divination ;
None truly knows no more than horse,
Yet wise men guess it was the force
Of Physick's operation.

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But to conclude, in sober sadness,
Take my recipe to cure this madness
And stupifying folly :
First purge, then bleed, then take good store
Of mad men's dyet—Helibore,
Which cureth melancholy.

And doctors, pray, don't take it ill,
Or think this charitable bill
Your reputation sullys ;
For men of sense do all agree
There must be madness certainly
When old men fight like bullys.

DR. ARBUTHNOT.

Arbuthnot, the celebrated wit and physician, a Scotchman by birth, was educated in the University of Aberdeen, where he took his doctor's degree in medicine. His extensive learning and conversational talents introduced him gradually into good society, and among his associates were Pope, Swift, Parnell, Garth, and Gay, and other wits of the period, who were all distinguished members of the Scriblerus Club. No wonder that Swift valued him as a priceless treasure—'loved him,' as he wrote to Stella, 'ten times as much as jolly, tippling Dr. Freind.' With Arbuthnot it was that Swift tried the dinners and wine of every hotel round Covent Garden or in the City.

Dr. Arbuthnot, when he was a young man (ere he had won the patronage of Queen Anne and the friendship of Swift and Pope), settled at Dorchester, and endeavoured to get practice in that salubrious town. Nature obviated his good intentions; he wished to minister to the afflicted if they were rich enough to pay for his ministrations, but the place was so healthy that it contained scarce a dozen sick inhabitants. Arbuthnot determined to quit a field so ill-adapted for a display of his philanthropy. 'Where are you off to?' cried a friend, who met him riding post towards London. 'To leave your confounded place,' was the answer; 'for a man can neither live nor die there.' But to arrive at wealth was not among Arbuthnot's faculties, he was unable to use his profession as a trade; and only a few weeks before his death he wrote, 'I am as well as a man can be who is gasping for breath, and has a house full of men and women unprovided for.'

Pope, addressing Arbuthnot as 'the friend of his life,' sings :—

Why did I write? what sin to me unknown,
Dipped me in ink? my parents' or my own?
As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came,
I left no calling for this idle trade,
No duty broke, no father disobeyed,

The muse that served to ease some friend, not wife,
To help me through this long disease, my life.
To second Arbuthnot ! thy art and care,
And teach the being you preserved to bear.

Arbuthnot's health failed under his habits of intemperance ; he died in straitened circumstances in Cork Street, Burlington Gardens, February 27, 1734-5.

He had the good fortune to be at Epsom when Prince George of Denmark was suddenly taken ill ; and being called to attend him, his treatment was so successful, that the Prince, from the time of his recovery, employed him as his regular physician. Arbuthnot was appointed physician in ordinary to Queen Anne in 1709.

Abridged partly from Jeaffreson's Book about Doctors.

In Cunningham's edition of Dr. Johnson's 'Lives of the Poets' is Dean Swift's last letter to Dr. Arbuthnot, published for the first time. Most touching is the account he gives of his own condition and prospects :—

[Dublin, 1733 ?]

My dear Friend,—I never once suspected your forgetfulness or want of friendship, but very often dreaded your want of health, to which alone I imputed every delay longer than ordinary in hearing from you. I should be very ungrateful, indeed, if I acted otherwise to you, who are pleased to take such generous constant care of my health, my interests, and my reputation, who represented me so favourably to that blessed Queen your mistress, as well as to her ministers, and to all your friends. The letters you mention which I did not answer I cannot find, and yet I have all that ever came from you, for I constantly endorse yours and those of a few other friends, and date them ; only if there be anything particular, though of no consequence, when I go to the country I send them to some friends among other papers for fear of accidents in my absence. I thank you kindly for your favour to the young man who was bred in my quire. The people of skill in music represent him to me as a lad of virtue and hopeful and endeavouring in his way. It is your own fault if I give you

trouble, because you never refused me anything in your life. You tear my heart with the ill account of your health ; yet if it should please God to call you away before me, I should not pity you in the least, except on the account of what pains you might feel before you passed into a better life. I should pity none but your friends, and among them chiefly myself, although I never can hope to have health enough to leave this country till I leave the world. I do not know among mankind any person more prepared to depart from us than yourself—not even the Bishop of Marseilles, if he be still alive ; for, among all your qualities that have procured you the love and esteem of the world, I ever most valued your moral and Christian virtues, which were not the product of years or sickness, but of reason and religion, as I can witness after above five-and-twenty years' acquaintance. I except only the too little care of your fortune ; upon which I have been so free as sometimes to examine and to chide you, and the consequence of which has been to confine you to London, when you are under a disorder for which I am told, and know, that the clear air of the country is necessary. The great reason that hinders my journey to England is the same that drives you from Highgate—I am not in circumstances to keep horses and servants in London. My revenues, by the miserable oppressions of this kingdom, are sunk 300*l.* a year, for tithes are become a drug, and I have but little rents from the deanery lands, which are my only sure payments. I have here a large convenient house ; I live at two-thirds cheaper here than I could there ; I drink a bottle of French wine myself every day, though I love it not ; but it is the only thing that keeps me out of pain. I ride every fair day a dozen miles, on a large strand or turnpike road. You in London have no such advantages. I can buy a chicken for a groat, and entertain three or four friends, with as many dishes, and two or three bottles of French wine, for ten shillings. When I dine alone, my pint and chicken, with the appendices, cost me about fifteen pence. I am thrifty in everything but wine, of which, though I be not a constant housekeeper, I spend between five and six hogsheads a year. When I ride to a friend a few miles off, if he be not richer than I, I carry my

bottle, my bread and chicken, that he may be no loser. I talk thus foolishly to let you know the reasons which, joined to my ill health, make it impossible for me to see you and my other friends. And perhaps this domestic tattle may excuse me and amuse you. I could not live with my Lord Bo—— or Mr. Pope : they are both too temperate and too wise for me, and too profound and too poor. And how could I afford horses ? And how could I ride over their cursed roads in winter, and be turned into a ditch by every carter or hackney-coach ? Every parish minister of this city is governor of all carriages, so are the two Deans, and every carter, &c., makes way for us at their peril. Therefore, like Cæsar, I will be one of the first here rather than the last among you. I forget that I am so near the bottom. I am now with one of my Prebendaries, five miles in the country, for five days. I brought with me eight bottles of wine, with bread and meat for three days, which is my club : he is a bachelor with 300*l.* a year. Pray God preserve you, my dear friend.

Entirely yours,

J. SWIFT.

Dr. John Arbuthnot, at his house, Cork Street,
Burlington Gardens.

HARVEY AND 'THE CIRCULATION OF THE BLOOD.'

Every one will naturally wish to know what sort of practitioner this eminent physiologist was, and in what esteem he was held as a physician. It appears that Harvey died worth 20,000*l.*, a sum not very considerable, when we reflect that he must have been at least fifty years in practice, and was besides a court physician. One who, living with him on terms of intimacy, ought to have known the truth, has asserted that he was acquainted with several practitioners who would not give three-pence for one of his *bills* ; that his prescriptions were so complicated, that it was difficult to make out what he aimed at—that he was no chemist, and that generally his 'Therapeutic' was not admired.

The prescriptions of Harvey must have been multi-
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farious indeed, in their combinations, to have deserved this sarcasm, for the fashion of those days was to give very complex remedies. Perhaps the moderns err in the other extreme, and affect too much simplicity, since it must be known to every physician of experience that a combination of similar remedies will produce a more certain, speedy, and considerable effect than an equal dose of any one, even of the most powerful of the drugs that enter into the prescription ; and this is in accordance with that universal maxim in cookery, *never to employ one spice if more can be procured*. The very curious prescriptions ordered for His Majesty Charles II., on his death-bed, are preserved in the library of the Society of Antiquaries, but they are more remarkable for the multiplicity of the signatures attached to them than for the variety of their composition ; they are signed by no less than sixteen doctors ; the name of Charles Scarburgh (the young physician whom Harvey patronised during his stay at Oxford) standing the first of this large consultation, which is, with great propriety, denominated *Medicorum Chorus*. According to court etiquette, the names of all the subscribing doctors are written at full length, and not, as in ordinary circumstances, indicated by their initials only.

It has been remarked that contemporaries are seldom grateful to discoverers ; and it is a striking corroboration of the truth of the remark, that only in the year 1872 it was decided to raise one of England's greatest scientific celebrities from the ungrateful forgetfulness to which he had been hitherto consigned. Such has been the world's treatment of the illustrious William Harvey, whose discovery of the fact of the Circulation of the Blood has given an imperishable glory to the name of Harvey, and placed him in the foremost rank of natural philosophers ; and he who raised physiology from mere guesswork is at length to be honoured by the erection of a national memorial. We gather from the report of a public meeting held at Folkestone, Mr. Simon, the Medical Officer of the Privy Council, has warmly advocated the movement, and in the course of an eloquent speech made the following observations : ' Harvey, in teaching the fact of the Circulation of the

Blood, in teaching what duty is done by each beat of the heart, in relation, on the one hand, to the function of respiration, and on the other hand, to the nourishment of all textures of the body, gave us our first groundwork of animal physiology. It is no exaggeration to say that in giving to the world that first precise knowledge of the Circulation of the Blood, he laid the indispensable foundations for all physiology that has followed or can follow ; and surely this achievement by our countryman is something for us all to honour and be proud of.'

Among his admirers was the writer of certain verses, 'To the Incomparable Dr. Harvey, on his Book of the Motion of the Heart and Blood,' in which these lines occur :—

There didst thou trace the blood, and first behold
What dreams mistaken sages coined of old ;
For till thy Pegasus the fountain brake,
The crimson blood was but the crimson lake,
Which first from thee did tyde and motion gaine,
And veins became its channel and its chaine.
With Drake and Ca'endish hence thy laws are curl'd,
Fam'd circulator of the lesser world.

But the epithet *Circulator*, in its Latin invidious signification (quack), was applied to Harvey by many in derision, and it was believed by the vulgar that he was crack-brained. Nevertheless, about twenty-five years after the publication of his system, it was received in all the universities of the world ; and Hobbes has observed that Harvey was the only man, perhaps, who ever saw his own doctrines established in his lifetime.

The opposition to the new system has, however, been greatly exaggerated by historians. It is true that the faculty rejected it, but eminent men adopted it. Guy Patin did not spare his opposition, which, however, Molière laughed at ; and Boileau ridiculed the faculty. The great Descartes warmly espoused the doctrine. Swammerdam and Malpighi, two of the greatest names of the century, speak of Harvey with reverence, and soon no one spoke of him in any other tone.

Attention has lately been drawn to several remarkable instances of burials in coffins of the human form—a mode of sepulture in England of considerable antiquity. Double leaden

coffins—not of plain lead, but folded in a very curious, handsome manner—occur in the Anglo-Saxon era ; and at Farley Castle are some adapted to the form of the body, like the cases of mummies, and bearing on the upper part the figure of a human face in flat relief.

A leaden coffin of this description was discovered at Worcester Cathedral, and described to the British Archæological Association by Mr. George Godwin, F.R.S., F.S.A. At the same meeting Mr. Pettigrew exhibited a drawing of the coffin of Dr. W. Harvey, the discoverer of the Circulation of the Blood, whose body, in the olden phrase, is ‘lapt in lead.’ Harvey died June 3, 1657. ‘He was buried,’ says Mr. Pettigrew, in his excellent memoir in the ‘Medical Portrait Gallery,’ ‘in a vault belonging to his family, built by his brother Eliab, at Hempstead, in Essex, where a handsome monument is erected to his memory.’ Aubrey attended his funeral, and says, ‘Hee helpt to carry him into the vault ; that he is lapt in lead, and on his breast in great letters, Dr. William Harvey.’ This statement is perfectly correct, and Harvey’s coffin is to be seen in the vault along with those of others of his family. The shape is curious : it resembles that of an Egyptian mummy, being of the human form without the appearance of the arms. It is entirely of lead ; there is no wooden cover, and literally on the breast is the name of the deceased, as described by Aubrey, with the addition of the date of his decease—‘The 3rd of June, 1657, aged seventy-nine years.’ The letters in which the inscription is written resemble those to be met with on various leaden pumps, cisterns, &c.

Mr. Syer Cuming, at a subsequent meeting of the British Archæological Association, referred to other instances in which leaden coffins have been found of human form. These were of James IV. of Scotland, buried at the monastery of Sheen in 1513 ; of Mary, Countess of Arundel, in the chapel formerly belonging to the College of the Holy Trinity at Arundel, in 1557 ; of Henry, Prince of Wales, in a vault on the north side of Henry VII.’s Chapel at Westminster, in 1612 ; and of Thomas Sutton, the founder of the Charterhouse, who died in 1611. This example is very singular ; for on its upper part is

a mask with a square Egyptian beard, as seen on the mummy-cases, having an Osirian representation.

HARVEY DISSECTS OLD PARR.

Soon after the return of Harvey from Scotland his anatomical skill was employed, by command of King Charles I., in the dissection of that extraordinary instance of longevity, Thomas Parr, who died on November 14, 1635, at the age of 153 years. He was a poor countryman, who had been brought up from his native country, Shropshire, by Thomas, Earl of Arundel, and shown as a great curiosity at court. At the age of 88 he had married his first wife ; at 102 he had done penance in church, for a breach of the laws provided against incontinency. When he was 120 he married again, taking to wife a widow, with whom he is represented to have lived upon the most affectionate terms. At 130 he had threshed corn, and done other agricultural work, by which he gained his livelihood. His usual habits of life had been most sparing ; his diet consisting of coarse brown bread, made of bran, of rancid cheese, and sour whey ; but when, on his arrival in London, he became domesticated in the family of the Earl of Arundel, at Arundel House, in the Strand, his mode of living was changed, he fed high, drank wine, and soon died.

According to Harvey, who opened Parr's body, his death was occasioned by a peripneumony, brought on by the impurity of a London atmosphere, and the sudden alteration of his diet. There were adhesions of the lungs to the pleura on the right side ; his heart was large, his intestines sound ; but the cartilages of his ribs, instead of being ossified, as they generally are in elderly persons, were, on the contrary, soft and flexible in this man, who was more than a century and a half old. His brain was sound ; he had been blind for twenty years before his death, but his hearing was distinct : his memory was very imperfect.

In the Strand, exactly opposite Ivy Bridge, Thomas Parr, ' the olde, olde man,' had lodgings at the Queen's Head public-house, when he came to London, to be shown as a curiosity to

Charles I. The authority for this fact is a Mr. Greening, who, in the year 1814, being then about 90 years of age, perfectly well remembered, when a boy, having been shown the house by his grandfather, then 88 years of age. The house known as 'The Queen's Head' has been altered and in part rebuilt in our time.

HOW SYDENHAM KEPT OFF THE GOUT.

From Sydenham's 'Treatise on Gout,' which has always been a masterpiece of description, we learn that he had suffered from the attacks of this painful disease during the greater part of his life. In the Dedication, he mentions that, while composing the treatise itself, he was so tormented with the gout that he was unable to hold a pen, and was obliged to employ an amanuensis. It was written in 1683. With the graphic pen of one who has suffered the terrible martyrdom of this disease in his own person, he describes how 'the patient goes to bed and sleeps well till about two o'clock in the morning, when he wakes with a pain in his great toe, heel, calf of his leg, or ankle; it is at first gentle, increases by degrees, and resembles that of dislocated bones: towards the following night it reaches its height, accommodates itself nicely to the various forms of the bones of the instep, whose ligaments it seizes resembling the gnawing of a dog, and becomes at length so exquisite, that the part affected cannot bear the weight of the clothes upon it, nor the patient suffer any one to walk hastily across the chamber. The severity of this first attack continues for twenty-four hours, when the sufferer enjoys a little ease, begins to perspire, falls asleep, and when he awakes finds the pain much abated, but the part swollen. The next day, and perhaps for the two or three following days, towards evening, the torture returns, but remits towards the time of cock-crow. In a few days the other foot is destined to endure the same excruciating agony.'

Sydenham goes on to enumerate the catalogue of complaints
 t the gouty person—'till at last he is worn out by the
 is of age and of the disease, and the miserable wretch

is so happy as to die.' And here he makes the following moral observation : ' But (which consideration ought to be a comfort to others as well as to myself, who, though we are but moderately endowed with mental acquirements and the gifts of fortune, yet are afflicted with this disease) thus have lived, and thus at length have died, great kings and potentates, generals of armies, admirals of fleets, philosophers, and many other equally distinguished personages.' With this cruel disease he contended from the early age of twenty-five ; and he speaks of a fit with which he was seized in 1660, when he was only thirty-six, which was very violent, and continued longer than any preceding attack. He lay continually, for two months, during the summer of that year, either in or upon a soft bed ; and then, for the first time, began to feel the symptoms of an equally painful and distressing malady, the gravel. In 1676, after the breaking up of a great frost, and having walked much, and for a long time, he suffered a very severe paroxysm ; and the symptom which alarmed him recurred as often as he rode in a coach along the paved streets, though the horses went gently.

This complication of disorders made it very necessary for him to be attentive to his diet, which he regulated, as he informs us, after this manner : ' In the morning, when I rise, I drink a dish or two of tea, and then ride in my coach till noon ; when I return home, I moderately refresh myself with any sort of meat, of easy digestion, that I like (for moderation is necessary above all things) ; I drink somewhat more than a quarter of a pint of Canary wine, immediately after dinner, every day, to promote the digestion of the food in my stomach, and to drive the gout from my bowels. When I have dined, I betake myself to my coach again ; and when business will permit, I ride into the country two or three miles for good air. A draught of small beer is to me instead of a supper, and I take another draught when I am in bed, and about to compose myself to sleep.'

The gout and the stone were distempers which even the art of Sydenham could only palliate without hope of a cure ; but if he has not been able by his precepts to instruct us how to

remove them, he has at least left us an example how to bear them.

After a life thus usefully employed, he died at his house, in Pall Mall, December 29, 1689, and was buried in St. James's Church, Piccadilly. In the south aisle, near the south door, there is a recently-erected tablet to his memory.

Mr. Fox told Mr. Rogers that Sydenham was sitting at his window, looking on the Mall, with his pipe in his mouth, and a silver tankard before him, when a fellow made a snatch at the tankard, and ran off with it. 'Nor was he overtaken,' said Fox, 'before he got among the bushes in Bond Street, and there they lost him.'

SYDENHAM AND THE GREAT PLAGUE.

Dr. Sydenham became honourably famous on account of his heroic behaviour during the Great Plague. A panic filled the higher classes during the dreadful visitation, and all who left London sought purer air. Many physicians deserted their posts among the sick and dying, but Sydenham would not quit the metropolis for a single day; he was resolved to live or die in the performance of his duty. In a Latin work on the Plague (his latinity is very fine, and he never writes without giving valuable information) he declares that though incessantly visiting the sick, he was never ill. He took a few extra glasses of wine, kept his mind in a calm frame, prayed daily, and trusted in God!

RICHARD MEAD, THE PHYSICIAN OF FORTUNE.

In 1703, before he was thirty years of age, Mead was chosen physician of St. Thomas's Hospital, in Southwark; and in 1707 he received his M.D. diploma from Oxford, and his admission to the fellowship of the College of Physicians.

When Queen Anne was on her death-bed, Mead was summoned; and the physicians who surrounded her were afraid to say all they knew. The Jacobites wanted to gain time to defer the announcement of the Queen's state to the last possible

moment, so that the Hanoverians should not be able to secure the succession which they desired. Mead declared on his first visit that the Queen could not live an hour. Charles Ford wrote to Swift, 'This morning, when I went there before nine, they told me she was just expiring. That account continued above three hours, and a report was carried to town that she was actually dead. She was not prayed for even in her own chapel at St. James's; and, what is more infamous (!) stocks arose *three per cent.* upon it in the City. Before I came away she had recovered warmth in her breast and one of her arms; and all the doctors agreed she would in all probability hold out till to-morrow—*except Mead, who pronounced several hours before she could not live two minutes, and seems uneasy it did not happen so.*' Miss Strickland observes: 'It has always been considered that the prompt boldness of this political physician (i.e. Mead) occasioned the peaceable proclamation of George I. The Queen's demise in one hour was confidently predicted by her Whig doctor. He was often taunted afterwards with the chagrin his countenance expressed when the royal patient, on being again blooded, recovered her speech and senses.'

Dr. Mead was, on a subsequent occasion, compelled by the celebrated Duchess of Marlborough to fly the house in bodily fear of a thrashing.

Physicians have certainly, for the most part, found it convenient to behave with some affability towards the great, but court doctors, like court chaplains, generally adapt themselves to the atmosphere in which they live. 'What is the time, Dr. Arbuthnot?' asked Queen Anne of one of Mead's predecessors. 'Whatever it may please your Majesty,' was the graceful but unsatisfactory reply.

Towards the learned Freind, Mead displayed remarkable disinterestedness. Freind was a member of Parliament, and was sent to the Tower for some supposed political offence. While in confinement he composed that precious 'History of Medicine' which has transmitted his name to posterity. Mead frequently visited and attended his patients in his absence. After Freind had procured his liberation, he presented Mead with a large sum, being the fees which he had received

from his brother practitioner's patients. He also persuaded the wealthy Guy to bequeath his fortune towards the noble hospital which bears his name.

We can (says Mr. Jeaffreson), with a little force to our feelings, imagine a courtly physician like Mead visiting his patients with a sword by his side ; but we are shocked to hear of two medical men of high standing drawing their swords upon each other, and fighting, like a couple of bravoës, in the open street. Yet such a duel actually took place between Mead and Woodward. The latter, making a false step, fell, and Mead called upon him to submit, and beg his life. 'Not till I am your patient,' replied the other. [Another version is, 'Take your life,' exclaimed Mead. 'Anything but *your physic*,' replied Woodward.] He did next moment yield by laying his sword at Mead's feet. Vertue's engraving of Gresham College, in Ward's 'Lives of the Professors,' commemorates this duel ; Woodward being represented on his knees, with his sword dropped, and Mead standing over him with his sword raised. The introduction of these figures into the engraving is significant of the period. Ward, the author of the work, was a protégé of Mead, and, probably, aimed at flattering him in this manner.

Mead was fast approaching the summit of his fortune, when his great protector, Radcliffe, died, and Mead removed into his house in Bloomsbury Square. Thence he removed to a spacious mansion, No. 49, Great Ormond Street, corner of Powis Place. There is a good garden behind the house, at the bottom of which he built a gallery and museum. There he gave *conversazioni*. He possessed a rare taste for collecting. The printed catalogue of his library contains 6,592 separate numbers ; the most rare and ancient works were to be found there ; Oriental, Greek, and Latin MSS. formed no inconsiderable part. His collection of statues, coins, gems, prints, and drawings was unrivalled. His pictures alone were sold at his death for 3,400*l*. His correspondence extended to the principal literati of Europe. At his table Pope was a ready guest, and the delicate poet was sure to be regaled with his favourite dish of sweetbreads. Politics formed no bar of separation.

Dr. Mead's museum was at the bottom of the garden adjoining his house, where was also a library of 10,000 volumes. The collection included prints and drawings, coins and medals; marble statues of Greek philosophers and Roman emperors; bronzes, gems, intaglios, Etruscan vases; marble busts of Shakspeare, Milton, and Pope, by Scheemakers; statues of Hygeia and Antinous; a celebrated bronze head of Homer; and an iron cabinet (once Queen Elizabeth's) full of coins, among which was a medal with Oliver Cromwell's head in profile, legend, obv., 'The Lord of Hosts,' the word at Dunbar, September 1650; rev., the Parliament sitting. After Dr. Mead's death, in 1754, the sale of his library, pictures, statues, &c., realised between 15,000*l.* and 16,000*l.* Mead, when not engaged at home, generally spent his evenings at Batson's coffee house, Cornhill; and in the forenoons apothecaries came to him at Tom's, Covent Garden, with written or verbal reports of cases, for which he prescribed without seeing the patient, and took half-guinea fees. Dr. Mead's gay *conversazioni*, in Great Ormond Street, were the first meetings of the kind.

In the College of Physicians is a fine bust of Dr. Mead, by Roubiliac; and here is his portrait, and the gold-headed cane which he received from Radcliffe, and which was afterwards carried by Askew, Pitcairn, and Matthew Baillie.

Mead was twice married: by his first wife, Ruth Marsh, he had eight children. One of his daughters became the wife of Dr. Frank Nicholls, who was the most distinguished anatomical teacher of his time, and was the inventor of *corroded* anatomical preparations: he was likewise physician to the King. Although Mead's receipts were so considerable, and although two large fortunes were bequeathed to him, his benevolence, public spirit, and splendid mode of living, prevented him from leaving great wealth to his family. The physician who was the Mécenas of his day, whose mansion was a grand museum, who kept a second table for his humbler dependents, and who was driven to his country house, near Windsor, by six horses, was not likely to amass wealth—but he did better—he acted according to his conviction, that what he had gained from the public could not be more worthily bestowed than in the advancement

farious indeed, in their combinations, to have deserved this sarcasm, for the fashion of those days was to give very complex remedies. Perhaps the moderns err in the other extreme, and affect too much simplicity, since it must be known to every physician of experience that a combination of similar remedies will produce a more certain, speedy, and considerable effect than an equal dose of any one, even of the most powerful of the drugs that enter into the prescription ; and this is in accordance with that universal maxim in cookery, *never to employ one spice if more can be procured*. The very curious prescriptions ordered for His Majesty Charles II., on his death-bed, are preserved in the library of the Society of Antiquaries, but they are more remarkable for the multiplicity of the signatures attached to them than for the variety of their composition ; they are signed by no less than sixteen doctors ; the name of Charles Scarburgh (the young physician whom Harvey patronised during his stay at Oxford) standing the first of this large consultation, which is, with great propriety, denominated *Medicorum Chorus*. According to court etiquette, the names of all the subscribing doctors are written at full length, and not, as in ordinary circumstances, indicated by their initials only.

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In the Strand, exactly opposite Ivy Bridge, Thomas Parr, 'the olde, olde man,' had lodgings at the Queen's Head public-house, when he came to London, to be shown as a curiosity to

he seems to have found an enemy. 'Friendship passed him like a ship at sea.' He flung his glove in the teeth of the world, and the world, as is its custom, walked upon him. Posterity has done justice to his great attainments, but how was he treated by his contemporaries! Fielding, punning on his name, called him 'a paltry dunghill;' and Smart, whom he had called an 'ass,' devoted a long poem to him—the 'Hilliad'—in which he denounced him as

A wretch devoid of use, of sense, and grace,
The insolvent tenant of encumbered space!

Garrick's happy lines on his double faculty of physician and playwright are well known:

For physic and farces, his equal there scarce is—
His farce is a physic, his physic a farce is!

Some other wit, whom he had stigmatised as 'a wooden-headed booby,' assailed him in a similar manner:

The worse that we wish thee for all thy vile crimes,
Is to take thine own physic, and read thine own rhymes.

Nor did it end here. Malice, like echo, caught up the perishing strain, and the last epigram was the best of the three:

No! let the order be reversed,
Or else unlashed his crimes;
For if he takes his physic first,
He'll never read his rhymes.

When the Tar-Water mania was at its height, in the year 1777, and that compound was received as the universal remedy for all diseases, Sir John Hill, to revenge himself on the Royal Society, because they rejected him as a fellow, contrived the following ingenious hoax. It is thus told by Horace Walpole, in one of his letters to Sir Horace Mann; but Walpole omits to state that Sir John Hill wrote all the letters, and not the sailor himself. A sailor, who had broken his leg, was advised to communicate his case to the Royal Society. The account he gave was, that, having fallen from the top of the mast and fractured his leg, he had dressed it with nothing but tar and oakum, and yet in three days was able to walk as well as before

the accident. The story at first appeared quite incredible, as no such efficacious qualities were known in tar, and still less in oakum ; nor was a poor sailor to be credited on his own bare assertion of so wonderful a cure. The Society very reasonably demanded a fuller relation, and the corroboration of evidence. Many doubted whether the leg had been really broken. That part of the story had been amply verified. Still, it was difficult to believe that the man had made use of no other applications than tar and oakum ; and how *they* could cure a broken leg in three days, even if they could cure it at all, was a matter of the utmost wonder. Several letters passed between the Society and the patient, who persevered in the most solemn asseverations of having used no other remedies, and it appeared beyond a doubt that the man spoke the truth. But charming was the plain, honest simplicity of the sailor : in a postscript to his last letter he added these words : ‘ I forgot to tell your honours that *the leg was a wooden one.*’ ‘ Was there ever,’ says Walpole, ‘ more humour ? What would one have given to have been present, and seen the foolish faces of the wise assembly ! ’

DEATH OF SIR SAMUEL GARTH.

After Garth had been a good while in a bad state of health, he sent one day for a physician with whom he was intimate, and conjured him, by their friendship and by everything that was most sacred (if there was anything more sacred), to tell him sincerely whether he thought he should be ever able to get rid of his illness or not. His friend, thus conjured, told him that he thought he might struggle on with it, perhaps, for some years, but that he much feared he could never get the better of it entirely. Dr. Garth thanked him for dealing so fairly with him, turned the discourse to other things, and talked very cheerfully all the rest of the time he stayed with him. As soon as he was gone, he called for his servant, said he was a good deal out of order, and would go to bed ; he then sent him for a surgeon to bleed him. Soon after, he sent for a second surgeon, by a different servant, and was bled in the other arm. He then said he wanted rest, and, when everybody had quitted

the room, he took off the bandages, and lay down with the design of bleeding to death. His loss of blood made him faint away, and that stopped the bleeding; he afterwards sunk into a sound sleep, slept all the night, waked in the morning without his usual pains, and said, if it would continue so, he would be content to live on. In his last illness, he did not use any remedies, but let his distemper takes its course.

Garth has been censured for voluptuousness, and accused of infidelity. Being one day questioned by Addison upon his religious creed, he is said to have replied that he was of the religion of wise men; and being urged to explain himself further, he added that wise men kept their own secrets. Pope says of him, in his 'Farewell to London,' 1715,

Garth, the best Christian he,
Although he knows it not.

Spence's Anecdotes.

APOTHECARIES' PROFITS.

It is an error to consider Apothecaries' profits uncommonly extravagant, because this great apparent profit is frequently no more than the wages of labour. 'The skill of an apothecary,' says Dr. Adam Smith, 'is a much nicer and more delicate matter than that of any artificer whatever, and the trust which is reposed in him is of much greater importance. His reward, therefore, ought to be suitable to his skill and his trust, and it arises generally from the price at which he sells his drugs. But the whole drugs which the best employed apothecary in a large market-town will sell in a year may not, perhaps, cost him above 30*l.* or 40*l.* Though he should sell them, therefore, for 300 or 400, or at 1,000 per cent. profit, this may frequently be no more than the reasonable wages of his labour charged, in the only way in which he can charge them, upon the price of his drugs; the greater part of the apparent profit is real wages, disguised in the garb of profit.'

In 1795, the number of physicians in London was but 94. The apothecaries only, not including surgeons, amounted to 4,000.

MESSENGER MONSEY,

The great grandfather of the ex-Chancellor Lord Cranworth, was born in 1693; he studied physic under Sir Benjamin Wrench, at Norwich, and practised at Bury St. Edmunds, in Suffolk, when Lord Godolphin, son of Queen Anne's Lord Treasurer, and grandson of the great Duke of Marlborough, was seized, on his road to Newmarket, with an attack of apoplexy. Monsey was summoned, and so fascinated his patient with his conversational powers that his lordship invited him to London, and induced him to relinquish his country practice. From that time Monsey's fortune was made. Sir Robert Walpole greatly esteemed him, and Lord Chesterfield was among the zealous patrons of his medical skill. Garrick and he were intimate friends, until the former lost Monsey's friendship. 'Garrick is about to quit the stage,' said the Bishop of Sodor and Man. 'That he'll never do,' answered Monsey, making use of a Norfolk proverb, 'so long as he knows a guinea in cross on one side, and pile on the other.' The speech was never forgiven. When Garrick lay on his death-bed, Monsey composed a satire on him for his parsimony. A consultation of physicians was represented over the actor—

Seven wise men lately met
To save a wretched sinner;
'Come, Tom,' said Jack, 'pray let's be quick,
Or I shall lose my dinner.'

Some roared for rhubarb, jalap some,
And some cried out for Dover;
Let's give him something each man said,
Why e'en let's give him—over.

One of the sages proposed to revive the sinking energies of the poor man by jangling guineas in his ears. The suggestion was acted upon, when—

Soon as the fav'rite sound he heard,
One faint effort he try'd;
He op'd his eyes, he stretch'd his hands,
He made one gasp—and died.

Through Lord Godolphin's interest, Monsey was appointed physician to Chelsea College. His Whiggism introduced him to high society, but not to lucrative practice. In his old age he grew avaricious, and could not bring himself to trust his ready cash in the hands of a banker. Before setting out on one occasion for a journey to Norfolk, incredulous with regard to cash-boxes and bureaux, he hid a considerable quantity of gold and bank-notes in the fire-place of his study, covering them artistically with shavings and cinders. A few months afterwards, returning (luckily a few days before he was expected) he found his old housemaid preparing to entertain a few friends at tea in her master's room; in lighting the fire, she had just applied a candle to the doctor's bank-notes, when he entered the room, seized a pail of water that was standing near, and with its contents extinguished the fire; some of the notes were, however, injured.

Monsey died in his rooms at Chelsea, in his 95th year. In obedience to his will, his body was dissected, and a lecture delivered upon it at Guy's Hospital. The bulk of his fortune amounted to about 16,000*l.*, and he left the following epitaph—a piece of vulgarity :

Here lie my old bones ; my vexation now ends ;
I have lived much too long for myself and my friends,
As to churches and churchyards, which men may call holy,
'Tis a rank piece of priestcraft, and founded on folly.
What the next world may be never troubled my pate ;
And be what it may, I beseech you, O Fate,
When the bodies of millions rise up in a riot,
To let the old carcase of Monsey be quiet.

Dr. Monsey lived so long in his office of physician at Chelsea Hospital that, during many changes in administration, the reversion of the grant had been promised to several of the medical friends of the different paymasters of the forces. The doctor, one day looking out of his window, and seeing a gentleman examining the house and gardens, who, he knew, had just got a reversion of the place, came out to him, and thus accosted him:—
'Well, sir, I see you are examining your house and gardens that are to be, and I assure you they are both very pleasant and very

convenient ; but I must tell you one circumstance. You are the fifth man that has got the reversion of the place, and I have buried them all ; and, what is more (said the doctor, looking very archly at him), there is something in your face that I shall bury you too.' The event justified the doctor's prediction, as the gentleman soon after died ; and, what was very extraordinary, at the time of Dr. Monsey's death there was no person who had the promise of the reversion.

One time, when the doctor was coming from his brother's in Norfolk up to London, in the Norwich coach, during the Christmas holidays, the inside of the coach was crowded as usual with game, as presents from country gentlemen to their friends in town. When daylight appeared, seeing that the game had different assignments, to amuse himself, he altered all the directions : the pheasants that were going to my lord or his grace were sent to some tradesman. In short, everything had a different destination from that originally assigned to it, but the doctor always took care to send a good turkey to the tradesman.

By way of ridiculing family pride, Dr. Monsey used to relate that the first of his ancestors of any note was a baker, and dealer in hops, a trade which enabled him with some difficulty to support a large family. To supply an urgent demand, he robbed his feather-beds of their contents, and supplied their place with unsaleable hops. A few years afterwards, a severe blight prevailed, hops were very scarce and dear. The hoarded treasure was ripped out of the beds, and a good sum was procured for the hops, which, in a plentiful season, would have been unsaleable ; and thus, said the doctor, our family hopped from obscurity.

Jeaffreson's Book about Doctors ; abridged.

DR. AKENSIDE.

Mark Akenside, who has been described 'common-place and contradictory,' as poet and physician, was born November 9, 1721. He was the son of a butcher at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and was injured in the foot by one of his father's cleavers falling upon it when he was a little child. His parents were

Presbyterians, and intended to bring him up as a minister of that persuasion. Accordingly, in his nineteenth year, he was sent to the University of Edinburgh; but he soon turned his attention to the study of medicine, and after remaining three years in the Scottish capital, went to Leyden, where he finished his education, and took the degree of M.D. in 1744. In the same year appeared his most distinguished poem, 'Pleasures of Imagination,' written in blank verse, with much power of versification and splendour of language, its object being to give a view of the various pleasures founded on the exercise of the imaginative powers, 'so that,' says Akenside, 'whatever our imagination feels from the agreeable appearances of nature, and all the various attainments we meet with, either in poetry, painting, music, or any of the elegant arts, might be deducible from one or other of those principles, in the constitution of the human mind, which are here established and explained.' Dr. Johnson says of this poem, 'I have heard Dodsley, by whom it was published, relate that when the copy was offered him, the price demanded for it, which was a hundred and twenty pounds, being such as he was not inclined to give precipitately, he carried the work to Pope, who, having looked into it, advised him not to make a niggardly offer, for *this was no every-day writer.*'

When at Leyden, Akenside became warmly attached to a fellow-student named Jeremiah Dyson, who, being rich, assisted Akenside pecuniarily. Dyson became cofferer of His Majesty's household, and for some time held the office of principal clerk of the House of Commons, and other employments under Government, but is chiefly deserving of notice for his liberal patronage of Akenside, and did not forget his early attachment, but allowed him for many years 300*l.* a year.

Akenside was much more distinguished as a poet than as a physician, the latter, Johnson thought, in a great city, the mere plaything of fortune. Nevertheless, he wrote on medical subjects with ease and elegance; he was admitted, by mandamus, to a doctor's degree at Cambridge; he became a fellow of the Royal Society, and admitted of the College of Physicians, and by court patronage became physician to the Queen. He

settled at Northampton, but with ill-success, and at Hampstead with no better fortune ; at the age of 27 he removed to Bloomsbury Square. He wrote medical treatises and papers to learned societies with better success ; and he was well read in literature, and especially of Greece. Akenside was, however, deemed haughty and ostentatious by the faculty ; for which Smollett made him smart severely by introducing him into his 'Peregrine Pickle,' as the giver of a feast after the manner of the ancients. His manner exposed him to much rudeness ; and one who delighted in saying such things, Akenside having argued that physicians were better and wiser men than the world ordinarily thought, was replied to as follows :— 'Doctor, after all you have said, my opinion is this—the ancients endeavoured to make it a science and failed, and the moderns to make it a trade and succeeded.'

Johnson gave it as his opinion that 'Akenside was a superior poet both to Gray and Mason.'

DOCTOR OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

It will be recollected by those who are familiar with the incidents of the life of this errant genius, that he was sent by the kindness of his uncle to Edinburgh, to study medicine. He arrived there towards the close of 1752 ; and having attended most of the medical professors, though without much assiduity, he proceeded, at the end of two years, to Leyden, for the professed purpose of completing his medical studies. He resided at Leyden about a year, studying chemistry under Gaubius, and anatomy under Albinus, and, at the same time, indulging freely in dissipation. From Leyden, Goldsmith set out to make a tour of Europe on foot ; and by means of various expedients, worked his way through Flanders, parts of France and Germany, Switzerland (where he composed part of the 'Traveller'), and the north of Italy. He remained six months at Padua, and if (which is doubtful) he ever took a medical degree, it is most probable that he took it here. Hearing, while in Italy, of the death of his uncle and benefactor, he returned to England in the autumn of 1756. Arrived in London,

he was first an usher in a school, and being speedily disgusted with this employment, by the middle of the month he was houseless, in the loneliness of the streets of London. He applied to the apothecaries for a situation, but they asked him for a character, and he had none to give. At length, a chemist and druggist, at the upper corner of Monument-yard, on Fish-street Hill, engaged Oliver as shopman. . Mr. Richard Sharp used to point out the spot, which was shown to him in his youth by the benevolent Mr. Jacobs. This Mr. Forster relates, in his charming '*Life of Goldsmith*;' but the writer has a more distinct recollection of the name as Jacobson, who was subsequently in partnership with Beddome.

This could not have been a disagreeable employment: he was really fond of chemistry, and was remembered favourably by the celebrated Black. While in this situation, Goldsmith was recognised by an old fellow-student at Edinburgh, the kind quaker Sleigh, known later as an eminent physician, as Barry's first patron, and Burke's friend: he was cleverly satirised as Dr. Sligo, in Foote's farce of '*The Devil upon Two Sticks.*' Through the advice and help of Dr. Sleigh, Goldsmith rose to practise physic 'in a humble way,' at Bankside, Southwark, chiefly among the riverside poor. . One day, his old school-mate and college companion, Beatty, met him decked out in the tarnished finery of a second-hand suit of green and gold, with a shirt and neckcloth of a fortnight's wear, yet he assumed a prosperous air: 'he was practising physic,' he said, 'and doing very well'—though he was at the moment pinched with poverty. One of his poor patients was a journeyman-printer, who, one day, induced by the doctor's rusty, black patched suit, suggested that his master, who had been kind to clever men, might be serviceable to him. This master was Samuel Richardson, who printed his own novels of '*Pamela*,' '*Clarissa Harlowe*,' and '*Sir Charles Grandison*,' at his office in Salisbury-court, now square, and at the top of the court, No. 76 Fleet-street. He engaged Oliver as his 'reader,' an occupation which he alternated with his medical duties.

Richardson lived in Salisbury-court, where he wrote his '*Pamela*.' He admitted Goldsmith to his parlour, where he

began to form literary acquaintances, among whom was Dr. Young, the author of 'Night Thoughts,' then in the height of fashion. This set Oliver's imagination teeming: he began a tragedy, which he showed to Dr. Farr, one of his Edinburgh fellow-students, who was then in London, attending the hospitals and lectures.

'Early in January (1756, says Dr. Farr) he called upon me one morning before I was up, and, on my entering the room, I recognised my old acquaintance, dressed in a rusty full-trimmed black suit, with his pockets full of papers, which instantly reminded me of the poet in Garrick's farce of 'Lethe.' He drew from his pocket part of a tragedy, which he said he had brought for my correction. In vain I pleaded inability, when he began to read; and *every part on which I expressed a doubt as to the propriety, was immediately blotted out.* I then most earnestly pressed him not to trust to my judgment, but to take the opinion of persons better qualified to decide on dramatic compositions. He now told me he had submitted his production, so far as he had written, to Mr. Richardson, on which I peremptorily declined offering another criticism on the performance.'

The tragedy was unfinished, and Dr. Farr heard no more of it; but he remembers that Goldsmith had in his head a Quixotic scheme of going to decipher the inscriptions on the 'Written Mountains,' though he was altogether ignorant of Arabic, or the language in which they might be supposed to be written; he had been tempted by the salary of 300*l.* which had been left for the purpose.

The liberality of an old schoolfellow, who accidentally discovered Goldsmith, enabled him soon after to commence practice as a physician; and by the joint aid of medicine and literature he managed for some short time to earn a scanty subsistence.

Oliver now made a start for himself by circulating proposals for publishing, by subscription, his 'Enquiry into the State of Polite Literature in Europe:' he finished part of it, and carried the MS. to Robert Dodsley, in Pall Mall, who agreed to publish the book, and advanced him various small sums on account of it: the profits he destined to equip himself for India, having

obtained from the Company the nomination to one of their factories on the coast of Coromandel. But when the day of the preliminary examination approached, he had not clothes fit to appear in at Surgeons' Hall. Griffiths became security for the loan of a suit of clothes, to be returned the day after. Thus provided, poor Goldsmith underwent the ordeal; but he was not otherwise prepared, for in the books of the college is this entry:

'At a Court of Examiners held at the Theatre, 21st Dec. 1758—James Barnard, mate to an hospital. Oliver Goldsmith, found not qualified for ditto.

'A rumour of this rejection long existed; and on a hint from Dr. Maton, the king's physician, Mr. (afterwards Sir James) Prior succeeded in discovering it.'

Forster's Life of Goldsmith.

This rejection brought with it other miseries. The borrowed clothes were not returned, but pawned, and Griffiths was not to be pacified by four articles for his 'Review,' which Goldsmith sent him: he printed the papers, but demanded instant repayment of the debt, and the return of some books he had lent to Goldsmith, which, it was suspected, were at the pawnbroker's. The matter was partly made up with Griffiths by Goldsmith writing for him a short life of Voltaire, 1759; but the 'Monthly Review' insinuated bitter things against Goldsmith's moral character, and he deeply lamented 'the meannesses which poverty unavoidably brings with it.'

As Goldsmith had acquired popularity and an extensive acquaintance, he attempted to resume the medical profession. He hired a man-servant, and appeared with a professional wig and cane, purple silk breeches, and a scarlet roquelaure. Thus arrayed, he would strut into the apartments of his patients, with his three-cornered hat in one hand and his cane in the other. But he soon grew tired of the duties and restraints of his profession, and the fees were inadequate for his maintenance. At length, on prescribing for a lady of his acquaintance, a Mrs. Sidebotham, a warm dispute arose between Goldsmith and the apothecary as to the dose of medicine to be administered; the M.D. stood up for his degree, and resented the interference of

the compounder of drugs, with whom Mrs. Sidebotham agreed; when Goldsmith flounced out of the house in a violent passion. 'I am determined henceforth,' said he to Topham Beauclerc, 'to leave off prescribing for friends.' 'Do so, my dear Doctor,' was the reply; 'whenever you undertake to kill, let it be only your enemies.' This was the end of Goldsmith's medical career.

DR. BROCKLESBY'S GIFT TO BURKE.

Brocklesby will be reckoned as a schoolfellow of Edmund Burke, at Ballitore. He came to London, practised many years with success and profit, lived in handsome style, and was much attached to the society of men of letters. He kept up his friendship with Burke, and in 1788, gave him an unmistakable proof of his regard in the following note, dated from Norfolk Street, in the Strand,—July 2: 'My very dear friend,—My veneration of your public conduct for many years past, and my real affection for your private virtues and transcendent worth, made me yesterday take a liberty with you in a moment's conversation with you at my house, to make you an instant present of one thousand pounds, which, for years past, by will, I had destined as a testimony of my regard on my decease.' He adds: 'He is rich enough to spare for virtue what others waste in vice.' Recollecting that the legatee's death might take place (as it really did) before his own, Brocklesby gave the money in advance. Burke allowed a fortnight to elapse before he accepted it, on the assurance that it did not trench on the claims of others, and that it might remain as a debt at the pleasure of the donor. Dr. Brocklesby attended Burke's son, at Cromwell House, Brompton, in 1794. The Doctor died on December 11, 1797, having returned that day from a visit to the widow of Edmund Burke, at Beaconsfield.

Dr. Johnson was also the friend of Brocklesby. In 'Boswell's Life,' we read—'On Sunday, March 30 [1783], I found him [Johnson] at home in the evening, and had the pleasure to meet with Dr. Brocklesby, whose reading and knowledge of life, and good spirits, supply him with a never-failing source of conversation. He mentioned a respectable gentleman, who

became extremely penurious near the close of his life. Johnson said there must have been a degree of madness about him. 'Not at all, sir,' said Brocklesby, 'his judgment was entire.' Unluckily, however, he mentioned that although he had a fortune of twenty-seven thousand pounds, he denied himself many comforts, from an apprehension that he could not afford them. 'Nay, sir,' cried Johnson, 'when the judgment is so disturbed that a man cannot count, that is pretty well.'

As an instance of extraordinary liberality of friendship, Dr. Johnson said that Dr. Brocklesby had offered him a hundred a year for his life.. A grateful tear started into his eye as he spoke this in a faltering tone.

Boswell's Johnson, vol. iv.

DOCTORS AT THE WITTENAGEMOT.

The Chapter Coffee-house in Paternoster Row was the noted resort of authors and publishers, especially in the last century, and here met the Wittenagemot Club, in the box in the north-east corner of the coffee-room. Early in the morning it was occupied by neighbours, who were designated the *Wet Paper Club*, as it was their practice to open the papers when brought in by the newsmen, and read them before they are dried by the waiter ; a dry paper they viewed as a stale commodity. In the afternoon, another party enjoyed the *wet* evening papers ; and (says Stephens) it was these whom I met.

Among the constant visitors was the celebrated Dr. George Fordyce, who, having much fashionable practice, brought news which had not generally transpired. He had not the appearance of a man of genius, nor did he debate, but he possessed sound information on all subjects. He came to the Chapter after taking his wine, and stayed about an hour, or while he sipped a glass of brandy-and-water ; it was then his habit to take another glass at the London Coffee-house, and a third at the Oxford, before he returned to his house in Essex Street, Strand.

Dr. Gower, the urbane and able physician of the Middlesex, was another pretty constant visitor. It was gratifying to hear such men as Fordyce, Gower, and Buchan in familiar

chat. On subjects of medicine they seldom agreed, and when such were started they generally laughed at one another's opinions. They seemed to consider Chapter punch, or brandy-and-water, as *aqua vitæ*; and, to the credit of the house, better punch could not be found in London. If any one complained of being indisposed, the elder Buchan exclaimed, 'Now let me prescribe for you without a fee. Here, John or Isaac, bring a glass of punch for Mr. —, unless he likes brandy-and-water better. Take that, sir, and I'll warrant you you'll soon be well. You're a peg too low; you want stimulus, and if one glass won't do, call for a second.'

There was a growling man of the name of Dobson, who, when his asthma permitted, vented his spleen upon both sides; and a lover of absurd paradoxes, author of some works of merit, but so devoid of principle that, deserted by his friends, he would have died for want, if Dr. Garthshore had not placed him as a patient in the empty Fever Institution.

The further account of the Chapter House Wittenagemot, from the notes of Alexander Stephens, and the 'Recollections' of Phillips, the publisher, who lodged there some time—will be found in 'A Century of Anecdote,' vol. ii., by the editor of the present work, where it extends to four well-filled pages.

Dr. Fordycé, named in the above extract, was much addicted to the bottle, and was one evening called away from a drinking-bout to see a lady of title, who was supposed to have been taken suddenly ill. Arrived at the apartment of his patient, the doctor seated himself by her side, and having listened to the recital of a train of symptoms, which appeared rather anomalous, he next proceeded to examine the state of her pulse. He tried to reckon the number of its beats; the more he endeavoured to do this, the more his brain whirled, and the less was his self-control. Conscious of the cause of his difficulty, and in a moment of irritation, he inadvertently blurted out, 'Drunk, by Jove.' The lady heard the remark, but remained silent; and the doctor having prescribed a mild remedy, one which he invariably took on such occasions, he shortly afterwards departed. Early next morning, he was aroused by a

somewhat imperative message from his patient of the previous evening, to attend her immediately ; and he at once concluded that the object of this summons was either to inveigh against him for the state in which he had visited her on the former occasion or perhaps for having administered too potent a medicine. Ill at ease from these reflections, he entered the lady's room, fully prepared for a severe reprimand. The patient, however, began by thanking him for his immediate attention, and then proceeded to say how much she had been struck by his discernment on the previous evening, confessed that she was occasionally addicted to the error which he had detected ; and concluded by saying that her object in sending for him so early was to obtain a promise that he would hold inviolably secret the condition in which he found her. 'You may depend upon me, madam,' replied Dr. Fordyce, with a countenance which had not altered since the commencement of the patient's story ; 'I shall be silent as the grave.'

BUCHAN'S DOMESTIC MEDICINE.

Dr. Buchan's '*Domestic Medicine*,' which first appeared in 1769, speedily obtained such popularity that no less than nineteen editions of the book, amounting to 80,000 copies, were sold during the author's lifetime : he died at the age of 76. The '*Domestic Medicine*' was written in Sheffield ; and James Montgomery, in his '*Memoirs*,' relates of the author : 'I remember seeing the old gentleman when I first went to London. He was of venerable aspect, neat in his dress, his hair tied behind with a large black ribbon, and a gold-headed cane in his hand, quite realising my idea of an Esculapian dignitary.' Montgomery never spoke to the doctor, but looked upon him with respect as a man who had *published a book*. Buchan's '*Medicine*' has had its day ; and whatever may be its merits, it had its shortcomings. In one of the Scottish editions there was an astonishing misprint, in which a prescription containing one hundred ounces of laudanum, instead of that number of drops, is prescribed. Dr. Buchan died at his son's house, 6 Percy Street, Rathbone Place, in 1805, aged

76. In the west cloister of Westminster Abbey is a tablet to his memory.

It was Buchan's practice to see patients at the Chapter Coffee House, in Paternoster Row, where he usually might be found in the Wittenagemot, a box in the north-east corner of the coffee-room. Though he was a Tory, he heard the political discussions of the place with good humour, and commonly acted as a moderator, an office for which his fine physiognomy, and his venerable white hair, highly qualified him. His son belonged to the same club or set, and though somewhat dogmatical added* to the variety and intelligence of the discussions, which, from the admixture of the company, were as various as the contents of a newspaper.

PRIVATE MEDICAL PRACTICE.

Theodore Hook, in his 'Cousin William,' calls the aunt and uncle bold *Buchan-eers*, from their fondness for rash, domestic medical practice, and doctoring themselves from Buchan. In describing the original of his aunt, at the Garrick Club, one morning, he declared that the old lady was so delighted with everything pertaining to physic that she drank wine every six hours out of *dose-glasses*, and filled her gold-fish globes with leeches, the evolutions of which she watched by the hour.

One day, Dr. Paris, talking to James Smith of the folly of patients prescribing for themselves, quoted a fable of Camera-rius. An ass laden with salt was crossing a brook. The water diluted the salt, and lightened the burden. He communicated this discovery to a brother donkey laden with *wool*. The latter tried the same experiment, and found his load double its weight.

ANDERSON'S SCOTCH PILLS.

These celebrated pills, perhaps the oldest patent medicine in existence, were first made by Dr. Patrick Anderson, who practised in Edinburgh in 1618, and was subsequently appointed physician to Charles I. He wrote a tract called the

'Colde Spring of Kinghorne Craig,' and left a poem, and a 'Historie of Scotland;' besides a work called 'Grana Angelica,' 8vo. Edinb., concerning the nature and use of the famous Anderson's Pills. A person named Inglis sold these pills in 1690, 'at the Golden Unicorn, over against the Maypole, in the Strand;' and here, to our day, was 65, Inglis's Warehouse for the sale of Dr. Anderson's Scotch Pills. Like all successes, the pills have been grossly counterfeited. 'There are,' says Tom Brown, 'at least half a score of pretenders to Anderson's Scotch Pills, and the Lord knows who has the true preparation.' They consist of Barbadoes aloes, with a proportion of jalap, and oil of anise-seed.

DR. JOHN FREIND,

Who has already been mentioned as the associate of Dr. Mead, was, in more respects than one, a man of mark in his day. He and his brother, who was afterwards head-master of Westminster School, had been educated under the celebrated Dr. Busby. John Freind, already distinguished as a classical scholar, followed the profession of physic, in which he attained to the highest honours. In 1705 he accompanied Lord Peterborough on his Spanish expedition as physician to the army, and on his return to England, in 1707, advocated the cause of that nobleman, in a publication to which he added an account of the defence of Valencia, supplemented with original papers. In 1711, Dr. Freind was admitted a Fellow of the Royal Society. In 1722 he was elected M.P. for Launceston. He was a staunch Tory, and expressed himself very strongly on the apprehension and committal of his friend, the Bishop of Rochester (Atterbury); and, as he afterwards attended him, he was suspected of being concerned in 'The Bishop's Plot.' The Habeas Corpus Act being suspended, he was examined by the Privy Council, and committed a close prisoner to the Tower. It was here he began his very learned work, 'The History of Physic.' Meanwhile, he was called to attend Sir Robert Walpole, but refused to prescribe for him until he obtained the liberation of his col-

league. It was on this occasion that Freind received a signal proof of Mead's disinterested friendship on being presented with a large sum taken from his patients during his imprisonment. Soon after Dr. Freind obtained his liberty he was appointed physician to the Prince of Wales, and on that Prince's accession to the throne, he became physician to Queen Caroline.

Dr. Freind was buried at Hitchin, and Mead in the Temple. There are monuments to both in the nave of Westminster Abbey.

The following epitaph to Evan Rees is engraven on a brass tablet, and placed against a pillar on the south side of Margam Church, Glamorganshire. The original, in Latin, was, it is stated, from the pen of Dr. Freind, in 1702, at the time of Evan Rees's death; and the translation subjoined was made many years since by the late Very Rev. William Bruce Knight, Dean of Llandaff, and formerly incumbent of Margam :—

Ye who kneel at Hubert's shrine,
Hubert now a name divine,
And wind the sportive horn which he
Bequeath'd you his last legacy,
Let no loud shouts or halloos flow,
Change the notes to tones of woe,
For who but mourns, when to the dead
So choice a sportsman's spirit's fled?
Or where can grief be better shown,
Than at Evan Rees's stone?
He through craggy ways or plain
Swift of foot, nor swift in vain,
With weapons and with hounds pursued
All the tenants of the wood.
Up with the dawn, his speed surpassed
The bounding stag or driving blast;
He was keen for sport when high
Phœbus rules the middle sky,
And as unfatigued when he
Dips beneath the western sea.
But he, my friends, whom you deplore,
Shall lead you in the field no more;
For Death, that hunter of our race,
And never sated with the chase,

For human foot too sure and fast,
 Ah ! has on Evan seized at last.
 Nor at noontide nor at morn
 Will you see him ; but forlorn
 He a long, long night must sleep,
 We, his friends, be left to weep.
 Well has he closed his active days,
 To many known, and known with praise.
 Horn, hounds, and horses, lose their friend
 At last, may peace his shade attend.

Notes and Queries, 4th Series, No. 248.

DR. WYNTER AND DR. CHEYNE.

Wynter was an Englishman who loved wine, and Cheyne was a Scotchman, and loved milk : hence arose this attack and the reply :—

‘ Dr. Wynter to Dr. Cheyne.

‘ Tell me from whom, fat-headed Scot,
 Thou didst thy system learn ;
 From Hippocrate thou hast it not,
 Nor Celsus, nor Pitcairn.

‘ Suppose we own that milk is good,
 And say the same of grass ;
 ‘ The one for babes is only good,
 The other for an ass.

‘ Doctor, one new prescription try,
 (A friend’s advice forgive),
 Eat grass, reduce thy self, and die,
 Thy patients then may live.’

Cheyne responded as follows :—

‘ Dr. Cheyne to Dr. Wynter.

‘ My system, doctor, is my own,
 No tutor I pretend ;
 My blunders hurt myself alone,
 And yours your dearest friend.

'Were you to milk and straw confined,
Thrice happy might you be ;
Perhaps you might regain your mind,
And from your wit be free.

'I can't your kind prescription try,
But heartily forgive ;
'Tis natural you should wish me die,
That you yourself may live.'

A lady, whose fondness for generous living had given her a flushed face and carbuncled nose, consulted Dr. Cheyne. Upon surveying herself in the glass, she exclaimed, 'Where, in the name of wonder, did I get such a nose as this?' 'Out of the decanter, madam, out of the decanter,' replied the doctor.

DEATH AT PLEASURE.

Dr. Cheyne, in one of his medical treatises, narrates a case, the trustworthiness of which is established by an irrefragable combination of evidence,—of a man who could die, to all appearance, at any time that he chose ; and after having lain for a considerable period exactly as a corpse, was able, as it should seem, by a voluntary struggle, to restore to himself the appearance and the functions of animation and intellect.

'He could die or expire when he pleased, and yet by an effort, or somehow, he could come to life again. He insisted so much on seeing the trial made, that we were, at last, forced to comply. We all three felt his pulse first : it was distinct, though small, and thready, and his heart had its usual beating. He composed himself on his back, and lay in a still posture for some time ; while I held his right hand, Dr. Baynard laid his hand upon his heart, and Mr. Skrine held a clear looking-glass to his mouth. I found his pulse sink gradually, till at last I could not feel any by the most exact and nice touch. Dr. Baynard could not feel the least motion in his heart, nor Mr. Skrine perceive the least sort of breath on the bright mirror he held to his mouth. Now each of us by turn examined his arm, heart and breath, but could not, by the nicest scrutiny,

discover the least symptom of life in him. We reasoned a long time about this odd appearance as well as we could, and finding he still continued in that condition, we began to conclude that he had indeed carried the experiment too far, and at last we were satisfied that he was actually dead, and were just ready to leave him. This continued about half an hour. By nine o'clock in the morning, in autumn, as we were going away, we observed some motion about the body, and upon examination found his pulse and the motion of his heart gradually returning; he began to breathe gently, and speak softly. We were all astonished to the last degree at this unexpected change, and after some further conversation with him and with ourselves, went away fully satisfied as to all the particulars of this fact, but not able to form any rational scheme how to account for it. He afterwards called for his attorney, added a codicil to his will, &c., and calmly and composedly died about five or six o'clock that evening.'

THE CHARITABLE DR. FOTHERGILL.

Charity was the predominant feature in the Quaker Doctor Fothergill's character, that beautiful quality which many find so difficult to imitate, and which, in most minds, is a flower the slowest to blossom, and the earliest to decay. Few names on the record of biography will bear comparison with him in this respect. We do not know whether this noble characteristic was in him the result more of an original tenderness of disposition, or of self-discipline and principle; it seems probable that the study of our Divine Revelation had opened this plenteous fountain of beneficence in a mind not naturally of an enthusiastic temperament. When, during the summer, he retired to Lea Hall, in Cheshire, he devoted one day in every week to attendance at Middlewich, the nearest market town, and gave his gratuitous advice to the poor. He assisted the clergy, not merely with his advice, but on numerous occasions with his purse; on one occasion he was reproved by a friend for his refusal of a fee from a person who had attained a high rank in the Church :—'I had rather' (replied the doctor) 'return the

fee of a gentleman with whose rank I am not perfectly acquainted, than run the risk of taking it from a man who ought, perhaps, to be the object of my bounty.' When he paid his last visit to patients in decayed circumstances, it was not unusual with him, under the appearance of feeling the pulse, to slip into their hand a sum of money, or a bank-note; in one instance, this mode of donation is said to have conveyed 150*l.* To the modest or proud poverty which shuns the light of observation, he was the delicate and zealous visitor; in order to preclude the necessity of acknowledgment, which is often painful in such minds, he would endeavour to invent some motive for his bounty, and hence afford to the receiver the pretensions of a claim, while the liberal appeared to be only discharging a debt. To Dr. Knight, a literary man, whose character was deservedly esteemed, but who, by some speculations in mining, had become embarrassed in circumstances, he is said to have afforded aid to the amount of 1,000*l.* The total amount of his bounties is estimated at as high a sum as 200,000*l.*

Pettigrew's Lives of British Physicians.

More than a century ago, Dr. Fothergill projected the great street from Blackfriars northward to Islington, which we now see partly realised in Farringdon Road.

DR. LETTSOM.

Half a century ago there might be seen in the southern suburbs of London, in Camberwell Grove, the seat of John Coakley Lettsom, so well known in the medical world for his active benevolence, as well as one of the most successful physicians of his day. Camberwell Grove was so called from its former long avenue of trees, extending from Church Street to Grove Hill, at the present time but very little of a woodland character, both sides being now skirted by modern buildings.

Lettsom was the son of a West Indian planter, and born at the island of Vandyk, near Tortola, in the year 1744. He was a member of the Society of Friends, and at six years of age was sent to England for instruction, and became acquainted with the brothers *Fothergill*: the one, a celebrated preacher among

the Quakers, and the other a distinguished member of the medical profession. Their advice determined Lettsom's future studies; and he acquired eminence, as well from his scientific knowledge as from his general benevolence and love of literature. He was apprenticed to a Yorkshire apothecary at Settle, who used to say to young Lettsom, 'Thou mayest make a physician, but I think not a good apothecary.' Having served his apprenticeship of five years, he returned to the West Indies, and settled there as a medical practitioner in Tortola, where he earned, in five months, 2,000*l*. He then returned to Europe, studied at the medical schools of Paris and Edinburgh, took his degree of M.D. at Leyden, and was admitted of the College of Physicians of London.

His practice was very extensive, and in some years his receipts were 12,000*l*. Nevertheless, half his services were entirely gratuitous; clergymen and men of letters he attended without fee; and in his rounds he is said to have 'knocked-up' three pairs of horses a day. The amount of his labour in establishing charitable institutions was surprising: in the list we find three leading dispensaries and the Margate Sea-bathing Infirmary. Of the societies for the Indigent Deaf, and Dumb, and Blind, and the Royal Humane Society, he was an active projector. And when only twenty-three years of age, he liberated his slaves in the West Indies, although they formed nearly his entire worldly wealth.

Lettsom wore the Quakers' dress—a drab coat and gaiters. George III. allowed him to appear at Court in the Quaker garb, and to kiss his hand, though Lettsom wore neither powder nor sword. He was very eccentric; he is reported to have said of himself—

When patients comes to I,
I physics, bleeds, and sweats 'em;
Then—if they choose to die—
What's that to I—I lets 'em (I. Lettsom).

Another version is as follows:—

I, John Lettsom,
Physics, bleeds, and sweats 'em,
If they will, I lets 'em.

To return to Lettsom's seat at Grove Hill, Camberwell. He took about two acres and a half on the eastern side of the hill at Christmas, 1779, on a building lease for ninety-nine years, and here shortly afterwards he erected a pleasant villa, and laid out the ground with much taste. The former was a square edifice, with low wings; the western wing being occupied by a library, in which was a curious work by Jacob Christine Schaefer (Regensburg, commencing in 1765), in seven volumes quarto, the leaves of which were all fabricated from varieties of vegetable substances, as well of wood as plants, by ordinary paper-mills. Adjoining was a museum, opening to a conservatory, wherein many exotics and other rare plants were cultivated. Here, too, was a collection of subjects connected with natural history, and a number of capital philosophical instruments. The north or principal front was enriched by tablets from classical designs of Liberality and Plenty, and the goddess Flora.

Saturday was Lettsom's high festival day at Grove Hill. Boswell was a frequent guest here, and Charles Dilly, in an ode, celebrated the physician's seat, as well as his active benevolence:—

Lettsom, we view a Quaker true,
'Tis clear he's so in one sense;
His spirit strong, and ever young,
Refutes pert Priestley's nonsense.

In fossils he is deep, we see;
Nor knows beasts, fishes, birds ill;
With plants not few, some from Pellew,
And wondrous Mangel Wurzel.

West India bred, warm heart, cool head,
The City's first physician;
By schemes humane, want, sickness, pain,
To aid is his ambition.

From terrace high, he feasts his eye,
When practice grants a furlough;
And while it roves o'er Dulwich Groves,
Looks down—even upon Thurlow.

Mr. Jeaffreson relates that 'on one occasion an old American merchant, who had been ruined by the rupture between the

colonies and the mother country, requested his [Dr. Lettsom's] attendance and professional advice. The unfortunate man was seventy-four years of age, and bowed down with the weight of his calamities.

"These trees, doctor," said the sick man, looking out of his bedroom window over his lawn, "I planted, and have lived to see some of them too old to bear fruit; they are part of my family; and my children, still dearer to me, must quit this residence, which was the delight of my youth and the hope of my old age."

'The Quaker physician was deeply affected by these pathetic words, and the impressive tone with which they were uttered. He spoke a few words of comfort, and quitted the room, leaving on the table, as his prescription—a cheque for a large sum of money. Nor did his goodness end there. He purchased the house of his patient's creditors, and presented it to him for life.

'On one of his benevolent excursions the Doctor found his way into the squalid garret of a poor woman who had seen better days. With the language and deportment of a lady she begged the physician to give her a prescription. After enquiring carefully into her case, he wrote on a slip of paper to the overseers of the parish—"A shilling per diem for Mrs. Moreton. Money, not physic, will cure her.—LETTSON."

Dr. Lettsom had frequently for his guests the literati of his time; and Maurice, the historian and poet, returned his courtesy by his 'Grove Hill, a descriptive Poem,' in quarto, with fine engravings. Scott, also, the bard of Amwell, inscribed a lesser poem to his hospitable friend, in which the views from a temple near the reservoir were very graphically sketched. The grounds attached to the villa comprised lawns and meadow land, with pleasure, kitchen, and succession gardens; and an arboretum extending along the outskirts of the estate, at its eastern side, down to the Fountain Cottage. The whole was ornamented with statuary and inscribed pedestals.

A train of adverse circumstances, however, originating in the prodigality of his benevolence, compelled Dr. Lettsom to part with this delightful retreat some time previously to his decease;

and great portions of his library and museum were accordingly disposed of at the time, his town residence not being of sufficient size to receive them.

The following picturesque account of the prospect from Grove Hill was written about the year 1817 :—‘ Though but little more than three miles from the three city bridges, this situation is so uncommonly fine as to afford extensive and picturesque views over a circumference of 200 miles. In front, indeed, the city presents itself ; but the eye soon passes over this grand display of human elegance and wealth, to the summits of those hills where Hampstead, Highgate, and other hamlets, are scattered ; (among which, Caen Wood and various charming seats are interspersed ; beyond these, Harrow-on-the-Hill and its lofty spire arise ;) and, wandering towards the palace of Windsor, and passing along the counties of Middlesex and Hertford, enjoys an extensive view of Essex ; and, crossing the Thames, returns on the east by Shooter’s Hill and Greenwich. The south is bounded by Sydenham Hills and Norwood ; whilst the west takes in Chelsea, and the upper part of the Thames above the bridges. Here is a sheet of water, supplied by a spring, which issues near the summit of the hill : it is traditionally said to be the spot where George Barnwell murdered his uncle, an incident that gave rise to Lillo’s affecting tragedy. This tradition has no foundation in truth, Lillo’s play being founded upon a ballad of the seventeenth century, wherein the scene is laid near Ludlow. From Maurice’s ‘Grove Hill,’ the following lines furnish a fine illustration of the richness and extent of the prospects from these delightful grounds.

THE TURRET AND THE VIEW FROM IT.

But bursting soon from pleasure’s gaudy bowers,
Where beauty rests on beds of vernal flowers,
The impatient muse ascends the *Turret’s* height,
Where ampler prospects charm the roving sight :
A richer landscape ne’er the sun survey’d,
With lovelier verdure crown’d, or nobler shade ;
The whole horizon, to its utmost bound,
One bright and beauteous picture glowing round !
‘ Here, fragrant as the blooming eastern vales,
Where Aden’s spikenard scents the balmy gales,

Rich meads, in Flora's gaudiest treasures bright,
 And ever-verdant lawns, the eye delight ;
 In whose rich pastures bounds th' exulting steed,
 And sportive herds innumerable feed.
 There, view'd with transport by th' impatient swain,
 Luxuriant harvests load the laughing plain,
 And, waving to the breeze their golden store,
 Bid famine's vultures fly from Britain's shore.
 Her native treasures these—nor these alone,
 While commerce makes the globe's vast wealth her own. |
 Here, freighted with the gems of India's clime,
 On Thames' broad wave rich navies ride sublime :
 There, proudly crowning her imperial stream,
 The lofty turrets of Augusta gleam.
 Where'er my wand'ring eye delighted roves,
 Through length'ning vistas and embow'ring groves,
 New objects on the dazzled vision break,
 And in th' admiring soul new transports wake.
 Here, many a league along th' admiring tide,
 A thousand villas stretch in rural pride ;
 There, glitt'ring spires and swelling domes ascend,
 And art and nature all their beauties blend.

SIR RICHARD JEBB'S MANNERS.

Sir Richard Jebb, in his surly moods, offended many of his patients. 'That's my way,' said he, to a noble patient, astonished at his rudeness. 'Then,' answered the sick man, pointing to the door, 'I'll beg you'll make that your way.'

To questions about diet Jebb would reply testily. 'Pray, Sir Richard, may I eat a muffin?' asked a lady. 'Yes, madam, 'tis the best thing you can take.' 'Oh dear, Sir Richard, I am glad of that. The other day you said it was the worst thing in the world for me.' 'Good madam, I said so last Tuesday. This isn't a Tuesday—is it?' To another lady, who asked what she might eat, he said contemptuously, 'Boiled turnips.' 'Boiled turnips?' was the answer; 'you forget, Sir Richard, I told you I could not bear boiled turnips.' 'Then, madam,' answered Sir Richard sternly, 'you must have a d——d vitiated appetite.' To an old gentleman, who asked Sir Richard, 'What may I eat?' the reply was, 'My directions, sir, are simple. You must not eat the poker, shovel, or tongs, for they are

hard of digestion; nor the bellows, but anything else you please.'

'Jebb,' says Mr. Jeaffreson, 'with all his bluntness, was a mean lover of the atmosphere of the Court. His income was subject to great fluctuations, as the whims of his fashionable employers ran for or against him. Sir Edward Wilmot's receipts sank from 3000*l.* to 300*l.* in consequence of his having lost two ladies of quality at the Court. Jebb's revenue never varied so much as this, but the 1,500*l.* (the greatest sum he ever made in one year) fell off by hundreds. This fact did not tend to lessen his mortification at the loss of a great patient.'

Sir Richard Jebb was once paid three guineas by a nobleman from whom he had a right to expect five. Jebb dropped the coins upon the carpet, when a servant picked them up, and restored them—three, and only three, and, instead of walking off, Sir Richard continued his search upon the carpet. 'Are all the guineas found?' asked his lordship, looking round. 'There must be two still on the floor,' was the answer, 'for I have only three.' The hint, of course, was taken, and the right sum put down. A tooth-powder from Jebb's receipt was made in our time.

QUACKERY SUCCESSFUL

Sir Edward Halse, who was physician to King George III., driving one day through the Strand, was stopped by the mob listening to the oratory of Dr. Rock, the famous quack, who, observing Sir Edward look out at the chariot-window, instantly took a number of boxes and phials, gave them to the physician's footman, saying, 'Give my compliments to Sir Edward—tell him these are all I have with me, but I will send him ten dozen more to-morrow.' Sir Edward, astonished at the message and effrontery of the man, actually took the boxes and phials into the carriage; on which the mob, with one consent, cried out, 'See, see, all the doctors, even the king's, buy their medicines of him!' In their young days, these gentlemen had been fellow-students; but Rock, not succeeding in regular practice

had metamorphosed himself into a quack. In the afternoon, he waited on Sir Edward, to beg his pardon for having played him such a trick ; to which Sir Edward replied, 'My old friend, how can a man of your understanding condescend to harangue the populace with such nonsense as you talked to-day ? Why, none but fools listen to you.' 'Ah ! my good friend, that is the very thing. Do you give me the *fools* for my patients, and you shall have my free leave to keep the people of sense for your own.' Sir Edward Halse used to divert his friends with this story, adding, 'I never felt so like a fool in my life as when I received the bottles and boxes from Rock.'

THE SIDMOUTH PEERAGE AND 'THE DOCTOR.'

The foundation of the Sidmouth Peerage is traceable to one of those fortunate turning points which have much to do with worldly success. It is related that while Lord Chatham was residing at Hayes, in Kent, his first coachman being taken ill, the postillion was sent for the family doctor ; but not finding him, the messenger returned, bringing with him Mr. Addington, then a practitioner in the village, who by permission of Lord Chatham, saw the coachman, and reported his ailment. His lordship was so pleased with Mr. Addington, that he employed him as apothecary for the servants, and then for himself ; and Lady Hester Stanhope tells us, 'finding he spoke good sense on medicine, and then on politics, he at last made him his physician.' Dr. Addington subsequently practised in the metropolis, then retired to Reading, and there married ; and in 1757 was born his eldest son, Henry Addington, who was educated at Winchester and Oxford, and called to the bar in 1784. Through his father's connection with the family of Lord Chatham, an intimacy had grown up between young Addington and William Pitt when they were boys. Pitt was now First Minister of the Crown, and through his influence Addington entered upon his long political career, and became in very few years Prime Minister of England ; his administration was brief, but he was raised to the peerage in 1805, and held various offices until 1824, when he retired. Lord Sidmouth was an

unpopular minister ; but his aptitude for official business was great. He came in for much of the satire of the day upon the Tory Administration, to which, in evil days he was attached. He was familiarly called 'the Doctor,' partly from his father's profession, and partly from his having himself prescribed for George III., in his illness of 1801, a pillow of hops as a soporific. This gave Canning the opportunity of calling him the 'Doctor,' and George Cruikshank, *pari passu*, the caricaturing of him in the prints of Hone's clever political squibs, with a clyster-pipe hanging out of his pocket.

DR. GOOCH.

Dr. Gooch, in 1808, appeared in the character of a critic. His first article was on the subject of insanity ; the book reviewed a translation of Pinel. By a singular coincidence the first and the last of his literary labours were on the same subject. There is a paragraph in this review which is so applicable to Gooch's own peculiar conformation of mind that he must have had an eye to himself when he wrote it. 'There are some characters,' he says, 'who are commonly called low-spirited, gloomy, desponding fellows. During an interval of occupation, when the mind is free to range where it pleases, they are constantly painting their future lives with a pencil dipped in black. Aware that they possess certain resources of money, knowledge, and patronage, they view their present situation in the same light with the most cheerful of their companions. But the character of the man, the extent of his resources, and the usual conduct of the world being given, to find his future lot, he commences his calculations with the same assumptions, and differs from them in the conclusion. They deduce success, he misfortune ; and the consequence is, that he becomes a frequent prey to those sorrowful apprehensions and gloomy emotions which want only strength and permanency to constitute one species of mental disease.'

Young Gooch was at Yarmouth when the attack upon Copenhagen took place, and on the return of Lord Nelson, the wounded were placed in the Naval Hospital. Being acquainted

with some of the young surgeons, Gooch, though then but a boy, was not unfrequently at the hospital. 'I was (he says in a letter written long afterwards) at the Naval Hospital at Yarmouth, on the morning when Nelson, after the battle at Copenhagen (having sent the wounded before him), arrived at the roads and landed on the jetty. The populace soon surrounded him, and the military were drawn up in the market-place ready to receive him, but making his way through the dust, and the crowd and the clamour, he went straight to the hospital. I went round the wards with him, and was much interested in observing his demeanour to the sailors: he stopped at every bed, and to every man he had something kind and cheering to say; at length he stopped opposite a bed on which a sailor was lying who had lost his right arm close to the shoulder joint, and the following short dialogue passed between them. Nelson—'Well, Jack, what's the matter with you?' Sailor—'Lost my right arm, your honour.' Nelson paused, looked down at his own empty sleeve, then at the sailor, and said playfully, 'Well, Jack, then you and I are spoiled for fishermen—cheer up, my brave fellow!' And he passed briskly on to the next bed; but these few words had a magical effect upon the poor fellow, for I saw his eyes sparkle with delight as Nelson turned away and pursued his course through the wards.'

DR. GOOCH AND DR. PARR.

Dr. Gooch gives a lively account of one of his visits to Dr. Parr, at Warwick. They had often met in London. On the present occasion, when speaking of the different professions, and relative advantages and disadvantages of each, Parr said the most desirable was that of physic, which was equally favourable to a man's moral sentiments and intellectual faculties. One of the party reminded him of his first interview with Dr. Johnson. 'I remember it well,' said Parr; 'I gave him no quarter,—the subject of our dispute was the liberty of the press. Dr. Johnson was very great: whilst he was arguing I observed that he stamped; upon this I stamped. Dr. Johnson said, "Why do you stamp, Dr. Parr." I replied, "Sir, because you stamped,

and I was resolved not to give you the advantage even of a stamp in the argument.”’

Gooch remarks of Dr. Parr, that one of the striking features of his character seems to have been a child-like simplicity and sincerity, one effect which was, that of feelings of personal vanity were let out, which any other man would have felt under the same circumstances, but which he would have prudently kept to himself; yet Parr’s mode of displaying it rather excited a smile than a sneer.

RUMFORD’S SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERIES.

Count’s Rumford’s researches and inventions connected with his greatest subject, that of cookery, afford abundant examples of his applications of philosophy to practical affairs; but the extent of the subject forbids the citation of more than one small characteristic sample. After advocating the extended use of Indian corn, and giving general directions for its use, and particularly for the preparation and cooking of ‘Indian pudding,’ including the scientific manipulation of the pudding bag, he concludes as follows :—‘The pudding is to be eaten with a knife and fork, beginning at the circumference of the slice and approaching regularly towards the centre, each piece of pudding being taken up with the fork and dipped into the butter, or dipped *in part only*, as is commonly the case, before it is carried to the mouth.’

Again, in his essay ‘On the Pleasure of Eating and the Means that may be Employed for Increasing it,’ after showing that the pleasure of eating is produced by bringing the surface of the food in contact with the surface of the tongue and the palate, and how a given quantity of food may have its contact surface increased, he says, in apology for his subject, ‘If a glutton can be made to gormandise two hours upon two ounces of meat, it is certainly better for him than to give himself an indigestion by eating two pounds in the same time.’

HABITS OF DR. BAILLIE.

He was in the habit during many years of devoting sixteen hours of each day to business, often paying visits to his patients until a late hour at night. His physical frame was not so strong as his resolution, and the sword began to wear out the sheath. An irritability of mind sometimes involuntarily contended against his natural kindness of heart. He frequently came to his own table after a day of fatigue, and held up his hands to the family circle, eager to welcome him home, saying, 'Don't speak to me ;' and then presently after, drank a glass of wine ; and when the transitory cloud had cleared away from his brow, looking around with a smile of affection, he would exclaim, ' Now you may speak to me !'

DR. BABINGTON.

Dr. Babington, sen., was for many years the great London physician. In Aldermanbury his house was subject to a constant siege, and from 8 A.M. to 1 P.M. his waiting and consulting rooms were never empty. His skill was worth the highest fee, but his gentleness, patience, and painstaking in every case he undertook could not be paid for. A curate, or a governess, or military man on half-pay was never suffered to leave an honorarium with him. Money was his last consideration ; humanity, helpfulness the first. The writer was about seventeen years old when the principal of a practice at Rotherhithe being from home, and Dr. Babington summoned to a consultation on a poor man dying of dropsy, the writer was compelled to meet the great doctor. He came at last ; gentlemanly, but thin, worn, grey, and with a decided stoop ; for a few minutes he scarcely realised our expectations, but there was mind in every feature, while his keen, dark, intellectual eye seemed to pierce every secret. 'The treatment had been judicious. Our own share in the matter was likely to be useful, but if we pleased let our sick friend do so and so.' Then he laid his white, almost transparent, hand on the sufferer's, saying, ' We hope we

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have found a way to relieve your complaint ; but your friends here have left me very little to do.' Dr. Babington has long passed to his rest, but the gratitude of friends and students has left a fine monument to his memory in St. Paul's Cathedral ; and he has left a worthy successor in his son, the present Dr. Babington.

A PRINCELY HOAX—SIR LUCAS PEPYS.

Lady Llanover, in her 'Memoirs of Mrs. Delany,' relates the following piquant story, which she received from a gentleman, as well as from Miss Burney, who had it from Lady Rothes, the wife of Sir Lucas Pepys, who was physician-in-ordinary to George III., and seven years President of the College of Physicians.

In the autumn of 1785, when the Prince of Wales was at Brighton, it happened one afternoon that Mrs. Lawrell was of a party with the Prince, Lady Beauchamp, and some other fine people. Mrs. Lawrell, like a good wife, about nine o'clock, said she must go home to her husband. The Prince said he and the party would come and sup with them.

The lady received the gracious intimation with all the respect that became her, and hastened home to acquaint her husband, and made preparation. Whether Mr. Lawrell was more or less sensible of the honour that was designed him than his wife is not known, but he said he should not come if he could help it, and, if he did come, he should have nothing to eat. It was in vain Mrs. Lawrell remonstrated ; he continued inflexible, and she had nothing for it but to put him to bed, and wrote a note to Lady Beauchamp, informing her that Mr. Lawrell was taken suddenly ill, and begging she would entertain the Prince in her stead. Between one and two o'clock in the morning, when the company were pretty merry, the Prince, whether he guessed at the reason or was concerned for the indisposition of his friend, said it was a pity poor Lawrell should die for want of help, and they immediately set about writing notes to all the physicians, surgeons, and apothecaries they could think of in the place, informing them as from Mr. L. that he was taken

suddenly ill, and begged their immediate assistance ; these notes very soon set the medical body in motion towards Mr. L.'s doors ; a few of the *most alert apothecaries* came first, but they were got rid of by the servants, who assured them it was a mistake, that their master and mistress were well and asleep, and that they did not care to wake them. Soon after came Sir Lucas Pepys, who declaring that '*nobody would presume to impose upon a person of his character,*' insisted on seeing Mr. L., and was pressing by the maid towards his bedchamber ; she was then forced to waken her mistress, and Mr. L. being very drowsy and disinclined to rise, his lady was obliged to appear in great deshabille, and with the *utmost difficulty* persuaded Sir Lucas he *was* imposed upon, and prevailed with him to retire. During their dispute the staircase *was filled* with the rest of the faculty arriving in shoals !

ABERNETHIANA.

Of Abernethy's liberality, many well authenticated instances are related. On his receiving the appointment of Professor of Anatomy and Surgery to the Royal College of Surgeons, a professional friend observed to him that they should now have something new. 'What do you mean?' asked Mr. Abernethy. 'Why,' said the other, 'of course you will finish up the lectures which you have been so long delivering at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and let us have them in an approved form.' 'Do you take me for a fool or a knave?' rejoined Mr. Abernethy; 'I have always given the students at the hospital that to which they were entitled—the best produce of my mind. If I could have made my lectures to them better, I would instantly have made them so. I will give the College of Surgeons precisely the same lectures, down to the smallest details—nay, I will tell the old fellows how to make a poultice.' Soon after, when he was lecturing to the students at St. Bartholomew's, and adverting to the College of Surgeons, he exclaimed, gleefully, 'I told the big-wigs how to make a poultice !' The great surgeon's description of poultice-making is said to have been extremely diverting.

In the year 1818, Lieutenant D—— fell from his horse in London, and sustained a fracture of the skull and arm. Mr. Abernethy was the nearest surgeon, and being sent for, continued his attendance daily for months. When the patient became convalescent, he was enjoined by Abernethy to proceed to Margate and adopt shell-fish diet. The patient requested to know the extent of his pecuniary liability. 'Who is that young woman?' inquired Abernethy, smilingly. 'She is my wife.' 'What is your rank in the army?' 'I am a half-pay Lieutenant.' 'Oh! very well; wait till you are a General, then come and see me, and we'll talk about it.'

One of the students at the hospital indicated to Mr. Abernethy his desire to be appointed his 'dresser,' the usual fee for which was sixty guineas for the year. Abernethy invited the youth to breakfast with him next morning, to make arrangements; and, in the meantime, on inquiry, found that the young man was attentive and clever, but in straitened circumstances. At the breakfast table, the student produced a small bag, containing the sixty guineas, and presented it to Mr. Abernethy, who, in the kindest and most considerate manner, declined it, insisting upon his applying the money to the purchase of books and other means of improvement. That student became a practitioner of considerable eminence in the metropolis.

Abernethy's mind disqualified him from adopting that affected interest which distinguishes many of the well-bred physicians, and he heartily despised their little arts to acquire popularity. He seemed to feel as if he mentally expressed himself thus:—'Here I am, ready to give my advice, if you want it; but you must take it as you find it, and if you don't like it, egad (his favourite word), you may go about your business—I don't want to have anything to do with you; hold your tongue and be off.' In some such mood as this he received a visit from a lady one day who was well acquainted with his invincible repugnance to her sex's predominant disposition, and who therefore forbore speaking but simply in reply to his laconic queries. The consultation was conducted during three visits in the following manner:—First day.—Lady enters and

holds out her finger.—Abernethy : ‘Cut?’—Lady : ‘Bite.’ A. : ‘Dog?’—L. : ‘Parrot.’ A. : ‘Go home and poultice it.’ Second day.—Finger held out again.—A. : ‘Better?’—L. : ‘Worse.’ A. : ‘Go home and poultice it again.’ Third day.—Finger held out as before.—A. : ‘Better?’—L. : ‘Well.’ A. : ‘You’re the most sensible woman I ever met with. Good-bye. Get out.’

Another lady, having scalded her arm, called at the usual hour to show it three successive days, when similar laconic conversations took place. First day—Patient, exposing the arm, says—‘Burnt.’—A. : ‘I see it,’ and having prescribed a lotion, she departs. Second day—patient shows the arm, and says—‘Better.’—A. : ‘I know it.’ Third day—again showing the arm.—Patient : ‘Well.’—A. : ‘Any fool can tell that. What d’ye come again for? Get away.’

A young lady was brought one morning by her mamma, complaining of difficulty of breathing when taking exercise and after her meals. Perceiving her to be very tightly laced round the waist, Mr. Abernethy seized a pair of scissors, and, without saying a word, ripped up the stays from top to bottom, and then desired her to walk about for ten minutes. The injunction being complied with accordingly, he demanded how she felt. ‘Better,’ was the reply. The mandate was repeated, and the walk being finished, he asked, ‘How now?’ ‘Quite well,’ was the answer. Abernethy : ‘That will do. Take her away, and don’t let her wear tight stays.’ In such a case a common physician would probably prescribe to oblige the apothecary and to please the patient. The eccentric professor went directly to the cause at once, and removed it, without caring who was pleased or who not so, having no sinister object in view. Another young lady was one summer’s morning brought to him by her mother in consequence of the former having swallowed a spider. Mr. Abernethy dexterously caught a blue-bottle fly as it fled by him, and told the patient to put it into her mouth, and if she spat it out in a few moments the spider would come out with it.

A lawyer having called to show the state of his leg, pro-

ceeded to remove the bandages, which Mr. Abernethy endeavoured to prevent, every now and then repeating, 'No, no, that will do : shut it up—shut it up.' Accordingly the lawyer yielded at length, but determined on revenge. Mr. Abernethy having simply prescribed for the stomach without regard to the leg, the patient tendered a shilling, and prepared to depart, when the former, missing the expected sovereign, observed that there must be some mistake. 'No, no,' said the lawyer, advancing to the door, 'that will do—that will do : shut it up—shut it up.'

In the 'Parish Clerk,' edited by Theodore Hook, we read this scene with Abernethy :—

"The door was thrown open with a jerk, so sudden, that I involuntarily jumped off my chair, and salaamed the little man with a very white hand and very red face, before I could muster the peculiarly doleful expression I had been practising for the last ten minutes. . . . When he had, as I fancied, looked clean through me with his piercing grey eyes, he sat down, and I thought it high time to follow his example, though not invited to do so. After ten minutes more of pantomime, or dumb show, and just as I began to feel alarmed, and meditated bolting, for I really thought he was mad, he opened in a short sharp bark, half growl, 'Well ! what the devil do you want?'

'Physic.'

'What's the matter with you?'

'Can't tell ; read too much, I think.'

'Where do you come from?'

'Oxford.'

'Ah ! drink too much, you mean. Never knew an Oxford or Cambridge man die from over application to anything but his stomach. What the devil did you come to me for?'

'To be cured.'

'Then, why didn't you go to T——ll, an old favourite pupil of mine, a cleverer man than his master?'

'Because,' said I, bowing, 'I thought so good a disciple must have had a very good master ; and——'

‘There, hold your tongue ;—put it out, and let me see it. That will do—put it in again—shut your mouth, and keep it shut.’

‘He wrote on a bit of paper about the size of a crown-piece, a prescription for my disorder, and told me to go to Paternoster Row, and buy his book of Longman and Co. ; to turn to page 72, and follow his printed rules as closely as I could ; but if possible to go down to the sea-side for a time, and enter into every scene of gaiety and amusement I could find. ‘But,’ said I, ‘as to diet, I thought——’

‘Diet be d——d ! Eat the best of everything you fancy, only don’t *cram* ; drink as much of the best wine you can get as will exhilarate you, without making you drunk ; and take plenty of open-air exercise.’

‘And am to I lie down after dinner,’ said I, ‘and roll on the——’

‘Oh, oh !’ cried he, ‘I see you are a wag,—all fudge about the hearth-rug. Some say I chew the cud like a cow——ha ! ha ! ha !’ and he gave me one of the most comic looks I ever beheld. I said no more about regimen or diet, but entered into conversation on other subjects, and found him one of the most agreeable and amusing men I ever met with.”

SIR ASTLEY COOPER.

This eminent surgeon was born at Brooke, in Norfolk, in 1768. His mother sprung from the ancient family of the Pastons, who lived in Norfolk in the reigns of Henry VI., Edward IV., Richard III., and Henry VII. They left, for the gratification of posterity, the celebrated correspondence known as the ‘Paston Letters,’ which present us with one of the earliest pictures of domestic life in England. In boyhood, Sir Astley is stated to have shown a bold and enterprising spirit, conjoined with a social disposition and remarkable decision of character for so early an age. So truly—

The childhood shows the man
As morning shows the day.—*Milton.*

He was chiefly educated by his father, a sound scholar. An accidental circumstance is said to have influenced his future career. When a boy, he saw a lad fall from a cart, and tear his thigh in such a manner as to wound the femoral artery. Young Cooper immediately took his handkerchief and applied it round the thigh so tightly as to control the bleeding until further assistance could be procured. At the age of fifteen he was placed with a surgeon and apothecary at Great Yarmouth; he next came to London, and was apprenticed to his uncle, one of the surgeons of Guy's Hospital, but in a few months was transferred by his own desire to Mr. Cline, the eminent surgeon of St Thomas's Hospital. Here his zeal and application were incessant; and he laid the foundation of his fame and fortune by giving a course of lectures on the principles and practice of surgery, which had previously only formed part of the anatomical course. His class of students rose to four hundred, by far the largest number ever known in London. His labours in the dissecting-room were incessant, his assistance at the hospital, his examination of accidents, not less constant; and by this early zeal, united to his sound anatomical information, may be attributed the superiority he justly acquired in forming a diagnosis upon the nature of accidents or disease. In after life, too, Sir Astley was wont to refer to his activity as an example of the habits of industry which he sought to impress upon thousands of pupils. In his delivery of lectures he made no attempt at oratory, but was plain and practical in his details, and very successful in his illustrations; while he carefully avoided the introduction of controversial subjects connected with physiological science.

At the expiration of his apprenticeship in 1791, Sir Astley commenced as a lecturer. At the close of this year he married the daughter of Thomas Cock, Esq., of Tottenham, a distant relative of Mr. Cline; and, to show how solicitous he was never to neglect the performance of any professional duty, it may be told that on the evening of his wedding-day he delivered his customary lecture, without any knowledge of his marriage having been communicated to his class.

In 1792 Sir Astley visited Paris, and made himself master of

the theory and practice of French surgery. He used to relate that, whilst attending an operation, the fire of cannon announced the attack of the revolutionary mob upon the Tuileries, when he immediately ran upon the Pont Neuf, whence he could see the Swiss guards firing from the palace windows upon the people below. To reach home he had to pass through the streets near the Palais Royal, amidst the roar of cannon, the firing of musketry, women bewailing the loss of their relatives, and crowds of men carrying upon pikes the heads or limbs of their victims. Upon his return to London in 1792, Sir Astley commenced practice in Jeffrey Square, St. Mary Axe, where he lived six years; thence he removed to New Broad Street, where he remained till 1815; when, from the great extension of his practice among the aristocratic circles, he removed to Spring Gardens, and thence to Conduit Street. Sir Astley's practice was now at its zenith; in the last year of his residence in Broad Street he received 21,000*l.*; and for many years afterwards his annual receipt was 15,000*l.* and upwards. His success in practice consisted chiefly in his knowing how and when to operate; yet on an important occasion his courage is said to have nearly forsaken him. George IV., having a small tumour in the scalp, Sir Astley Cooper was selected to remove it. On the day appointed, Sir Astley waited upon His Majesty; Lord Liverpool and several of the Cabinet ministers occupied a room adjoining that in which the king was. A short period before the operation commenced Sir Astley was noticed to be pale and nervous. Lord Liverpool, observing his anxiety, rebuked him with 'You ought to recollect that this operation either makes or ruins you. Courage, Sir Astley.' He was recalled to himself, and performed the operation with his wonted coolness and dexterity. There is, however, no truth whatever in the story that Sir Astley ever lost his presence of mind; and Lord Liverpool was not even present.

In 1827 Sir Astley was appointed sergeant-surgeon, which office he held till the time of his death. He was also surgeon to George IV., and attended William IV. when he was Lord High Admiral. At the request of the Duke of Wellington he

was made Grand Cross of the Guelphic Order. He did not relax in his anatomical and physiological inquiries, the result of which he published upon a magnificent scale, but at a low price. He died January 12, 1841, in his seventy-third year.

Mr. Jeaffreson, however, tells his story with a difference, as follows :—‘The largest fee Sir Astley Cooper ever received was paid him by a West Indian millionaire named Hyatt. This gentleman, having occasion to undergo a painful operation, was attended by Drs. Lettsom and Nelson, as physicians, and Sir Astley as surgeon. The wealthy patient—his treatment having resulted most successfully—was so delighted that he feed his physicians with 300 guineas each. “But you, sir,” cried the grateful old man, sitting up in his bed, and speaking to his surgeon, “shall have something better. There, sir, take *that*.” The *that* was the convalescent’s night-cap, which he flung at the dexterous operator. “Sir,” replied Sir Astley, picking up the cap, “I’ll pocket the affront.” It was well he did so, for, on reaching home, he found in the cap a draft for 1,000 guineas. This story has been told in various ways, but all its tellers agree as to the amount of the prize.’

Book about Doctors, vol. i. p. 218.

Mr. Jeaffreson returns the earnings of Sir Astley Cooper for the first nine years as follows :—First year, five guineas ; second, twenty-six pounds ; third, sixty-four pounds ; fourth, ninety-six pounds ; fifth, a hundred pounds ; sixth, two hundred pounds ; seventh, four hundred pounds ; eighth, six hundred and ten pounds ; ninth, when he secured his hospital appointment, eleven hundred pounds. Sir Astley’s fees were never so much as when he resided in the City. ‘The citizens,’ says Mr. Jeaffreson, ‘were the fellows to pay. Mr. William Coles, of Mincing Lane, for a long period paid Sir Astley six hundred pounds a year, the visits being principally made to Mr. Coles’s seat near Croydon.’

Sir Astley received some very large fees, among which not the least remarkable was that of 1,000 guineas thrown at him in his night cap by a patient whom he had cut for the stone—an anecdote which a writer in the ‘Medical Gazette’ heard Sir Astley tell with no small animation, on retiring from

a patient upon whom he had performed a similar operation, and who had likewise in his agony flung his cap at the surgeon, but without its containing on this occasion the cheque which gave so much force to the original incident.

Probably, no surgeon of ancient or modern times enjoyed a greater share of reputation during his lifetime than Sir Astley Cooper. When the Old and New World was ringing with his fame it is related that, on one occasion, his signature was received as a passport among the mountains of Biscay by the wild followers of Don Carlos. A young English surgeon, seeking employment, was carried a prisoner before Zumalacarre-gui, who demanded what testimonials he had of his calling or his qualifications. Our countryman presented his diploma of the College of Surgeons; and the name of Astley Newton Cooper, which was attached to it, no sooner struck the eye of the Carlist leader, than he at once received his prisoner with friendship, and appointed him a surgeon in his army.

Sir Astley Cooper was a handsome man, and of striking appearance, well deserving the *C'est un bel homme!* which was often bestowed on him as he walked round the Hotel Diet with M. Dupuytren. His manner was open, free, encouraging to his patients, altogether void of affectation, as well as of all excessive or artificial polish.

Sir Astley's fortune, when stated at half a million, was considerably over-rated. His personal expenses were not great; but he was very liberal to his relations, on whom he is stated to have bestowed between 2,000*l.* and 3,000*l.* annually. He is also said to have spent 20,000*l.* in bringing his brother into Parliament. Nor was his liberality confined to his own family; when Dr. Baillie and some others made up a purse for Dr. Pemberton, in the difficulties brought upon him by his ill-health, Mr. Astley contributed the munificent sum of 500*l.* The leisure of his advanced life was not spent in idleness, but was devoted to scientific pursuits,—dissecting, making preparations, and other most industrious investigations of disease. After his retirement into the country, he very soon returned to the metropolis, where, on more than one occasion, he publicly referred to the period of his seclusion, and declared that if he

had remained idle, he should certainly have hanged himself. His nephew, Mr. Bransby Cooper, having installed himself in New Street, Spring Gardens, Sir Astley took a house in Conduit Street, where he gave a series of *conversazioni*, which were attended by nearly all the medical world in London, and which were intended apparently to convince his brethren of the reality of his return.

‘The means by which I preserve my own health (said Sir Astley Cooper), are temperance, early rising, and sponging my body every morning with cold water—a practice I have pursued for thirty years; and, though I go from this heated theatre into the square of the hospital, in the severest nights, with merely silk stockings on my legs, yet I scarcely ever have a cold; should it happen, however, that I feel indisposed, my remedy is one grain of calomel with four of cathartic extract, which I take at night, and a basin of hot tea, about two hours before I rise the following morning, to excite a free perspiration, and my indisposition soon subsides.’

‘An old Scotch physician, for whom I had a great respect (said Sir Astley Cooper), and whom I frequently met professionally in the City, used to say, as we were entering the patient’s room, “Weel, Mister Cooper, we ha’ only two things to keep in meend, and they’ll sarve us for here and herea’ter; one is always to have the fear of the Laird before our eyes, that ’ll do for herea’ter; and the t’other is to keep your boodels open, and that ’ll do for here.”

A writer in the ‘Medical Gazette’ remembers having been present at a *conversazione*, in 1817, attended by most of the scientific men in Geneva, when the fact was related of Sir Astley having cut down upon and tied the aorta in the living subject; the writer adds, ‘Nor shall I readily forget the expressions of admiration, not quite unmingled with consternation, with which the statement was received.’

Sir Astley Cooper, by his unwearied assiduity in the dissecting room, produced some of the most important contributions to modern surgery, his influence on which was great. ‘He gave operations a scientific character, and divested them in a great degree of their terrors, by performing them most unostentatiously,

simply, confidently, and cheerfully, and thereby inspiring the patient with hope of relief, where previously resignation under misfortunes had too often been all that could be expected from the sufferer.'

Sir John Forbes.

In 1821, Sir Astley was created a Baronet. His lectureship at St. Thomas's Hospital extended to thirty-five years. He was elected President of the Royal College of Surgeons in the years 1836 and 1837.

CELEBRATED PHYSICIANS.

The 'Athenæum' enumerates, in this interesting page, "the medical celebrities of the last century, numbering several eccentric persons ; in short, it would appear that *eccentricity* was a living feature in the doctors of other days. Among these seventeenth-century notabilities were—Woodward, the story of whose duel with Mead has been maliciously preserved to us by Ward, in his engraved frontispiece to his 'History of the Gresham Professors,'—Dr. James Yonge, the navy-surgeon in Charles II.'s time,—Addenbrooke, the founder of Addenbrooke's Hospital in Cambridge,—Arbuthnot, the beloved of Pope and Swift,—Mead, whose museum and magnificent hospitality in Ormond Street were important features of London life in the earlier half of the eighteenth century,—Bishop Atterbury's Jacobite physician, Freind, the author of 'The History of Physick, from the Time of Galen to the Beginning of the Sixteenth Century,' whose tomb may be found in Westminster Abbey,—Sir Edward Hulse, the lover of fees,—Jurin, the mathematician,—Stukely, the antiquary, whose proficiency in Druidical history earned for him amongst his friends the name of the 'Archdruid,'—Dover, the inventor of the combination of opium and ipecacuanha known as 'Dover's Powder,' who began life as a buccaneer, and ended it as a London physician,—Messenger Monsey, the benevolent misanthrope and valued friend of Sir Robert Walpole,—Dr. Meyer Lowe Schomberg, the unscrupulous practitioner who raised himself to notoriety and lucrative

practice by entertaining at 'a great dinner' once a week all the young surgeons of London,—Isaac Schomberg, son of the foregoing, memorable for his contest with the College of Physicians,—Dr. William Chambers, of Hull, whose custom it was to return to his patients a part of whatever fees they gave him,—Sir William Browne, the eccentric,—the not less eccentric Dr. Batty, lashed by Moses Mendez, Paul Whitehead, and Dr. Schomberg, in 'The Battiad,'—the gentle Quaker, Fothergill, indebted to his connection with 'The Friends' for his professional income of 7,000*l.* a year, and his noble garden at Upton, near Stratford, in Essex,—the venerable Heberden,—Akenside, the poet,—Brocklesby, the friend of Dr. Johnson and the benefactor of Burke,—Dr. William Hunter,—Dr. Addington, the favourite physician of George III., and father of Lord Sidmouth,—'well-dressed' Henry Revell Reynolds, the last of the 'silk-coated' physicians,—Dr. Warren, who from the time of the Regency till his death in Dover Street, on June 22, 1797, made 9,000*l.* per annum,—Dr. Daniel Brydges, the inventor of the Hull spermaceti candles, which at one time illuminated nearly every drawing-room in the kingdom,—the humane physician and worldly Quaker, John Coakley Lettsom,—the half-insane Sir Richard Jebb, who told an invalid lady that 'she must have a d — d vitiated appetite,' because she did not like boiled turnips."

It has been said too sharply of physicians, that the sun sees their practice and the earth hides their faults.

The Vicar of Stratford-upon-Avon (1648) had heard of a physician that used constantly to fast, or else be drunk once every month, for the preservation of his health.

A VETERAN PHYSICIAN.

The *Æsculapius* of the age of James I. was one Butler, the great physician of Cambridge, and the first Englishman who applied chemistry to the study of medicine with greater success than any of his predecessors. When Tresham (one of the Gunpowder Plot traitors), fell sick in the Tower, Butler, on visiting him, gave him a piece of very pure gold to put into his

mouth ; and upon the taking out of that gold, Butler said that he was poisoned. Knowing himself to be the prince of physicians, Butler would be observed accordingly. Compliments would prevail nothing with him, entreaties but little ; surly threatenings would do much, and a witty jest do anything. He died in 1691, and was buried in St. Mary's, Cambridge. An expert apothecary was subsequently buried by him ; and Fuller observes :—'If some eminent physician were interred on his other side, I would say that physic lay here in state, with its two pages attending it.'

MEDICAL FEES.

Lord Dudley and Ward, long before he was assailed by his terrible affliction, was in the habit of presenting his physician with whatever happened to be in his pocket at the time, whether it was a bunch of keys or a purse of gold. Major Snodgrass, who died, leaving an enormous property, used never to offer his surgeon less than five guineas a visit, and fifty guineas if any operation, however trifling, was performed. Dr. Yates, of Brighton, if we recollect rightly, was presented with a carriage and horses, and 500*l.* a year to keep them. Baron Hourtaloup received 400 guineas for the operation of lithotomy. Still it must not be imagined that such instances are frequent, or that many medical men are in the receipt of large incomes. It is probable that there are not six medical men in London, at this moment, who are actually in the receipt of 5000*l.* a year ; whereas at the bar there are treble that number. [This was written in 1840.] There is a fashion in medicine as in other things, and, consequently, an engrossing monopoly. Dr. Chambers and Sir Benjamin Brodie, it is not unlikely, realise 12,000*l.* a year from their profession ; but there is a long interval between these and any other persons. Sir Everard Home, during the time of the income tax, returned, it is said, 21,000*l.* as his professional income ; but if so it was probably an *ad captandum* mode of exaggerating the magnitude of his business, inasmuch as he succeeded to his uncle, Mr. Hunter, who was a much more celebrated man, but who did not make half that income. Drs.

Fothergill and Lettsom, Quakers by persuasion, and enjoying an extensive City celebrity, are said to have realised in some years, the former 8,000*l.*, and the latter 12,000*l.* The largest income, however, we believe, which was ever made in the profession, was made by Sir Astley Cooper during his residence in the City—it amounted during one year to 21,000*l.* ; we have heard it stated still higher. The nature of City practice, joined to the extraordinary celebrity which this gentleman enjoyed during one period of his life, rendered this account extremely probable. The merchants in the City are accustomed to come at once to the point, and to hand out their fees liberally ; they lie comparatively close together ; time is not wanted in consultations, nor are those observations required which are generally expected towards great people and their relatives ; consequently, a great deal of profitable business may be speedily dispatched. At the west end of the town it requires good management to see three patients in the hour. Sir Henry Hallford, it is said, could accomplish four. But, taking either of these data, the amount is easily told.

Quarterly Review.

It is told of Sir Theodore Mayerne that when a friend, after consulting him, foolishly put two broad gold pieces (six-and-thirty shillings each) on the table, he quietly pocketed them. The patient, who, as a friend, had expected to have his fee refused, and, therefore, deeming it well to indulge in the magnificence of generosity when it cost him nothing, had absurdly exhibited so large a sum, did not at all relish the sight of its being netted. His countenance, if not his tongue, made his mortification manifest. ‘Sir,’ said Sir Theodore, ‘I made my will this morning, and if it should appear that I refused a fee, I might be deemed *non compos.*’

Mr. Wadd relates that the physicians who attended Queen Caroline had 500 guineas, and the surgeons 300 guineas each ; and Dr. Willis was rewarded, for his successful attendance on His Majesty King George III., by 1,500*l.* per annum for twenty years, and 650*l.* The other physicians, however, had only thirty guineas each to Windsor.

An eminent Bristol doctor took a fee from a dead commoner. Coming into his patient's bedroom immediately after death had taken place, he found the right hand of the deceased tightly clenched. Opening the fingers, he discovered within them a guinea. 'Ah! that was for me, clearly,' said the doctor, putting the piece into his pocket.

The largest income Mead ever made in one year was 7,000*l.* For several years he received between 5,000*l.* and 6,000*l.* per annum. To the apothecaries who waited on him at his coffee-houses he charged, like Radcliffe, only half-a-guinea for prescriptions written without seeing the patient. His evening coffee-house was Batson's, frequented by the profession, even to our time. In the forenoon he received apothecaries at Tom's, Russell Street, Covent Garden.

Dr. Freind, a physician of superior attainments and the intimate companion of Dr. Mead, grew so wild in politics that he subjected himself to a charge of treason, and was either in prison, or forced to conceal himself for a considerable time. Dr. Mead generously supplied his place among his patients, and when his Jacobite tendencies were forgiven, presented him with a purse containing 11,400 guineas, 'which,' said he, 'I have received as your deputy.'

VISITS TO PATIENTS.

Previous to the reign of Charles II., physicians were in the habit of visiting their patients on horseback, sitting always on foot-cloths like women. Simeon Fox and Dr. Argent were the last Presidents of the College of Physicians to go their rounds in this undignified manner. With the Restoration came the carriage of the London physicians. The 'Lex Talionis' says:—'For there must now be a little coach and two horses; and being thus attended, half-a-piece, their usual fee, is but ill-taken, and popped into their left pocket, and possibly may cause the patient to send for his worship twice before he will come again to the hazard of another angel.'

Though physicians began generally to take to carriages in the reign of Charles II., it must not be supposed that no doctor of medicine before that time experienced the motion of a wheeled carriage. In Stow's 'London' we read :—

'In the year 1563 Dr. Langton, a physician, rid in a car, with a gown of damask lined with velvet, and a coat of velvet, and a cap of the same (such, as it seems, doctors then wore), but having a blue hood pinned over his cap ; which was (as it seems) a customary mark of guilt. And so came through Cheapside on a market-day.'

GUY'S HOSPITAL.

Guy's Hospital, Southwark, on the south side of St. Thomas's Street, was built by Dance, the City architect, in 1722-4, at the sole expense of Thomas Guy, the bookseller in Lombard Street, who by printing and selling Bibles made a fortune : this he greatly increased by purchasing seamen's tickets at a large discount, and afterwards investing them in the South Sea Company.

Guy was the son of a lighterman at Horselydown, where he was born in 1644. He was apprenticed to John Clarke, bookseller and binder, in a house in the porch of Mercers' Hall, Cheapside, in 1660. In this house, rebuilt after the Great Fire, Guy commenced business for himself ; and he subsequently removed to the house between Cornhill and Lombard Street, in our time known as 'The Lucky Corner,' and Pidding's Lottery Office, nearly on the site of the Globe Insurance Company's offices. Guy had agreed to marry his housekeeper, who, however, displeased him, and thenceforth he devoted his immense fortune to works of charity. In 1707 he built and furnished three wards of St. Thomas's Hospital ; the stately iron gate, with the large houses flanking it in High Street, Guy also built at the expense of 3,000*l*. He was a liberal benefactor to the Stationers' Company ; built and endowed almshouses and a library at Tamworth, in Staffordshire, the place of his mother's birth, and which he represented in Parliament. In his 76th year he took of the president and governors of St. Thomas's

Hospital a piece of ground opposite the south side of their Hospital for 999 years, at a ground-rent of 30*l.* a year; thereon, in the spring of 1772, Guy laid the first stone of a hospital for the cure of sick and impotent persons; and the building was roofed in before his death, December, 27, 1724. The expense of erecting and finishing the hospital was 18,792*l.* 16*s.*, and the sum left to endow it was 219,499*l.* 4*d.*; the largest sum ever left by an individual for charitable purposes. His noble example has been followed by Mr. Hunt, of Petersham, who, in 1829, bequeathed to the hospital 196,115*l.*, stipulating for the addition of accommodation for 100 patients. About 10,000*l.* has also been received from other benefactors.

SIR HENRY HOLLAND ON HIS TRAVELS.

‘There are few people,’ says Lord Macaulay, ‘who do not find a voyage which lasts several months insupportably dull. Anything is welcome which may break that long monotony—a sail, a shark, an albatross, a man overboard. Most passengers find some resource in eating twice as many meals as on land. But the great devices for killing time are quarrelling and flirting.’ Sir Henry Holland was driven to none of them: he did not overeat himself; he did not flirt or quarrel; he was never weary of the waves. A voyage was to him ‘a life of open space, pleasantly passed in walking, reading, gazing on the sea and skies, and sleeping.’ He had also the invaluable resource of writing articles for reviews. Carrying few books, he touchingly records the loss of one which he prized as Parson Adams prized his ‘Æschylus.’ ‘A little volume of Burns, cherished from long familiarity, was swept overboard by a huge Atlantic wave, during a run from Teneriffe to another of the Canary Isles in a half-decked boat.’ Sir Henry is silent as to the rest of his equipment, leaving us in doubt whether he travelled *impeditus*, like a Sybarite with a portable bath, or *expeditus*, like Sir Charles Napier (the general), who required nothing but what might be contained in a knapsack, and when on his arrival in Calcutta Lord Dalhousie intimated to him that there was time for a bath before dinner, replied he had undergone a good wash

at Alexandria. It was said of one travelled physician that he was wont to start for a two month's trip with a clean shirt in one pocket, and a box of pills in the other, frequently forgetting the shirt. This could never apply to Sir Henry Holland, who—meeting him when and where you would, in New York or Norway, the prairie or the desert, on the mountain or the main—was invariably attired with the same neatness and trimness, and in identically the same costume in which he may be seen at all seasons on his way down Brook Street, or at his club.

Endowed with most of the qualifications principally in request, there was one which Sir Henry found it convenient to keep back. Except when humanity required him to act in that capacity, he discreetly suppressed the doctor, especially in the East, where, he says, the professional demands made upon him by pashas and their subordinates were an absurd mockery of practice to which the term ludicrous is the lightest that can be applied. 'Conversations on poisons with Ali Pasha, designedly but warily brought on, ended by his asking me whether I knew of any poison which, put on the mouthpiece of a pipe or given in coffee, might slowly or silently kill, leaving no note behind. The instant and short answer I gave that "as a physician I had studied how to save life, not to destroy it," was probably, as I judged from his face, faithfully translated to him. He quitted the subject abruptly, and never afterwards reverted to it.'

Abridged from the Quarterly Review, No. 263.

SIR HENRY HOLLAND'S FEES.

We should have thought that if a physician were in the habit of going away for months together at stated intervals, his patients would call in another, or take an unfair advantage of his absence to get well. But Sir Henry Holland experienced no diminution of fees from the bold scheme of life which he had laid down; nay, he was speedily in a condition to assign a limit to his practice; to say, Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther; to declare that it should never exceed 5,000*l.* a year. He tells us 'the practice of a West End physician in London (he frankly admits) abounds in cases which give little occasion for thought

or solicitude, and are best relieved by a frequent half-hour of genial conversation.' This will go far towards explaining the prosperous result of the experiment, which he thus exultingly records :—

'My early resolution as to this matter of travel, steadily persevered in, has proved a gain to me through all succeeding life. I have come back each year refreshed in health of body and mind, and ready for the months of busy practice which lay before me. On the day, or even hour, of reaching home from long and distant journeys, I have generally resumed my wonted professional work. The new methods of intercommunication since steam and electricity have held empire on the earth, often enabled me to make engagements for the very moment of my return. I recollect having found a patient waiting in my room when I came back from those mountain heights—more than 200 miles from the frontier of Persia—where 10,000 Greeks uttered their joyous cry on the sudden sight of the Euxine. The same thing once happened to me in returning from Egypt and Syria, when I found a carriage waiting my arrival at London Bridge, to take me to a consultation in Sussex Square ; the communication in each case being made from points on my homeward journey. More than once, in returning from America, I have begun a round of visits from the Euston Station.'

Of moving accidents by flood and field,—he once narrowly escaped shipwreck in a Greek brig, which two days afterwards was nearly captured by a pirate. In crossing a crevasse in Iceland, on a bridge of congealed snow, one of his legs went through, and he was saved by the adroit use of their snow-poles by his guides. He was robbed of his portmanteau, containing journals, sketches, and plans, at the instigation of Ali Pasha, who had reasons of his own for wishing to become acquainted with its contents. He was occasionally arrested on suspicion, and he had two fair chances of being swallowed up by earthquakes. An eager inspector of battle-fields, he was never present at an action ; and he says :—'I can ever affirm (although without boasting of it) that I have never fired off a gun or a pistol in my life, either as a sportsman, or in any other capacity.' He, therefore, could not have been the medical

practitioner who, complaining to Sydney Smith that he had failed in killing some pheasants that had confidently alighted in the little wood at Combe Florey, was reproachfully reminded that he might have prescribed for them.

Sir Henry's travels in Portugal, Sicily, the Ionian Islands, and Greece were published in 1815, when we find Mrs. Piozzi writing to a Welsh baronet from Bath :—'We have had a fine Dr. Holland here. He has seen and written about the Ionian Islands, and means now to practice as a physician, exchanging the Cyclades, say we wits and wags, for the sick ladies. We made quite a lion of the man.'

Abridged from the Quarterly Review, No. 263.

THE DIGESTIVE PROCESS.

The solution of the food by the gastric juice is a chemical operation, and the gastric juice is a chemical agent, the exact nature of which is clearly ascertained. Spallanzani discovered this juice to be of an acid nature, and Dr. Prout proved this acid to be the muriatic. If meat and gastric juice be enclosed in a glass tube, and kept at the temperature of the human body, a product is obtained closely resembling the fluid formed by the solution of the food in the stomach. If meat be enclosed in a glass tube with dilute muriatic acid, and kept at the temperature of the blood, a perfectly similar product is obtained.

The muriatic acid constituting the essential ingredient of the gastric juice is conceived to be derived by an act of secretion from common salt (muriate of soda), contained in the blood. The alkali, the base of the salt, is retained in the blood to maintain the alkaline condition essential to its healthy constitution ; while the acid is liberated, and poured, in the form of gastric juice, into the stomach, to accomplish the solution of the food.

A remarkable opportunity of observing the process of digestion actually in progress in the human stomach presented itself, many years since, to Dr. Beaumont, of the United States, by examining and experimenting upon one St. Martin, a Canadian,

with an orifice in his stomach, occasioned by a gun-shot wound at an early period of his life, and which never healed, although the surrounding parts cicatrised readily.

Dr. Beaumont found the inner coat of the stomach to be of a light or pale pink colour, varying in its hues according as it was full or empty. It had a soft or velvet-like appearance, and was constantly covered with a thin, transparent, viscid mucus, secreted from small oval-shaped glandular bodies beneath the mucous coat. When aliment or other irritants were applied to the inner coat of the stomach, there were seen, with a magnifying-glass, innumerable minute lucid points, and very fine nervous and vascular papillæ arising from the villous membrane, and protruding through the mucous coat, and from which distilled a pure, limpid, colourless, and slightly viscid fluid. This fluid is always distinctly acid, and is the gastric juice which converts the food into chyme. Dr. Beaumont regards, with much probability, the sensation of hunger as occasioned by a distension or repletion of the gastric vessels, which cannot discharge their contents till the stomach is irritated with food. When the food was placed in the gastric juice taken out of the stomach, the same chemical result was obtained, it being kept at the temperature of 100 degrees Fahrenheit, which Dr. Beaumont found to be that of the stomach. This artificial digestion, however, occupied a period two or three times longer than when the gastric juice acted upon the same materials in the stomach.

Dr. Beaumont has published the times in which various articles of food are digested. A full meal of various articles of food was digested in from three hours to three hours and a half; but when the stomach was diseased, or affected by narcotics, or when the mind was agitated by anger, or other strong emotions, or when the food was taken in large masses, the time of digestion was prolonged; while, on the contrary, it was shortened when the food had been minutely divided and mingled with saliva, and when the temperature of the stomach was raised. The following is the time required for the chymification of various food, as determined by Dr. Beaumont:—

	H. M.		H. M.
Vension-steak, broiled . . .	1 35	Oysters, fresh, roasted . . .	3 15
Sucking-pig, roasted . . .	2 30	Oysters, fresh, stewed . . .	3 30
Lamb, fresh, boiled . . .	2 30	Oyster-soup	3 30
Beef-steak, boiled	3 0	Butter, melted	3 30
Mutton, fresh, boiled . . .	3 0	Mutton-suet, boiled	4 30
Pork-steak, boiled	3 15	Beef-suet, fresh, boiled . . .	5 50
Veal, fresh, boiled	4 0	Cheese, old, strong, raw . . .	3 30
Beef, old, hard, salted, boiled	4 15	Calf's-foot jelly, boiled . . .	1 0
Tripe, soused, boiled	1 0	Isinglass jelly, boiled . . .	1 0
Brains, animal, boiled . . .	1 45	Gelatine, boiled	2 30
Liver of the ox, fresh, boiled	2 0	Tendon, boiled	5 50
Eggs, whipped, raw	1 30	Turkey, boiled	2 25
Eggs, fresh, raw	2 0	Turkey, roasted	2 30
Eggs, fresh, roasted	2 15	Geese, wild, roasted	2 30
Eggs, fresh, soft boiled or		Chicken, full-grown, fricas-	
fried	3 0	seed	2 45
Eggs, fresh, hard boiled or		Fowls, boiled or roasted . . .	4 0
fried	3 30	Duck, roasted	4 0
Trout (salmon), fresh, boiled	1 30	Rice, boiled	1 0
Cod-fish, cured, dry, boiled.	2 0	Cake, sponge	2 30
Flounders, fresh, fried . . .	3 30	Custard, boiled	2 45
Salmon, salted, boiled . . .	4 0	Dumpling, apple, boiled . . .	3 0
Oysters, fresh, raw	2 55	Bread, wheat, new	3 30

St. Martin was still living, in 1858, when Dr. F. S. Smith, of Pennsylvania College, made certain experiments with a view of settling some undetermined questions relating to the physiological action of the stomach, particularly that of the nature of the acid contained in the gastric juice; the analyses being made upon the fluids obtained from the Canadian's stomach while digestion was in progress.

In every instance, and with all kinds of food employed, the reaction of the fluid of digestion was distinctly *acid* to litmus-paper; while that of the *empty* stomach (as shown by the introduction of test-papers through the orifice) and of the fluid obtained by mechanical irritation, was as distinctly *neutral*. The *temperature* of the stomach while digestion was in progress was about 100 degrees Fahrenheit; when empty, about 98 degrees. The general conclusions, from a number of experiments, are:—

1. That the secretions of the stomach, when digesting, are invariably acid. 2. That the acid reaction was not due to the

presence of phosphoric acid. 3. That if hydrochloric (muriatic) acid was present, it was in very small quantities. 4. That the main agent in producing the characteristic reaction was *lactic acid*.

THE SENSE OF TOUCH.

Vierordt, it is well known, considered that the variations in the delicacy of Touch in the several regions of the skin of the extremities depended essentially on the extent or freedom of the movement that this portion of the skin was capable of performing around the common axis of the limb. This statement was supported by the observations of Ullrich and Kottenkamp upon the arm, which showed that the delicacy of the sense of touch at any point of this limb was represented by two factors: on the one hand, by the general increase in acuteness that occurred in it, as a whole, from the shoulders towards the fingers; and, on the other, by the increased delicacy that was manifested in each segment of the limb—as the upper arm, forearm, hand, and fingers—in proportion as the part examined was more distant from its own proximal joint. In a recent paper published in the ‘*Zeitschrift für Biologie*,’ the results of a series of researches made by Dr. A. Paulus at Vierordt’s suggestion upon the lower extremity are given. He points out that this member is not so well adapted for experiments of this nature as the arm; first, because in the arm the proximate joint for each segment is always placed on a higher plane than the distal, so that the excursions of the parts more distant from the shoulder progressively increase, which is not the case with the lower extremity—as, for instance, in the hip and ankle joints; and, secondly, because in the lower limb the proximal parts of its three great divisions (thigh, leg, and foot) not unfrequently perform wider excursions than the peripheric parts. It was reasonable to suppose that these differences would lead to corresponding differences in the development and acuity of the sense of touch. Paulus’s experiments were much less numerous than those of Kottenkamp and Ullrich, and were limited to the anterior external surface of the limb, the sensibility of the skin being always tested by Weber’s method in a

transverse or horizontal direction, because the skin is slightly more sensitive in this than in the longitudinal direction. He found it convenient to make a series of test objects by fixing needles into small pieces of wood at definite distances from each other, and to avoid fatigue the experiments were never continued for more than half an hour at a time. He took the upper border of the great trochanter as being at the level of the point of rotation for the leg as a whole, and states that from this spot to the heel was eighty-nine centimètres.

The Lancet.

A STRONG PULSE.

In the first year of Elizabeth's reign died Sir Thomas Cheyne, Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, of whom it is reported for certain that his pulse did beat more than three quarters of an hour after he was dead as strongly as if he had been still alive.

Baker's Chronicle.

SENDING A PATIENT.

Dr. Moore, the author of 'Zeluco,' relates :—'A wealthy tradesman, after drinking the Bath waters, took a fancy to try the effect of the Bristol hot wells. Armed with an introduction from a Bath physician to a professional brother at Bristol, the invalid set out on his journey. On the road he gave way to his curiosity to read the doctor's letter of introduction, and cautiously prying into it, read these instructive words: "Dear sir, the bearer is a fat Wiltshire clothier—make the most of him,"'

ORIGIN OF 'PHYSIC.'

Hippocrates was the first who applied himself to the study of physic as the sole business of his life. In his time, an extensive knowledge of diseases and their remedies had been attained; but it was reserved for the present era to perfect that knowledge by the addition of a vast body of collateral evidence drawn from the stores which have subsequently been unfolded by chemistry, geology, and experimental philosophy. Such, however, were the attainments of the medical philosophers of

that early period, such their diligence in observing facts, such the accuracy of their discrimination and the soundness of their reasoning, that they left but comparatively little on which the mere force of observation could improve. Indeed, they attained a boundary which it would have been scarcely possible to pass, but by the aid of those auxiliaries which other branches of science have since supplied.

When Professor Whewell said, 'Medicine, in its original and comprehensive sense, as one of the great divisions of human culture, must be considered as taking in the whole of physical science,' he probably referred to the revival rather than the origin of medicine.

THE DOGMATISTS

Were a sect of physicians among the ancients, who professed to be regulated in their practice by proper reasoning from facts previously discovered respecting the cause of disease, the action of remedies, and the structure and functions of the living body. The professors of this *medicina rationalis*, as Celsus calls it, considered it necessary to know the elements of which our bodies are composed, and what it is that constitutes health and sickness. The dogmatists seem to have had as many theories and doubtful speculations as their more modern successors. Some of them thought that disease depended on an excess or deficiency of some of the four elements, hot, cold, moist, and dry; others, as Horophilus, that every disease was in the fluids; Hippocrates thought the breathing was generally in fault; Erasistratus ascribed inflammation and its concomitant fever to the blood finding its way into vessels destined for the transmission of air; Asclepiades attributed disease to the blocking up of the way by which the atoms flow through the invisible pores. They thought that he who had traced the original cause of sickness would be the fittest to treat it. They did not deny that experiments were necessary, but they thought that no one could institute the proper experiments without previous reasoning. They inquired into the nature of respiration, of digestion and assimilation, the pulsation of the arteries, the cause of sleep and

watchfulness ; and, as much of the ancient practice was founded on their theories of dietetics, the function of digestion attracted their peculiar regard, and the various opinions on that subject gave rise to abundance of controversy and subtlety of discussion. They considered the knowledge of the structure, position, and colour of the internal organs as quite necessary to a knowledge of the causes and the cure of inward pains and diseases ; they were, therefore, fully aware of the importance of anatomy, and even thought it allowable to apply the knife of the anatomist to criminals when alive, that, by the punishment of the guilty, and those few in number, remedies might be discovered for the benefit of the innocent of every nation in all succeeding ages, and it is to be hoped that the milk of human kindness would render this cruel mode of acquiring knowledge an expedient rarely if ever practised. The dogmatist whose writings have outlived those of all his sect, and whose name will ever be held in deserved veneration, is Hippocrates, the Father of Physic. The dogmatists were analogous to the regular physicians of modern times ; and, like them, they had formidable antagonists and rivals in the empirics, who disputed their principles, theories, and discussions, and maintained that the practice of physic should be guided by experience alone.

Dr. Macaulay's Medical Dictionary.

PHYSIOGNOMY OF THE HAND.

Elemental hands are such as betray a certain approximation at once to the hand of the little child, and to the paw of the most man-like brutes. They are distinguished by the meta-carpal part being both long and broad ; the palm large, thick, and hard ; the fingers short, thick, and squared at their ends ; the thumb stumpy and often turned back ; the nails short, strong, and hard. Such hands symbolise a rough, unfinished mind, a mind lowly developed, obtuse intelligence, slow resolution, dulness of feelings. They are found especially among the common people ; and combined, as they often are, with large, though coarsely-modelled, heads, they represent the material strength of a nation, its work, its man-power. These make the

show of hands at the hustings; these are the mighty unwashed. But they are found in higher classes too; and there, though washed and gloved, and never seamed or hardened by appropriate toil, the elemental hands betray the same want of mental refinement, the same rough unfinished nature.

The *Motor* hand, which is especially the male hand, is characterised partly by its great size, partly by its strength of bone and muscle, and its strong projecting joints and sinews. The palm is nearly square, the fingers longer than in the elemental hand, but very strong, large-jointed, and broad-tipped; the thumb especially strong, and with a full ball; the nails suitably large, and of elongated quadrangular shape; the skin of the back firm and strong, and usually but slightly hairy. Such a hand symbolises strength of will, and aptness for strong sustained efforts of mind. They who have such hands are likely to be less finely sensitive and less intelligent than resolute and strong-willed. The old Roman character might be the type of the motor-handed men; and the hands of Roman senators and emperors in works of art have almost always the genuine motor characters. The thumb, which is in all hands the most significant, because the most essentially human member, is especially so in these; its large size always symbolising an energetic nature.

The *Sensitive* is the proper feminine hand. It is never very large, and is often rather below the module in its length, and all its textures are delicate. In the palm, length predominates a little over breadth; the fingers are not proportionately longer than in the motor hand, but the thumb is decidedly smaller, and much more delicate. The fingers are divided in soft and oval forms, with full rounded tips; the nails, nearly equilateral, are remarkably fine and elastic.

Men with hands thus formed are generally distinguished by feeling, by fancy, and by wit, more than by intellectual acuteness and strength of will. They commonly are of sensitive, sometimes of psychical constitution, and generally of sanguine temperament. But good specimens of sensitive hands are seldom found except in the higher and well-educated classes (the forms that are near the type will be mentioned presently);

in the lower class of northern countries they are seen only in women.

The *Psychical* hand, the most beautiful and the rarest of all the forms, is that which is most unlike the elemental and the childish hand. It is of moderate size in proportion to the whole stature. It should measure in its length just one module; the palm is a little longer than broad, never much furrowed or folded, but marked with single large lines. The fingers are fine, slender, and rather elongated; their joints are never prominent; their tips are rather long, taper, and delicately rounded; and they have fine nails of similar shape. The thumb is slender, well-formed, and only moderately long. The skin of the whole hand is delicate, and, even in a man, has but very little hair. In their perfection, psychical hands can be seen in only the bloom and strength of life. In childhood and in youth the form is not attained; in old age, it is spoiled by the comparative increase of the bones and joints, and by the wrinkling of the skin. Such rare hands are found with none but rare minds. They indicate, Carus says, a peculiar purity and interior grandeur of feeling combined with simple clearness in knowledge and in will. And D'Arpentigny, speaking, as usual, of the hands as if they were the whole mind, says:— 'Such hands add to the works of the thinker, as the artist does to the work of the artisan—beauty, ideality; they gild them with a sunbeam, they raise them on a pedestal; they open to them the portal of men's hearts. The soul, forgotten and left behind by philosophic hands, is the guide of these; truth in love and sublimity is their end, expansion their means.' But, it must be repeated, good examples of psychical hands are rare, unless where, through many generations, the mind has been highly educated. When they occur among the crowd of men, they often mark those who fail, because an inner vocation to some higher and unattainable sphere of action unfits them for the rough handicrafts of the lower classes.

From a Paper in the Quarterly Review.

MEDICAL ACCURACY OF CHARLES DICKENS.

How true to nature, even to their most trivial details, almost every character and every incident in the works of this great novelist really were, is best known to those whose tastes or whose duties led them to frequent the paths of life from which Dickens delighted to draw.

But none, except medical men, can judge of the rare fidelity with which Dickens followed the great Mother through the devious paths of disease and death. In reading 'Oliver Twist' and 'Dombey and Son,' or 'The Chimes,' or even 'No Thoroughfare,' the physician often felt tempted to say, 'What a gain it would have been to physic if one so keen to observe and so facile to describe had devoted his powers to the medical art!' It must not be forgotten that his description of hectic (in 'Oliver Twist') has found its way into more than one standard work in both medicine and surgery (Miller's 'Principle of Surgery,' second edition, p. 46; also Dr. Aitkin's 'Practice of Medicine,' third edition, vol. i. p. 111; also several American and French books); that he anticipated the clinical researches of M. Dax, Broca, and Hughlings Jackson, on the connection of right hemiplegia with asphasia (vide 'Dombey and Son,' for the last illness of Mrs. Skewton); and that his descriptions of epilepsy in Walter Wilding, and of moral and mental insanity in characters too numerous to mention, show the hand of a master. It is feeble praise to add that he was always just, and generally generous, to our profession. Even his descriptions of our Bob Sawyers, and their less reputable friends, always wanted the coarseness, and, let us add, the *unreality*, of Albert Smith's (yet Smith was a Middlesex student); so that we ourselves could well afford to laugh with the man who sometimes laughed at us, but laughed only as one who loved us.

British Medical Journal.

THE SICK INFANT.

A grief of recent birth is a sick infant, that must have its medicine administered in its milk ; and sad thoughts are the sorrowful heart's natural food. This is a complaint not to be cured by opposites, which for the most part only reverse the symptoms, while they exasperate the disease ; or like a rock in the mid-channel of a river swoln by a sudden rain-flush from the mountains, which only detains the excess of waters from their proper outlet, and makes them foam, roar, and eddy. The soul, in her desolation, hugs the sorrow close to her, as her sole remaining garment ; and this must be drawn off so gradually, and the garment to be put in its stead so insensibly slipt on, and feel so like the former, that the sufferer shall be sensible of the change only by the refreshment. The true spirit of consolation is well content to detain the tear in the eye, and finds a surer pledge of its success in the smile of resignation that dawns through it, than in the liveliest shows of a forced and alien exhilaration.

Coleridge.

LIFE SHORTENED BY LUXURY.

In keeping animals in menageries, in rearing pets and domesticated animals, man performs an experiment by diminishing personal expenditure. He frequently does the same in his own case, leading a careless, labourless existence ; but there is in this, as in other experiments, a disturbing cause, for Luxury, the fertile parent of a whole family of diseases, as Galen termed her, steps in, and works against the diminished expenditure. When man, in his own person or in the organism he interferes with, so far baulks nature that the organs become, as it were, rusty through the suspension of that personal expenditure which is usually necessary to keep up the warmth by oxygenation, and to obtain necessary food, then he shortens rather than increases length of life, disease attacks his victim, and death follows. This is seen in the case of domesticated animals which are fattened for eating, and believed to be short-lived in conse-

quence. It is clearly the case in pets, whose life is shortened by luxury. Hounds are the longest-lived among dogs. On the other hand, there are cases in which man, by his care in avoiding expenditure, has lengthened his own and other animals' tenure of life ; and it appears, from the little that is known, that experimental evidence does support the proposition that longevity is lengthened by diminution of personal expenditure.

Lancaster's Comparative Inquiry.

EFFECT OF IMAGINATION.

Many years ago, a celebrated French physician, author of an excellent work on the effects of imagination, wished to combine theory with practice, in order to confirm the truth of his propositions. To this end, he begged the Minister of Justice in Paris to allow him to try an experiment on a criminal condemned to death. The minister consented, and delivered to him an assassin of distinguished rank. Our *savant* sought the culprit, and thus addressed him :—‘ Sir, several persons who are interested in your family have prevailed on the judge not to require of you to mount the scaffold, and expose yourself to the gaze of the populace. He has therefore commuted your sentence, and sanctions your being bled to death within the precincts of your prison ; your dissolution will be gradual, and free from pain.’

The criminal submitted to his fate ; thought his family would be less disgraced, and considered it a favour not to be compelled to walk to the place of public execution. He was conducted to the appointed room, where every preparation was made beforehand ; his eyes were bandaged ; he was strapped to a table ; and, at a preconcerted signal, four of his veins were gently pricked with the point of a pin. At each corner of the table was a small fountain of water, so contrived as to flow gently into basins placed to receive it. The patient believing that it was his blood he heard flowing, gradually became weak ; and the conversation of the doctors in an undertone confirmed him in this opinion.

‘What fine blood!’ said one. ‘What a pity this man should be condemned to die! he would have lived a long time.’

‘Hush!’ said the other: then approaching the first, he asked him in a low voice, but so as to be heard by the criminal, ‘How many pounds of blood are there in the human body?’

‘Twenty-four; you see already about ten pounds extracted; that man is now in a hopeless state.’

The physicians then receded by degrees, and continued to lower their voices. The stillness which reigned in the apartment, broken only by the dripping fountains, the sound of which was gradually lessened, so affected the brain of the poor patient, that although a man of very strong constitution, he fainted, and died without having lost a drop of blood.

THE ECCENTRIC SIR WILLIAM BROWNE.

Of all the eccentric physicians of the last century, perhaps Sir William Browne was the greatest oddity. He was at Peterhouse College when George II. presented Bishop Moore’s library (for which the King gave 6,000*l.*) to the University of Cambridge. At the same moment a regiment of cavalry had been dispatched to the sister university, to keep the Oxford Jacobites in order. Browne commemorated the discernment displayed in his Majesty’s care for his ‘two seats of learning’ in the well-known epigram:—

The King to Oxford sent a troop of horse,
For Tories own no argument but force;
With equal skill, to Cambridge books he sent,
For Whigs admit no force but argument.

Browne grew rich by thirty years’ practice, was knighted, and elected President of the College of Physicians, when he fought the battle of the Licentiate, and got into a pamphleteering squabble, which circumstances brought him under the lash of Foote, in his ‘Devil on Two Sticks.’ Foote gave an inimitable representation of the Esculapian knight on the stage, with the precise counterpart of his wig and coat and odd figure, and glass stiffly applied to his eye. Sir William sent Foote a card,

complimenting him upon having so happily represented him, but, *as he had forgotten the muff, he sent him his own.* Whilst Browne filled the office of president, the Licentiates in a body forced their way into the College and even into the room where the Comitia was being held. Sir William maintained his composure, and at once dissolved the Comitia. A second attempt was made the following year (1767) to break into the college, but the precaution had been taken of closing the iron gates which guarded the entrance from Warwick Lane. The assembled Licentiates offered a smith ten guineas and an indemnification of three hundred pounds to force the gates, but he refused.

Bishop Warburton describes William Browne as a little well-fed gentleman, with a large muff in one hand, and a small Horace in the other, and a spying-glass dangling from a black ribbon at his button. In a contest for some small parochial office he battled so warmly as to open taverns for men and coffee-house breakfasts for women—wondering, as he himself expressed it, that a man bred at two universities should be so little regarded. A parishioner replied that he had ‘a calf that sucked two cows, and a prodigious great one it was.’ At the age of 80, on St. Luke’s day, 1771, Browne went to Batson’s coffee-house, in his laced coat and band, and fringed white gloves, to show himself to the Lord Mayor. A gentleman present observed, that he looked very well; he replied that he had ‘neither wife nor debts.’ He died at the age of 82, and is buried at Hillingdon, in Norfolk, where a monument to his memory bears a long and pompous inscription, admitted in his will to have been written by himself. In the will, which he also drew up, he lashes orthodox and heterodox alike, and the Greek and Latin with which it was interlarded puzzled the people at Doctors’ Commons. On his coffin, when in the grave, he desired might be deposited, ‘in its leather case or coffin,’ his pocket Elzevir Horace, ‘comes viæ vitæque dulcis et utilis,’ he adds, ‘worn out with and by me.’ He disposed of his property judiciously and equitably, and left certain prize medals to be given yearly to Cambridge undergraduates.

OLD LAMBETH 'PHYSICIANS.'

At Lambeth lived Simon Forman, the celebrated astronomer and physician, who, says Lilly, 'was very judicious and fortunate in horary questions and sicknesses.' His burial is entered in the Lambeth parish register: he died on the day he had prognosticated. Lilly says, Forman wrote in a book left behind him, 'This I made the devil write with his own hand in Lambeth Fields, 1569, in June or July, as I now remember.' Lilly also gives the following curious story respecting his death. 'The Sunday night before he died, his wife and he being at supper in their garden-house, she being pleasant, told him that she had been informed he could resolve whether man or wife should die first. "Whether shall I," quoth she, "bury you or, no?" "Oh, Trunco," for so he called her, "thou wilt bury me, but thou wilt sore repent it." "Yea, but how long first?" "I shall die," said he, "on Thursday night." Monday came, all was well; Tuesday came, he was not sick; Wednesday came, and still he was well, with which his impertinent wife did taunt him in the teeth; Thursday came, and dinner was ended; he, very well, went down to the water-side, and took a pair of oars, to go to some buildings he was in hand with in Puddle Dock. Being in the middle of the Thames, he suddenly fell down, saying, "An impost! an impost!" and so he died. A most sad storm of wind immediately ensued.'

Captain Bubb, contemporary with Forman, dwelt in Lambeth Marsh, and resolved 'horary questions astrologically'—a ladder which raised him to the pillory.

At the north-east corner of Calcot's Alley lived Francis Moore, astrologer and schoolmaster, the original author of 'Moore's Almanack,' and 'physician,' as he is styled.

THE BARBER-SURGEON'S POLE.

The chirurgical or surgeon's pole ought to have a strip of blue paint, another of red, and a third of white, winding round its length in a serpentine form—the blue representing the venous blood, the more brilliant colour the arterial, and the

white thread being symbolic of the bandage used in tying up the arm after withdrawing the ligature. The stick itself is a sign that the operator possesses a stout staff for his patients to hold, continually tightening and relaxing their grasp during the operation—accelerating the flow of the blood by the muscular action of the arm. The phlebotomist's staff is of great antiquity. It is to be found amongst his properties in an illuminated missal of the time of Edward I.

THE APOTHECARIES' COMPANY.

Nigh where Fleet Ditch descends in sable streams,
To wash his sooty Naiads in the Thames,
There stands a structure on a rising hill,
Where tyros take their freedom out to kill.

Garth's Dispensary.

The Apothecaries were with the Grocers until 1617, when they were incorporated as a distinct Company by King James I.; at which time there were 104 apothecaries' shops in the metropolis and its suburbs: they kept shops for the sale of drugs; and it was not till nearly a century later that apothecaries in England, as distinguished from physicians and surgeons, began to act as general practitioners. This encroachment was strongly resisted by the College of Physicians, who by way of retaliation, in July 1687, established a dispensary for the sale of medicines for the poor, at prime cost, at their Hall, in Warwick Lane. Hereupon a furious controversy arose; but the tracts issued on both sides are now forgotten, except Garth's 'Dispensary' (quoted above), first published in 1697. The apothecaries, however, made good the position they had taken. Addison, in the 'Spectator,' No. 195, published in 1711, speaks of the apothecaries as the common medical attendants of the sick, and as performing the functions both of physician and surgeon. By the Act of 10 Anne, 1712, apothecaries were exempted from serving on juries, or ward or parish offices.

Towards the close of the last century chemists and druggists appeared in London, and soon began to prescribe as well as to

dispense medicines ; but they were soon checked by the Apothecaries' Company, whose Court of Examiners have, from time to time, greatly improved the standard of the medical education requisite to obtain the diploma for practice as an apothecary.

Thomas Gray, the apothecary, used on every occasion when you complained of a disorder, to reply with much solemnity, 'Humph ! it is very extraordinary, and yet it is very common.' This curious phrase never happened to have common sense in it but on the subject of self-murder, *which is very extraordinary and yet very common.*—*Walpole.*

AN OLDEN APOTHECARY.

There is a curious passage in the Autobiography of the late Sir Benjamin Brodie, Bart., describing his student days in London at the beginning of the present century. He says:—

'I attended in a chemist's shop, in order that I might gain some knowledge of the *materia medica*, and the making up of prescriptions. The shop was at the corner of Little Newport Street, and the proprietor of it was Mr. Clifton, who also practised as an apothecary, exercising his art among the tradesmen of the neighbourhood. He was an apothecary of the old school, having no science in the ordinary sense of the word ; yet, I have no doubt, a useful and successful practitioner. I come to this conclusion because, although there was nothing prepossessing in either his manner or appearance, his practice gradually increased, until at last he was able to give up his shop and live in a large house near Leicester Square, where he dispensed medicines only to his own patients. It is usual in these days to regard this class of practitioners with little respect ; but the fact is, that they were very useful persons, and, having no very ambitious aspirations, they were within the reach of the poorer orders of society, which is not much the case with the better educated surgeon-apothecaries, or, as they are called, general practitioners of the present day, who have expended a considerable sum of money in order to obtain a licence to practise. Mr. Clifton's treatment of disease

seemed to be very simple. He had in his shop five large bottles, which were labelled *Mistura Salina*, *Mistura Cathartica*, *Mistura Astringens*, *Mistura Cinchonæ*, and another, of which I forget the name, but it was some kind of white emulsion for coughs; and it seemed to me that out of these five bottles he prescribed for two-thirds of his patients. I do not, however, set this down to his discredit; for I have observed that while young members of the medical profession generally deal in a great variety of remedies, they generally discard the greater number of them as they grow older, until at last their treatment becomes almost as simple as that of the *Æsculapius* of Little Newport Street. There are some, indeed, who form an exception to this general rule, who, even to the last, seem to think that they have, or ought to have, a specific for everything, and are always making experiments with new remedies. The consequence is that they do not cure the patients, which the patients at last find out, and then they have no patients left.'

DEVILLE, THE PHRENOLOGIST.

In 1817, a Mr. Deville, a lamp-manufacturer of London, was a member of the Institution of Civil Engineers. He had been originally a pot-boy, then a journeyman plasterer, and afterwards kept a shop for the sale of plaster figures, which he cast. He had risen to a respectable position, simply by the force of his natural powers. Mr. Bryan Donkin, a civil engineer, was an early auditor of Gall at Vienna, and subsequently a friend of Spurzheim. He was also, like Mr. Deville, a member of the Institution of Civil Engineers; and when, in 1817, he with others determined to make a collection of casts as records of phrenological facts, Mr. Deville was applied to for his assistance, which he rendered as a matter of business for three or four years. In 1821 he became interested in phrenology, and began to form a collection of casts on his own account. Already, in 1826, Spurzheim said it was finer than any he had seen elsewhere. At Mr. Deville's death, in 1846, this collection consisted of about 5,450 pieces; of these 3,006

were crania of animals, and the remainder (2,450) illustrations of human phrenology. There were 200 human crania, and 300 casts of crania ; amongst the latter, those which Baron Cuvier permitted Mr. Deville to take from all the authenticated human skulls in the Museum of Comparative Anatomy of Paris. Mr. Deville was a practical observer, and possessed the large number of 1,500 casts of heads taken by himself from persons while living. Amongst these were 50 casts of persons remarkably devoted to religion ; 40 of distinguished painters, sculptors, architects, &c. ; 30 of eminent navigators and travellers ; 80 of poets, authors, and writers ; 70 of musicians, amateurs, and composers of music ; 25 of pugilists ; 150 of criminals ; 120 pathological casts illustrative of insanity, &c. Perhaps the most interesting of all are 170 casts which illustrate the changes caused in the cranial conformation of from 60 to 70 individuals by age, special devotion to one pursuit, and the like. Mr. Deville's account of some of these has been published.

Romance of London.

A SURGEON'S DIPLOMA.

A vain old country surgeon called one day upon Dr. Harrington at Bath, and told him, with great exultation, that he had obtained a diploma to practise physic. The doctor asked if the form of a diploma now ran in the same style as at the early commencement of these honours. 'Pray, what might that be ?' said the surgeon. 'I'll give it you,' replied our son of Galen ; when, stepping to his daughter's harpsichord, he played and sung the following prophecy of the witches to Macbeth :—

He must, he must,
He shall, he shall,
Spill much more blood,
And become worse.

'That, sir,' added he, 'was the true ancient mode of conferring a Scotch degree on doctor Macbeth.'

DOCTORS, PAINTED BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

One of the cleverest of our medical writers thus frankly expresses his opinion of his own craft, and of medicine-taking generally :—‘I declare,’ says Dr. James Johnson, ‘my conscientious opinion, founded on long observation and reflection, that if there was not a single physician, surgeon, apothecary, manmidwife, chemist, druggist, or drug, on the face of the earth, there would be less sickness, and less mortality than now obtains. When we reflect that physic is a “*conjectural art*,” that the best physicians make mistakes, that medicine is administered by hosts of quacks, that it is swallowed by multitudes of people without any professional advice at all, and that the world would be infinitely more careful of themselves if they were conscious that they had no remedy from drugs, these and many other facts will show that the proposition I have made is more startling than untrue. But as it is, drugs will be swallowed by all classes, rich and poor, with the hope of regaining health and prolonging life, and also with the expectation of being able to counteract the culpable indulgence of the appetites and passions !’

DOCTORS’ POCKETS.

In that book of choice humour, ‘The Doctor,’ it is related that Dr. Towers used to have his coat pockets made of capacity enough to hold a quarto volume—a wise custom, but requiring stout cloth, good buckram, and strong thread, well waxed. I do not greatly commend the humour of Dr. Ingenhouz, whose coat was lined with pockets of all sizes, wherein, in his latter years, when science had become to him as a plaything, he carried about various materials for chemical experiments : among the rest, so many compositions for fulminating powder in glass tubes, separated only by a cork in the middle of the tube, that, if any person had unhappily given him a blow with a stick, he might have blown up himself and the Doctor too.

SALE OF BROOKES'S MUSEUM.

In the year 1828 the Museum of Mr. Brookes of Blenheim Street, consisting of more than 6,000 preparations, and occupying twenty-five days' sale, passed under the hammer of Mr. George Robins; by which the labours of thirty years, and the purchases of 30,000*l.*, were frittered away for a comparative trifle, within a single month! Great sensations were produced in the medical classes by the announcement of this sale: agents flocked together from Berlin, Amsterdam, Vienna, Paris, Edinburgh, &c., though a hope was still entertained that the College of Physicians would have prevented the scattering over every quarter of Europe a collection so complete as to reflect honour on the zealous and highly gifted individual who accomplished the Herculean labour of collecting it. The pathological and zoological subjects were highly various and interesting; including every portion of the human body, and almost every indication of disease. The Catalogue was copious and elaborate, with many curious details furnished by Mr. Brookes; and the company assembled was learned as well as numerous. Lot the first was knocked down to the College of Surgeons, who were among the most extensive buyers. Yet, notwithstanding the assurances of the auctioneer that no protecting price was placed upon a single item, but little spirit was manifested among the bidders; and very few of the specimens, independent of the expenses of the sale, obtained sums at all adequate to their original expense. The stuffed Giraffe, or Cameleopard, the skin of which cost 20*l.*, and the stuffing 22*l.*, fetched only 8*l.*; and many others produced a loss still more considerable.

THE LIVING SKELETON.

Claude Amboise Seurat, better known as 'the Living Skeleton,' was undoubtedly the greatest wonder of his class and time. He was born at Troyes, in the department of Champagne in France, on April 10, 1797, and when brought to England and exhibited here was just twenty-eight years of age. His parents were in humble life, and, unlike their son, they

both possessed a good constitution, and enjoyed robust health. At the birth of Claude, there was nothing in his appearance that indicated disease, but in proportion as he grew in size, his flesh gradually wasted away. This remarkable decay continued till he arrived at manhood, when he attained his full stature, and his frame assumed the identical skeleton form which it ever afterwards retained. In France his case excited great interest, and he was deemed quite a *lusus naturæ*. Many proposals were made to his father for the purchase of the body of his son, in the event of his demise, but they were uniformly rejected. A medical gentleman of Burgundy, indeed, offered a *carte blanche*, which the parent refused, stating his determination that in the event of his son's death, he should be peaceably consigned to the cemetery of his native city. While at Rouen, no less than 1,500 persons flocked in one day to see Seurat on his way to England.

In the year 1825 Claude arrived in London, where arrangements had been made for his exhibition at the Chinese Saloon in Pall Mall. Of the several descriptions which appeared of him, the completest was that by William Hone, in his 'Every-Day Book,' which he had lately commenced.

'It was on the first day of Seurat's exhibition,' says Mr. Hone, 'that I first visited him. This was on Tuesday, August 9. I was at the Chinese Saloon before the doors were opened, and was the first of the public admitted. Seurat was not quite ready to appear; in the meantime, another visitor or two arrived, and after examining the canopy and other arrangements, my attention was directed to the Chinese papering of the room, while Seurat had silently opened the curtains that concealed him, and stood motionless toward the front of the platform, as he is represented in the engraving. On turning round, I was instantly rivetted by his amazing emaciation; he seemed another "Lazarus, come forth" without his grave-clothes, and for a moment I was too consternated to observe more than his general appearance. My eye then first caught the arm as the most remarkable limb; from the shoulder to the elbow it is like an ivory German flute, somewhat deepened in colour by age; it is not larger, and the skin is of that hue,

and not having a trace of muscle, it is as perfect a cylinder as a writing ruler. Amazed by the wasted limbs, I was still more amazed by the extraordinary depression of the chest. Below the ribs the trunk so immediately curved in, that the red band of the silk covering, though it was only loosely placed, seemed a tourniquet to constrict the bowels within their prison-house, and the hip-bones, being of their natural size, the waist was like a wasp's. If the integument of the bowels can be called flesh, it was the only flesh on the body : for it seemed to have wholly shrunk from the limbs ; and where the muscles that had not wholly disappeared remained, they are also shrunk.

'Seurat's head and body convey a sentiment of anthesis. When the sight is fixed on his face alone, there is nothing there to denote that he varies from other men. His head has been shaved, yet a little hair left on the upper part of the neck shows it to be black, and he wears a wig of that colour. His strong black beard is perceptible, although clean shaved. His complexion is swarthy, and his features are good, without the emaciation of which his body partakes ; the cheek-bones are high, and the eyes are dark brown, approaching to black. His features are flexible, and therefore capable of great animation, and his forehead indicates capacity. On any other than a common-place question, he elevates his head to an ordinary position, answers immediately and with precision, and discourses rationally and sensibly. There is nothing shocking either in his mind. His countenance has an air of melancholy, but he expresses no feeling of the kind ; and his voice is pleasing, deep-toned, and gentle.'

By his exhibition in England Seurat realised a little fortune, with which he immediately retired to his native place, but did not live long to enjoy it.

From another account we learn the texture of his skin was of a dry parchment-like appearance, though it was nevertheless singularly sensitive ; and on being touched with the finger, especially on the left side of the body, would contract and roughen with an involuntary chill. The ribs were capable not only of being distinguished, but also of being clearly separated, and counted one by one like so many pieces of cane. The

trunk had the appearance of a large bellows, a mere bag of hoops covered with leather, through which the pulsation of the heart was distinctly visible. Sir Astlèy Cooper, who examined Claude, found that his heart was as much as its own length out of its usual position ; while the action of the lungs appeared to proceed from the lower part of the body. The great wonder of Seurat's case appears to be not so much in his extreme emaciation as in the fact that such a degree of decay should be compatible with life, and even the enjoyment of life in a moderate degree. He always ate and drank with an appetite, though sparingly, those dishes which afford most nourishment appearing to satisfy him most quickly ; and his digestion and general health were good.

THE BRASS BOLUS.

The following strange but well-attested occurrence actually took place in the neighbourhood of Taunton, and will remind the reader of

Him who took the doctor's bill,
And swallow'd it instead of the pill.

A man-servant of the Rev. Dr. Palmer, of Yarcomb, near Chard, being taken ill, the medical attendant of the family was sent for, who prepared for the man a bolus from the family medicine-chest, and having wrapped up in paper the grain-weights used in weighing out the proper proportion of the drugs, left them on the table, and near to them the bolus, which he desired one of the females of the house to carry to the man-servant, with instructions to take it immediately in treacle. Some hours afterwards his master came to inquire about the patient, and found him suffering and very uneasy, which the man attributed to the strange kind of medicine which the doctor had ordered him, and which he said he 'should never have got through with, had he not cut it into smaller pieces ; but he thanked God, that though it was rather rough and sharpish, he had got it all down.' This account puzzled his master exceedingly, who, however, soon discovered that the man had actually swallowed in treacle a complete set

of brass grain-weights instead of the bolus, which was found on the table in his master's room. Proper medicines were immediately employed for removing this uncommon dose from the man's stomach, who subsequently recovered from his illness. It would be difficult to find a parallel to this instance of implicit faith in the power of the curative art, or a similar exhibition of astounding ignorance.

Apollo was the god of physic and sender of diseases. Both were originally the same trade, and still continue.

Swift.

OLDEN SURGERY.

Two centuries ago the qualifications for the practice of the healing art are shown by the clumsiness and cruelty with which operations were then performed. Such is, however, the advantage which has been derived from the improvement of medical science, that in comparing the value of life, as it is now calculated, to what it was a hundred years ago, it has absolutely doubled. And Sir Astley Cooper used to assert that the human frame was better understood in his time by students than it had previously been by professors.

AN IRISH GIANT.

Amongst the wrongs of patriotic Irishmen one of the most prominent is the way in which their country, after having enjoyed a monopoly in the production of certain articles, suddenly loses it by the competition of other nations. For many centuries Ireland was famous for its giants, but that inevitable 'introduction of machinery' which affects every question, has entered into this, and American steamers have brought across the Atlantic strange company. Yet it is something in the days of humiliation to look back upon prosperous times, and modern Celts may console themselves with the historical triumphs of gigantic Irishmen. Such was Cotter, who died at the beginning of the present century, and lies buried in the Trenchard Street Chapel, Bristol. The adventures of this

son of Anak were as remarkable as his proportions. At the age of eighteen he was leased by his father to a showman for three years, at a yearly rent of 50*l.*, and on his objecting to appear in public without receiving something for himself, he was flung into a debtors' prison by the showman. Ultimately the illegality of the contract was proved, the giant was released, and earned 30*l.* for himself in three days. Our next trace of Mr. Cotter finds him eager for the admiration of the metropolis. He takes a commodious room at No. 11, Haymarket, and there receives his friends. That vivid imagination and powerful faculty of invention which, it is said, characterises the Celtic race, seems to have been possessed by this remarkable man, for his handbills announce him now as a Mr. O'Brien, a lineal descendant of Bryan Boroihme, and having in his person and appearance all the similitude of that great and grand potentate. 'It is remarkable of this family (we are quoting from the bill) that, notwithstanding revolutions of fortune and alliance, its lineal descendants retain the original size and stature which have been so peculiar to their family.' Cotter, having realised a fair fortune, retired into private life, and died at Clifton at the age of 47.

Daily Telegraph.

CAUSES OF LAUGHTER.

Laughter is properly an expression of joyous emotion. This remarkable perturbation of the system is brought on in many ways, and often by very slight causes. Mere hilarity, or animal spirits; cold, and acute pains, when not so intense as to stimulate the expression proper to pain; tickling; hysterical fits; self-complacency, and a feeling of triumph at some striking effect produced by self on others (the point insisted on by Hobbes in his theory of laughter); kindly feeling; the spectacle or notion of filthy, degraded, or forbidden things; the so-called ludicrous, which is usually the clash of dignity with meanness; these, and perhaps other circumstances besides, rank among the causes of laughter. The medulla oblongata, which is the immediate organ in bringing on the outburst, is

very prone to be irritated to a discharge of this special influence. We find that some temperaments are peculiarly liable to be excited to laughter; the liability may be so great as to be a positive weakness, indicating a sort of dissolute incontinence of the nervous system.

A WELSH SURGEON'S BILL OF PARTICULARS.

In 1871 a singular action, tried in the Court of Queen's Bench, was brought by a medical man named Williams, of Aberystwith, against the Cambrian Railway Company, to recover 174*l.* 5*s.* for medical advice, &c. The defendants paid 90*l.* into Court, but disputed the liability as to the remainder. On November 2, 1869, the plaintiff was called in by the defendants to attend a gentleman named Dashwood, who had received serious injuries in a collision on the defendants' line, at a place called Carno. The plaintiff's case was that his charge was at the agreed sum of ten guineas per week, Mr. Dashwood having been removed with Miss Dashwood, who was slightly injured in the same accident, to a place near Aberystwith. Mr. Dashwood's injuries were such as to require almost daily attendance for seventeen weeks, nine weeks of which time he was confined to his bed. In cross-examination plaintiff stated that at the request of the company he sent in a bill of particulars. In it he had charged at the rate of 755 doses of medicine, 73 lotions and outward applications, and 100 pills and powders, supplied to Mr. Dashwood, and at the rate of 222 doses, 9 powders, and 44 lotions for Miss Dashwood, in seven weeks. There was also an item in the bill for correspondence with Mr. Elias, the traffic manager, '25 letters both ways, each at the rate of 10*s.* 6*d.* per letter;' he presumed 'both ways' meant receiving as well as sending. He had made the charge of 25*l.* to the station-master at the Bow Street Railway Station for attendance, &c., but he never expected to receive anything. The man offered to pay him in cauliflowers—he planted him a quantity, but they had all rotted. The man also paid his tailor's bill with cauliflowers. This was the first time he had attended a patient under contract—his charge for

visits and medicines varied from 5*s.* to 7*s.* 6*d.* per visit in Aberystwith. He knew he gave all the medicine—and the charges were fair and reasonable. Mr. H. James : Is the man still alive ?—Plaintiff : He is. The Jury ultimately returned a verdict for the plaintiff of 10*l.* over the amount paid into Court.

A PROFITABLE PATIENT.

M. Latour, referring to the death of M. Cherest while still young, mentions a singular patient who contributed to his income 14,600 francs per annum, and in leap-years 14,640 francs. This patient, a well-known person in the mercantile world, had a terrible fear of dying, and besought Cherest to pay him a visit while in bed every morning at nine o'clock, his fee being 40 francs per visit. Cherest consented, and for several years payed his daily visits, always receiving his 40-franc piece. During the last years of his life this patient, a very old man, became really ill, and exacted first two visits a day, then three, and then four, always paying his 40 francs for each.

Medical Times and Gazette.

POPULAR MISTAKES.

One of the most frequent mistakes among the uneducated, with regard to medicine, is the belief that what has done good in one case of disease is to be equally beneficial when similar symptoms happen in another. When an eminent physician has been called in, and has prescribed a medicine which has answered the purpose intended, and to all appearance has cured the patient, nothing is more common than for the precious recipe to be kept and lent to a long series of afflicted friends. Such benevolent quackery proceeds on the supposition that a disease called by the same name has the same symptoms in every case, and that a drug produces its effects as infallibly as an operation of mechanics, or a process of chemistry. It reduces medicine to the simplicity so much boasted by the mathematical physicians of the seventeenth century, who thought they had in many cases solved the problem—a disease being given, to find the remedy. But there is a preliminary problem equally

necessary and difficult, that should be first solved : a patient being given, to ascertain his disease.

Dr. Macaulay's Dictionary of Medicine.

MRS. VAN BUTCHELL EMBALMED.

In 1775 died the first wife of an eccentric practitioner, Martin Van Butchell ; and the singular mode employed for the preservation of her body merits notice. On her death taking place, he applied to Dr. William Hunter and Mr. Cruickshank to exert their skill in preventing, if possible, the changes of form after the cessation of life. The method pursued in this embalment was principally that of injecting the vascular system with oil of turpentine and camphorated spirit of wine, coloured, so that the minute vessels of the cheeks and lips were filled, and exhibited their native hue ; the body in general, having its cavities filled with powdered nitre and camphor, so that it remained free from corruption, or any unpleasant smell ; and, to resemble the appearance of life, glass eyes were also inserted. The corpse was then deposited in a bed of thin plaster of Paris in a box, which subsequently crystallised, and produced a pleasing effect. A curtain covered the glass lid of the box, which could be withdrawn at pleasure, and which box, being kept in the parlour of Mr. Van Butchell's house, he had the satisfaction of retaining his departed wife for many years, and frequently displaying the beautiful corpse to his friends and visitors. A second marriage, some years afterwards, is said to have occasioned some family difference, and it was found expedient to remove the preserved body. It is now in the Museum of the College of Surgeons, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

AGED SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

Horsfield, in his 'History of Lewes,' vol. i. p. 183, describes a native of that ancient town, whose life, though scarcely to be termed eccentric, may be quoted here. 'In 1529 died Henric Jacobson, of Lewes. This extraordinary man was born in the year 1405, and was, consequently, 124 years old at the time of his death. He had been four times married, and by his first

three wives had eight children, all of whom he survived. His early days were spent in agricultural pursuits, but becoming enamoured of the fascinations of a military life, he entered the army, and was at the battle of Agincourt, where he was wounded. When in his 120th year, he distinctly remembered being informed of the death of Henry IV., and of the accession of his son. His sight was but little impaired, till he was 100 years of age, when being attacked by a fever, he became totally blind. He was of a very athletic and robust constitution.'

THE USE OF POWERFUL MEDICINES

Is deprecated by many who see in them only the virulence of their concentrated forms. What we have mainly to regard in estimating the medicinal value of any substance, or its just application to practice, is the well-defined nature of its action on some organ or function of the living economy. If this action be clearly ascertained, we have essentially a medicinal power in our hands. Every such agent, even the most simple, is capable of being misused by excess ; and this excess, or the fitness of its use, is determined, not by any comparison of the power of different agents, but simply by the amount of the effects appropriate to each. The prussic acid, diluted as befits the peculiar application given to it, is not, in any practical sense, a stronger medicine than others most familiar to us, nor more dangerous in its use ; and we have even some additional security in the more definite nature of its effects, and in the greater care bestowed on its administration.

Sir Henry Holland's Medical Notes.

MAGIC *and* SAXON MEDICINE.—•—
ANTIQUITY OF MAGIC.

THE arts of Magic run back into the very darkest ages to a date long anterior to the time when Jannes and Jambres withstood Moses and Aaron, or when the witch or ventriloquist of Endor promised her clients conferences with the dead ; and still further than the time when Ulysses visited the spirit world and Circe turned men into swine, and in Persia beyond chronological limits. The practical wisdom of such men as Hippocrates and the Epicurean scepticism of the age of Horace had reduced the influence of magicians among cultivated minds to some reasonable limits, when the inroad of barbaric minds tended to the revival of their power rather than to the transfer of the more definite knowledge which had already partially superseded it. The examples of Hellenic skill in surgery, of which so many are cited, were beyond their imitating, for the want of the requisite learning and instruments ; and their leeches were in their early practice almost wholly thrown back upon the lancet, wherewith to let blood, and the ‘*parabilia*,’ the *εὐπορίστέα*, the accessibles, chiefly worts from the field and garden. These leeches were too rude to learn much of Galen, while the ‘*Herbarium*’ of Apuleius, the writings of St. Hildegard of Bingen, and other stuff of this sort, were all more or less of one character, substituting for the case of instruments and Indian drugs, indigenous herbs, the worts of fatherland, smearings, and wizard chants. ‘Over the whole face of Europe, while the old Hellenic school survived in Arabia, the next-to-hand resource became the established remedy, and the searching incision of the practised anatomist was replaced by a droning song.’

The triumphant barbarians had no Pæan, no Æsculapius, no Chiron, far less an Hippocrates. But they had leeches by profession, and the dedication to this profession was the knowledge of a couple of Runes, and their inscription by themselves on wood and bark. This Runic ceremony was substantially analogous to the allocation to the wort, the declaration of healing purpose, the announcement of the patient's name so often found in our Saxon volumes. Their views of disease were somewhat summary. 'What is now "morbific virus," was with them "venom;" epidemics were produced by "flying venom;" there was also "red venom," which suggests scarlet fever, "watchet venom," "livid venom," and so on; all, no doubt, appropriate names.'

Magic therefore was identified with Saxon medicine, the Saxon leech, even if superior to it, yielded to the fashion of the day, and the leech book became an entertaining volume.

SAXON LEECHDOMS.

In three volumes of the works printed by order of the Master of the Rolls, the Rev. Oswald Cockayne gives an account of the condition of medical science among our forefathers before the era of the Norman Conquest, and we learn on the clearest evidence that primitive Englishmen were not such rude barbarians as we have been apt to fancy them. Greek and Latin authors were anxiously consulted, and their preference for vegetable rather than mineral remedies is largely shared by modern practitioners. As Mr. Cockayne appositely observes :—

'Our own medicines are very largely taken from what we call the vegetable kingdom, but their recognition is concealed from the patient by the mysteries of prescriptions and of foreign names. A sick man thinks himself effectually tended if he chance to make out that his doses contain taraxacum, belladonna, aconite, hyoscyamus, or arnica, or if he be refreshed with ammonia; but he smiles contemptuously at the herb-woman who administers dandelion, nightshade, wolfsbane, henbane, elecampane, or who burns horn in the sick chamber.'

Concerning the efficacy of animal remedies, however, modern

physicians continue to remain obstinately sceptical, nor are they likely to be convinced by the '*Medicina de Quadrupedibus*' attributed to a certain mythical personage, Sextus Placitus, and included in this collection. The Charms, Dream Prognostics, and Star Craft deserve careful examination, the more, perhaps, because the superstitions which they severally represent are still full of vitality under altered forms. A few words may be added here concerning the MS. from which are printed the contents of the first volume—namely, the '*Herbarium*' of Apuleius and of Dioscorides, and the '*Medicina de Quadrupedibus*.' It is illustrated by drawings in colours of the plants which are put forth as remedies, and when uninjured must have been a regally magnificent book, executed at an enormous expense. Like many other works, however, of the Cottonian collection, it suffered severely in the disastrous fire at Ashburnham house in 1731, but its deficiencies have been supplied from other copies.

OIL OF SWALLOWS.

In '*A Book of Knowledge*,' printed 1687, at the Three Bibles on London bridge, we find the following remedy for 'the sinews that are shrunk in the thighe or elsewhere.' The receipt is as follows: 'Take young swallows out of their nests, by number twelve, rosemary-tops, bay-leaves, lavender-tops, strawberry-leaves, of each a handful; cut off the long feathers of the swallows' wings and tails, put them into a stone mortar, and lay the herbs upon them, and beat them all to pieces, guts, feathers, bones, and all; then mix them with three pounds of hog's grease, and set it in the sun a month together; then boil it up and strain it, and keep the ointment; anoint the place grieved, and with God's blessing it will do much good.' We find this receipt in Culpeper's *Last Legacy*, 1671. And, in the '*Pharmacopœia*' Lond., 1654, we find: 'Swallows being eaten, clear the sight, the ashes of them (being burnt) eaten, preserves from drunkenness, helps sore throats being applied to them, and inflammations.'

In Cockayne's translation of an Anglo-Saxon '*Leech Book*.'

For cheek disease, take the whorl, with which a woman spinneth, bind on the man's neck with a woollen thread, and swill him on the inside with hot goat's milk ; it will be well with him. For jowl pain, delve up every bond before the rising of the sun, bind up the man's neck. Again, burn a swallow to dust, and mingle him with field bees' honey ; give the man that to eat frequently.'

An Anglo-Saxon receipt-book in the same collection contains the following cure for an erysipelatous swelling : 'Take a swallow's nest, and break all up together, and burn it with sharn altogether, and rub to dust, and mingle with vinegar, and smear therewith.'

SAXON WORTCUNNING.

The following bit of Saxon folk-lore Mr. Cockayne has found for us in the Cottonian MS., Tiberius A. III. fol. 40 b.

'Take two worts (plants) in hand, namely, lily and rose ; carry them to a pregnant woman, bid her take whether of the two she chooses of those worts ; if she takes a lily, she will bear a boy ; if she takes a rose, she will bring forth a girl. Again, there is another method, by observing if the woman steps more with the heels upon the earth, she will bring forth a boy ; if she treads with the toes, she will bring forth a girl.'

'Wens at a man's heart' must have been a severe sort of malady ; unless, as seems just possible, an exaggerated form of shingles may have been meant. The following is given as the Saxon mode of treatment ; but how the mixture was to be exhibited to the patient is not stated :—

'For wens at a man's heart, take cucumber, and radish, and the small rape, and garlic, and southernwood, and cinqfoil, and pepper, in honey, unsodden ; wring through a cloth, and then pepper it, and then boil strong.'

For the cure of warts, lays and spells it seems, were trusted to, in preference to time or medicine :

'Against a warty eruption, one must make several little wafers, such as a man offereth with, and write these names on each wafer, Maximianus, Malchus, Johannes, Martinianus,

Dionysius, Constantinus, Serafion ; then, again, one must sing the charm which is hereinafter mentioned, first into the left ear, then into the right ear, then above the man's poll ; then let one who is a maiden go to him and hang it upon his neck ; do so for three days, it will soon be well with him.'

Wens seem to have been treated in another, and a simpler, style :—

'If wens be constantly on the front of a man's head or the eyes, wring the netherward part of cowslip and hollow fumitory into the nostrils ; make the man lie on his back for a good while : this is a sure leechdom.'

A 'mind diseased' seems also to have occasionally come under the ken of these Saxon leeches ; though certainly their recipe for its cure, neither more nor less than a very plain salad, must have been anything but re-assuring :

'For heaviness of the mind, give to eat radish with salt and vinegar : soon the mood will be more gay.'

'Hand-worms' we wot not of, save of the 'round little worm' that Mercutio speaks of—

Pricked from the lazy finger of a maid,—

and we are rather at a loss as to that ; but be the Saxon 'hand-worms' what they may, there seems to have been a Saxon way of getting rid of them :—

'Against hand-worms, mingle together ship-tar, brimstone, pepper, white salt ; smear therewith. Again, mix wax, brimstone, and salt ; smear therewith.'

In cases where a woman suddenly became dumb, the leech was recommended to 'take penny-royal and rub it to dust, wind it up in wool, lay it under the woman,' and it would 'soon be well with her.'

BLEARED EYES.

'If eyes are bleared, take green rue, pound it small, and wash with dumbledores' (humble bees') honey, or with down honey, wring through a linen cloth on the eye, as long as the man needeth it. Let the man who hath ill humours on his neck, take halswort, and woodmarch, and wild chervil, and

strawberry plants, and everthroat, and garclife, and ironhard, gathered without use of any iron, and stitchwort, and knee holly, and broad bishopwort, and brownwort ; let him gather all these worts together for three nights, before summer come to town, of each one equally much ; and let him work them to a drink in foreign ale, and then, on the night when summer cometh to town, in the morning, then shall the man who will drink the drink stay awake all the night ; and when cocks crow the first time, then let him drink one, and another time and when day and night divide, and a third time when the sun upgoeth, and after that let him rest himself.'

HEALING HERBS.

It was a common belief that a man's death might be compassed by the arts of the sorcerer, and this, or other supernatural matter of offence, is denounced in a Doom of King Knut. St. Hildegarde furnishes us with a talisman against magic arts in general : 'Dry the tail of a steinbock with skin and flesh, and carry it in your hand ; you will never be affected by magic (zauber) without your own consent.' Mr. Cockayne has also obtained some very explicit information about the Elves and the Dwarves, and their propensities for mischief. Excellent stories from the Sagas are told of the storms which they raised. The Venerable Bede believed in them, for he himself relates how Bishop Lupus, who was disordered by their tossing at sea, stilled the tempest with the name of the Trinity and some drops of water. Herbs generally afforded the Saxons their materials for healing all bodily infirmities ; but they drew sometimes from animals.

It is related in the 'Herbarium,' in an article on the castor-oil plant, that *that wort smootheth every tempest*. Yet the Saxons did not believe that there was no limit to the power of worts, for another dictum says that '*no wort is waxen in wood or in field which for ever may man's life uphold.*' Some extravagant leechdoms are given in which worts play no part. Moreover, in the composition of the leech book it is curious to find that the Saxons were under some obligations to Hellenic literature.

Thus Betonica or Bishop wort is recommended at the beginning of the 'Herbarium' in case, among other requirements, a man have a mind not to be drunken. If pimples wax in a woman's face the remedy is *ιερόβολος*, that is, great wort, or Colchicum Autumnale; and at Kissingen, where pimples wax freely in consequence of the waters, the supply of Colchicum in the meadows is so abundant that it might have supplied a Saxon divine with an argument of the design of Providence. The herb *ἡρακλεία*, *heraclea*, has an exceptional effect in case a man wish to travel on a long way and dread no robber. Wood Chervil is good in case an evil man, through spite, enchant another. Millefolium, that is Yarrow, is good 'for blow of iron, and to tell that Achilles found this wort.' The latter item is somewhat of a puzzle. The herb Pulegium, that is Dwarf Dwortle, is good if one on shipboard suffer sea-sickness.

Hyoscyamus, our Henbane, is good for 'Lungs addle (disease), like juice of the same wort, give (it) to drink; with high wondering he will be healed.' Knotgrass also is very good 'for sore breasts of women which be in milk and swollen; take the same wort and knock (*pound*) it and lithe it with butter (*add butter as a lenitive*); lay it then thereto; it will drive away wonderfully the swollenness and the soreness.' Thus Peony is good for lunacy and Groundsel for gout. The uses of Coriander and Purslane we pass over, though the former is curious in a magical, and the latter in a medical sense. We perceive there is some doubt as to the text; and so there are deficiencies as to the evidence of the affliction implied. Great is the efficacy of mandrake. The 'Herbarium,' from Dioscorides, and the 'Medicina de Quadrupedibus,' of Sextus Placitus, seem to contain the magical element in even larger proportion than the 'Herbarium' of Apuleius.

From a Review of Mr. Cockayne's Work, in the Times Journal.

QUACKS *and* QUACKERIES.

UNLAWFUL CURES.

WITCHES and impostors, says Bacon, have always held a competition with physicians. Galen complains of this superstition, and observes that patients place more confidence in the oracles of Æsculapius and their own dreams, than in the prescriptions of doctors. The introduction of precious stones into medical practice owed its origin to a superstitious belief that from their beauty, splendour and high value, they were the natural receptacles for good spirits. Mystery, in the dark ages, and alas ! even now, increases the confidence in remedial means, reveal their true nature, the charm is dissolved. One cannot but wonder when we behold men pre-eminent in deep learning and acute observation becoming converts to such superstitious practices. Bacon believed in spells and amulets ; and Sir Theodore Mayerne, who was physician to three English sovereigns, and supposed to have been Shakspeare's Dr. Caius, believed in supernatural agency, and frequently prescribed the most absurd medicines ; such as the heart of a man ripped up alive, a portion of the lungs of a man who had died a violent death, or the hand of a thief who had been gibbeted on some particular day. Nauseous medicines have ever been deemed the most efficacious on the reasoning, that everything that is nauseous must be medicinal. The ancients firmly believed that blood could be stanch'd by charms, the bleeding of Ulysses was stopped by this means ; and Cato the Censor has given an incantation for setting dislocated bones. To this day charms are supposed to arrest the flow of blood :—

Tom Potts was but a serving-man,
And yet he was a doctor good—
He bound his kerchief on the wound.

Sir Walter Scott says in the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel'—

She drew the splinter from the wound,
And with a charm she staunch'd the blood.

SUPERSTITIOUS CURES.

Superstition lingers in Worcestershire and Bewdley. In December 1870, after the inquest on the body of a man who had been found drowned in the river Severn, a woman made this strange application to the Chief Constable. She was accompanied by her son, a lad eight or nine years old, and pointed out several unsightly wens that disfigured her son's neck, and begged to be permitted to draw the lad's hand nine times over the drowned man's throat, in order that as the body decayed and wasted away, the wens on the boy's neck might at the same time and in the same way disappear. The Chief Constable gratified the superstitious imagination of the woman; she then went through the ceremony, after which she returned home rejoicing.

In a parish adjoining Bewdley, the same superstition came to light, with slight variation of detail, but unfortunately with more disastrous consequences. A man died of typhoid fever, and a neighbour was persuaded by some old woman, supposed to be learned in the art of healing, to submit the diseased part of her invalid son's body to the touch of the dead man's hand, as being effectual to cure it. The consequence was, as might have been apprehended, that the dead man's fatal disease was communicated to the boy, his household, and the neighbourhood; several deaths followed from the same disease. The days have passed for drowning witches, but a worse than senseless act might as justly be rendered punishable by law as inoculation of smallpox.

The above superstition is as old as the days of Valentine Greatraks, who described his practices to the Honourable Robert Boyle.

ADEPTS.

This term is borrowed from the alchemists who spent their time, their labour, and their fortune in seeking for the Philosopher's Stone. Those who were thought, or who pretended to have *got* it, were called *adepti*. The term is now used, but somewhat in a ludicrous sense, for those who are skilful in any pursuit.

THE JUGGLERS' SECRET.

In the 'Mercure de France' there is a very curious account of experiments made at Naples, to discover the means by which jugglers have appeared to be incombustible. They consist chiefly, first, in gradually habituating the skin, the mouth, throat and stomach to great degrees of heat ; second, in rubbing the skin with hard soap, and in covering the tongue with hard soap, and over that with a layer of powdered sugar. By these means, the professor at Naples is enabled to walk over burning coals, to take into his mouth boiling oil, and to wash his hands in melted lead. The miracles of several saints, the numerous escapes from the fiery ordeal, and the tricks now played by the Hindoo jugglers, are thus perfectly explained, and all these prodigies may be performed by any apothecary's apprentice.

Life of Sir James Mackintosh.

IMAGINATIVE CURES.

The strength of imagination in effecting wonderful cures has been observed in all ages ; and Avicenna declares 'that he prefers confidence before art, precepts, and all remedies whatever.' Our learned Burton says, that this 'strong imagination or conceit is *Astrum Hominis*, and the rudder of this our ship, which reason should steer, but overcome by phantasie cannot manage, and so suffers itself and the whole vessel of ours to be overruled, and often overturned.'

Nothing could be more absurd than the notions respecting some of these supposed cures : a ring made of the hinge of a coffin had the power of relieving cramps, which were also

mitigated by having a rusty old sword hung up by the bedside. Nails driven in an oak tree prevented the toothache. A halter that had served in hanging a criminal, was an infallible remedy for a headache, when tied round the head : this affection was equally cured by the moss growing on a human skull, dried and pulverised, and taken as cephalic snuff. A dead man's hand could dispel tumours of the glands, by stroking the parts nine times, but the hand of a man who had been cut down was most efficacious. To cure warts, one had nothing to do but to steal a piece of beef from a butcher, with which the warts were to be rubbed, then interring it in any filth, and as it rotted, the warts would wither and fall.

The chips of a gallows on which several persons had been hanged, when worn in a bag round the neck, would cure the ague. A stone with a hole in it, suspended at the head of the bed, would effectually stop the nightmare ; hence it was called a *hagstone*, as it prevents the troublesome witches from sitting upon the sleeper's stomach. The same amulet tied to the key of a stable door, deterred witches from riding horses over the country.

CHARMS.

Sinclair, in his 'Invisible World,' gives the following charms :
'At night, in the time of Popery, when folks went to bed, they believed that the repetition of the following prayer was effectual in preserving them from danger, and the house too :—

Who sains ¹ the house the night,
They that sains it, ilk a night.
Saint Bryde and her brate,²
Saint Colne and his hat,
Saint Michael and his spear,
Keep this house from the weir ;
From running thief,
And burning thief,
And from a' ill rea (if) ³
That be the gate can gae.

¹ Preserves.

² Apron or covering.

³ Plunder.

And from an ill wight,
 That be the gate can light ;
 Nine reeds¹ about the house,
 Keep it all the night.
 What is that what I see
 So red, so bright, beyond the sea ?
 'Tis He was pierc'd through the hands,
 Through the feet, through the throat,
 Through the tongue,
 Through the liver, and the lung ;
 Well is them that well may
 Fast on Good Friday.

Another prayer used by the thieves and robbers on the borders after meat, in order to stealing from their neighbours:—

He that ordain us to be born,
 Send us more meat for the morn ;
 Part of t'right, and part of 'wrang,
 God never let us fast ov'r lang.
 God be thanked, and Our Lady,
 All is done that we had ready.

WITCHCRAFT 'CHARMES.'

1. *For stenching (stanching) Blood.*

Sanguis mane in te,
 Sicut Christus fuit in se,
 Sanguis mane in tuâ venâ,
 Sicut Christus in suâ poenâ ;
 Sanguis mane fixus,
 Sicut Christus, quando fuit crucifixus.

2. *A Thorne.*

Jesus, that was of a Virgin born,
 Was pricked both with nail and thorn ;
 It neither wealed, nor belled, rankled nor boned ;
 In the name of Jesus no more shall this.

¹ Roods or Holy Crosses.

Or thus :—

Christ was of a Virgin born,
And He was prickèd with a thorn ;
And it did neither bell, nor swell ;
And I trust in Jesus this never will.

3. *A Cramp.*

Cramp be thou faintless,
As Our Lady was sinless,
When she bare Jesus.

4. *A Burning.*

There came three Angells out of the East ;
The one brought fire, the other brought frost—
Out fire ; in frost.
In the name of the Father, and Son, and Holy Ghost.

Amen.

FISH CHARMS.

Pallas relates the bull-head to be used in Russia, by some, as a charm against fever ; whilst others suspend it horizontally, carefully balanced by a single thread ; and, thus poised, but allowed, at the same time, freedom of motion, they believe this fish possesses the property of indicating, by the direction of the head, the point of the compass from which the wind blows.

The two hard bones usually found just within the sides of the head in fishes, are larger in proportion in the Maigre than in any other fish, and were supposed, the older writers say, to possess medicinal virtues. They were called colic-stones, being worn on the neck, mounted in gold, to secure the possessor against the colic. To be quite effectual, it was pretended that the wearer must have received them as a gift ; if they had been purchased, they had neither preventive nor curative power.

TOAD CURSE.

It is not surprising to find the toad associated with a sort of curse. Dr. Willis, the Wiltshire physician, discovered the mineral spring at Astrop, near Berkeley, in Northamptonshire, and made it very famous, till the people of the place, offending the well-known Dr. Radcliffe, made him declare that he would put 'a toad in their well,' which he did by decrying its virtues wherever he went.

THE TOAD STONE.

The vulgar error of the toad-stone is of great antiquity, and was generally believed in. Joanna Baillie, in a letter to Sir Walter Scott, describes the toad-stone as 'a celebrated amulet, which was never lent to anyone unless upon a bond for a thousand marks for its being safely restored. It was sovereign for protecting new-born children and their mothers from the power of the fairies, and has been repeatedly borrowed from my mother for this purpose.' One is described as a convex circular stone, eleven-sixteenths of an inch in diameter, semi-transparent, and of dark-grey colour, seemingly siliceous. It is set in a massive silver thumb-ring, and was believed to be a specific in cases of diseased kidney. It, like the Lee Penny, was immersed in water, which was drunk by the patient.

THE EAGLE STONE.

Pliny gravely states that a round perforated stone found in an eagle's nest is a charm against disease, shipwreck, and other disasters. An acquaintance of mine possessed an amulet of this description, for which her mother had paid a considerable sum. It was small, brown, and when shaken rattled as though another stone was enclosed within it. A riband was usually passed through its perforation; and it was said to possess more virtues than I can pretend to enumerate. But whatever might be the singularity of its shape, or wherever it might have been found, a very little reflection would convince any person of

common sense it could have none of the magic influence attributed to it.

Charlotte Smith.

THE ASPHODEL.

It was formerly the custom to plant asphodel around the tombs of the deceased, its fine flowers producing grains, which, according to the belief of the ancients, afforded nourishment to the dead. Homer tells us that, having crossed the Styx, the shades passed over a long plain of asphodel. Orpheus, in Pope's 'Ode on Cecilia's Day,' conjures the infernal deities—

By the stream that ever flows,
By the fragrant winds that blow
O'er the Elysian flowers ;
By those happy souls who dwell
In yellow meads of asphodel,
Or amaranthine bowers.

CORAL SUPERSTITION.

It was formerly superstitiously supposed that coral became pale when those who wore it were ill. Thus, in the 'Three Ladies of London,' 1584 :—

You may say jet will take up a straw, amber will make one fat,
Coral will look pale when you be sick, and crystal will stanch blood.

And Holinshed tells us that King John, observing a moisture on some precious stones which he wore, thought that to be an indication of some pears he was about to eat containing poison.

QUICKSILVER.

Quicksilver was celebrated as an alterative in the reign of Charles II. It was much used by the ladies of that period, in doses of a small teaspoonful night and morning, to beautify the complexion, remove freckles, and perform the usual functions of cosmetics.

HORACE WALPOLE'S CHATTELS SAVED BY A TALISMAN.

In the spring of 1771, Walpole's house in Arlington Street was broken open in the night, and his cabinets and trunks forced and plundered. The Lord of Strawberry was at his villa when he received by a courier the intelligence of the burglary. The details of the property are unusually interesting, but we cannot afford space for them. Walpole's inferences and suspicions must not be omitted.

'All London is reasoning on this marvellous adventure, and not an argument presents itself that some other does not contradict. I insist that I have a talisman. You must know that last winter, being asked by Lord Vere to assist in settling Lady Betty Germaine's auction, I found in an old catalogue of her collection this article "*The Black Stone into which Dr. Dee used to call his Spirits.*" Dr. Dee, you must know, was a great conjuror in the days of Queen Elizabeth, and has written a folio of the dialogues he held with his imps. I asked eagerly for this stone; Lord Vere said he knew of no such thing, but if found, it should certainly be at my service. Alas, the stone was gone! This winter I was again employed by Lord Frederic Campbell, for I am an absolute auctioneer, to do him the same service about his father's (the Duke of Argyle's) collection. Among other odd things, he produced a round piece of shining black marble in a leathern case, as big as the crown of a hat, and asked me what that possibly could be? I screamed out, "Oh, Lord, I am the only man in England that can tell you! It is Dr. Dee's Black Stone!" It certainly is; Lady Betty had formerly given away or sold, time out of mind, for she was a thousand years old, that part of the Peterborough collection which contained natural philosophy. So, or since, the Black Stone had wandered into an auction, for the lotted paper is still on it. The Duke of Argyle, who bought everything, bought it. Lord Frederic gave it to me; and if it was not this magical stone, which is only of high-polished coal, that preserved my chattels, in truth I cannot guess what did.'

At the Strawberry Hill sale, in '1842, this precious relic was sold for 12*l.* 12*s.*, and is now in the British Museum. It was

described in the catalogue as 'a singularly interesting and curious relic of the superstition of our ancestors—the celebrated *Speculum of Kennel Coal*, highly polished, in a leathern case. It is remarkable for having been used to deceive the mob by the celebrated Dr. Dee, the conjuror, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth,' &c. When Dee fell into disrepute, and his chemical apparatus and papers and other stock-in-trade were destroyed by the mob, who made an attack upon his house, this Black Stone was saved. It appears to be nothing more than a polished piece of cannel coal; but this is what Butler means when he says :—

Kelly did all his feats upon
The devil's looking-glass—a stone.

CURE FOR AGUE.

One method of obtaining a cure for the whooping-cough is to inquire of the first person who is met riding upon a piebald horse, what is good for that malady. A friend of Dr. Lettsom, who once went a journey on a horse of this description, was so frequently interrupted by questions about this disease that it was with some difficulty he effected his progress through the villages in his route. He frequently silenced the importunities of his interrogators by recommending a toast in brandy. No disease has given rise to a more curious catalogue of charms than the ague.

THE CHILD'S CAUL.

The fancied preservative of the Child's Caul is hardly worn out. The caul is a membrane found on some children at their birth, encompassing the head. This is thought a good omen to the child itself; and the vulgar opinion is, that whoever obtains it by purchase will be fortunate, and escape danger. Alien Lampridius relates that Diadumenus, who came to the sovereignty of the empire, was *born with a caul*.

This superstition was very prevalent in the primitive age of the Church; and St. Chrysostom inveighs against it in several of his homilies. In France it is proverbial. '*Être né coiffé*,' signifies that a person born with a caul or coif, is extremely

fortunate ; and if he grew to be a lawyer, it presaged that he would wear the serjeant's and judge's coif ; while midwives have sold cauls to make them eloquent. They have also been sold for magical uses. Grose says that a person possessed of a caul may know the state of health of the person who was born with it : if alive and well, it will be firm and crisp ; if dead or sick, it will be relaxed or flaccid. In Ben Jonson's 'Alchemist,' Force says 'You're born with a caul on your head.' Melton, in his 'Astrologanta,' states that 'if a child be born with a caul on his head, he shall be very fortunate.' Weston, in his 'Moral Aphorisms from the Arabic,' 1801, says : 'The caul that enfolds the birth is the powerful guardian, like the seal rings of a monarch, for the attainment of the arch of heaven, when, in the car of a bright luminary, it is crowned and revolved ;' and, in a note, is added ; 'the superstition of the caul coming from the East ; there are several words in Arabic for it.'

But the caul, though medicinal in diseases, is also esteemed *an infallible preservative from drowning* ; and is therefore to this day advertised in the newspapers for sale, especially to persons going to sea. We quote from advertisements, omitting the addresses of reference :—

'A child's caul for sale. Apply, &c.'—*Times*, September 9, 1834.

'A child's caul to be disposed of ; a well-known preservative against drowning &c. price ten guineas. Address, &c.'—*Times*, June 2, 1835.

'To mariners, &c. To be sold, a child's caul, price fifteen guineas. Apply, &c.'

'To be sold, a child's caul.—To save gentlemen trouble, price 30*l*. Apply, &c.'

'A child's caul to be sold for 15*l*. Apply, &c.'

The price asked has often been from twenty to thirty guineas. The chief purchasers of cauls are seamen, a class of persons who, as they are more than most others exposed to danger, which human foresight and exertion can hardly avert, still remain, more than others, disposed to trust to supernatural means for their safety.

In Ruddiman's 'Glossary to Douglas's Virgil,' the caul is

designated a *haly* or *sely* how, i.e., holy or fortunate cap or hood. Now, we are inclined to refer the caul preservative to the same superstitious idea which seems to have attached to the fact of burying a corpse in a monk's *cowl*, for which we may, among other authorities, refer to Holinshed. Speaking of the death of King John, he says : 'For the manner was, at that time, in such sort to bury their nobles and great men, who were induced, by the imagination of monks and fond fancies of friars, to believe that *the said cowl* was an amulet or defensative to *their souls*, from hell and hellish hags, how or in whatsoever sort they died.'

Again, *cowl* and *caul* both allude to the covering of the head. The language formerly used at the English Court, and among the higher ranks of society was Norman-French ; and, of course, with the French pronunciation, as in the diphthong *au*, pronounced *ou* or *aw*, as in Paul's, which was formerly pronounced Powle's.

Here is an instance of a family caul being made a special bequest in the will of Sir John Offley, Knight of Madely Manor, Staffordshire (grandson of Sir Thomas Offley, Lord Mayor of London, temp. Eliz.), proved at Doctors' Commons, May 20, 1658 :—

'Item, I will and devise one Jewell done all in Gold, enameled, wherein there is a caul that covered my face and shoulders when I first came into the world, the use thereof to my loving Daughter, the Lady Elizabeth Jenny, so long as she shall live ; and after her decease, the use likewise to her Son, Offley Jenny, during his natural life ; and after his decease to my own right heirs male for ever ; and so from Heir to Heir, to be left so long as it shall please God of his Goodness to Continue any Heir Male of my name, desiring the same Jewell be not conceded nor sold by any of them.'

The following strange story appeared in the 'Essex Herald' a few years since :—'A Correspondent gravely forwards us the following : "The miraculous properties of the caul were providentially developed some days since near Romford, in this county. A boy (born with a caul), not yet two years old, fell into a well containing seven feet of water, being three feet from

the top. It is not known how long the poor child had been there, when the mother received information of the accident from his brother, a very young child ; but on hearing of the same she hastened to the well, and found the child lying flat on his back on the surface of the water, as motionless as death. On his being taken out, restorative means were immediately applied by the mother, and although the accident occurred at twelve o'clock in the day, before five that afternoon the child had resumed its usual cheerfulness, as if nothing had befallen it to its injury. Though many may doubt, this case fully tests the goodness, power, and wisdom of Almighty God."

Thomas Hood wrote for his early work, 'Whims and Oddities,' an admirable ballad upon this popular error, of which we quote a few stanzas :—

THE SEA-SPELL.

' *Could, could*, he lies beneath the deep.'

Old Scotch Ballad.

It was a jolly mariner !
The tallest man of three,
He loosed his sail against the wind,
And turned his boat to sea :
The ink-black sky told every eye
A storm was soon to be !

But still that jolly mariner
Took in no reef at all,
For, in his pouch confidingly,
He wore a baby's caul ;
A thing, as gossip-nurses know,
That always brings a squall !

The sullen sky grew black above,
The wave as black beneath ;
Each roaring billow show'd full soon
A white and foamy wreath ;
Like angry dogs that snarl at first,
And then display their teeth.

The boatman look'd against the wind,
The mast began to creak,
The wave, per saltum, came and dried,
In salt upon his cheek !
The pointed wave against him rear'd,
As if it owed a pique !

.

The seafowl shriek'd around the mast,
Ahead the grampus tumbled,
And far off, from a copper cloud,
The hollow thunder rumbled ;
It would have quail'd another heart,
But his was never humbled.

For why ? he had that infant's caul ;
And wherefore should he dread ?
Alas ! alas ! he little thought,
Before the ebb-tide sped,
That, like that infant, he should die,
And with a watery head !

The rushing brine flowed in apace ;
His boat had ne'er a deck :
Fate seem'd to call him on, and he
Attended to her beck ;
And so he went, still trusting on,
Though reckless—to his wreck !

.

Look, how a horse, made mad with fear
Disdains his careful guide ;
So now the headlong, headstrong boat,
Unmanaged, turns aside,
And straight presents her reeling flank
Against the swelling tide !

The gusty wind assaults the sail ;
Her ballast lies a-lee !

The windward sheet is taut and stiff;
Oh ! the Lively—where is she?
Her capsiz'd keel is in the foam,
Her pennon's in the sea !

The wild gull, sailing overhead,
Three times beheld emerge
The head of that bold mariner,
And then she screamed his dirge !
For he had sunk within his grave,
Lapp'd in a shroud of surge !

The ensuing wave, with horrid foam,
Rushed o'er, and covered all ;
The jolly boatman's drowning scream
Was smothered by the squall.
Heaven ne'er heard his cry, nor did
The ocean heed his *caul* !

WEARING AMULETS.

The amulet, in barbarous Latin, *Amuletum*, is supposed also to be of Arabic origin. An amulet hung round the neck, or carried in any other way about the person, is absurdly believed to have the effect of warding off morbid infections and other dangers, and even of curing diseases by which the body had been already attacked. The belief in the efficacy of amulets has subsisted at some time among almost every people, and the thing has been denoted by a great variety of names, which it is unnecessary here to enumerate. The phylacteries, or bits of parchment with passages from the Bible written upon them, which the Jews were wont to carry about with them, were amulets of just the same character as those inscribed with sentences from the Koran, which the Moorish priests sell to the negroes of Africa, and to which the latter give the name of *fetishes*. The superstition also which existed among the Greeks and Romans appears in early times to have prevailed extensively among the converts to Christianity, if we may judge

of it by the denunciations directed against it by St. Chrysostom, and others of the Fathers.

But even to our own day it has continued to be an article of the popular creed, that certain medical preparations, and other things, merely carried about the person, have the power both of repelling and healing diseases. Even the celebrated Robert Boyle adopts the notion, assuring us that he once experienced the efficacy of such an amulet in his own case. 'Having been one summer,' he says, 'frequently subject to bleed at the nose, and reduced to employ several remedies to check that distemper, that which I found most effectual to stanch the blood was some moss of a dead man's skull (sent for a present out of Ireland, where it is far less rare than in most other countries), though it did but touch my skin till the herb was a little warmed by it.'

The Anodyne Necklace, which consists of beads formed from the roots of white bryony, and sometimes hung around the necks of infants with the view of assisting their teething, is an instance of the still surviving confidence in the medical virtue of amulets. The necklace was strongly recommended for teeth-cutting by Dr. Turner, the inventor; and by Dr. Chamberlain, who is said to have possessed the secret. The writer, when a boy, remembers to have walked from Southwark to Long Acre, to purchase one of these nostrums for his teething sister.

Such also is the belief generally entertained by seafaring people, that a child's caul will preserve the life of the person on board ship who carries the caul about him; and some even believe that the caul will preserve all on board from being lost; though one result is as probable as the other.

To cramp rings, made of jet, and hallowed on Good Friday, are also ascribed equally preservative effects.

WHAT IS A PHYLACTERY?

A name applied in general to any amulet or preservative against any kind of evil. The term was employed in particular to denote those strips of parchment worn by the Jews, and

inscribed with particular passages of Scripture (Deut. vi. 4-9 ; xi. 13-22 ; Exod. xiii. 1-16). These phylacteries were folded up, and inclosed in a small leather box and worn upon the forehead, nearly between the eyes, or upon the left arm near to the heart, being attached by straps of leather. They were considered as thus reminding the wearers to fulfil the law with the head and heart.

HEALING BY THE TOUCH.

It is well known that at one time it was thought that some of the British sovereigns possessed the power of healing by the touch. In a Prayer Book of the Church of England, printed in the reign of Queen Anne, we find a service entitled 'At the Healing,' in which the following passage occurs : 'Then shall the infirm persons, one by one, be presented to the Queen upon their knees, and as every one is presented, and while the Queen is laying her hands upon them, and putting the gold about their necks, the chaplain that officiates, turning himself to Her Majesty, shall say the words following :—

'God give a blessing to this work, and grant that these sick persons, on whom the Queen lays her hands, may recover, through Jesus Christ our Lord.'

The Editor of 'Notes and Queries,' 2nd S., No. 62, says : 'The practice of touching for the evil appears to be one of English growth, commencing with Edward the Confessor.' Carte ('Hist. of England,' book iv. sect. 42) says : 'It is the hereditary right of the royal line, that people in William of Malmesbury's days (lib. ii. c. 13), ascribed the supernatural virtue of our Kings in curing the scirrhus tumour called the King's Evil ; though the author is willing to impute it to the singular piety of Edward the Confessor. There is no proof of any of our kings touching for that distemper, more ancient than this king, of whom Ailred ('Viit. S. Edwardi,' p. 390), as well as Malmesbury, observe that he cured a young married woman, reduced by it to a deplorable condition, by stroking the place afflicted with his hand. There are no accounts of the first four kings of Norman or foreign race ever attempting to

cure that complaint; but that Henry II. both touched those afflicted with it, and cured them, is attested by Petrus Blehensis, (Epist. 150, p. 235), who had been his chaplain.' See Plot's 'Oxfordshire,' ch. x. 125, and Plate xvi. No. 5, for some account, accompanied with a drawing of the touch-piece supposed to be given by Edward the Confessor. The kings of France also claimed to dispense the gift of healing. Laurentius, first physician to Henry IV. of France, who is indignant at the attempt made to derive its origin from Edward the Confessor, asserts the power to have commenced with Clovis I. The ceremony was more or less continued to the reign of Queen Anne, for in Lent 1712, we find Dr. Johnson among the persons actually touched. Whiston, in his 'Memoirs' (vol. i. p. 442, edit. 1749), states that 'Queen Anne used to touch for the evil, though (says he) I think that neither King William nor Queen Mary, nor King George the First nor Second, have ever done it.' Rapin adds that 'in the reign of William III., it was not on any occasion exercised.' Macaulay, however, mentions one cure during the reign of the Prince of Orange, 'commonly called William III.,' as Tom Hearne has it. 'William,' says Macaulay, 'had too much sense to be duped, and too much honesty to bear a part in what he knew to be an imposture. "It is a silly superstition," he exclaimed, when he heard that at the close of Lent his palace was besieged by a crowd of the sick. "Give the poor creatures some money, and send them away." On one single occasion he was importuned into laying his hand on a patient, "God give you better health," he said, "and more sense"' ('Hist. of England,' vol. ii. p. 480). It should be added that Bishop Elphinston, the founder of King's College, Aberdeen, before his elevation to the episcopal dignity, while on an embassy from James III., King of Scots, to Louis XI. King of France, in a complimentary speech addressed to the French monarch, congratulated him as the only prince to whom God had granted the peculiar gift of healing by the touch.—*Lives of the Bishops*, by Boethius, Paris, 1522.

Naaman's observation that he thought Elisha would stroke his hand over the place, and recover the leper, is a curious and

a most ancient instance of a very prevalent superstition, which ascribed extraordinary healing powers to the *touch* of persons of high rank, or of real or reputed sanctity. The touch was in fact everywhere the established mode by which a person was expected to exhibit whatever healing power he possessed, or pretended to. At this day it is not unusual in the East for a European physician to be expected to heal a patient merely by stroking his hand over the ailing part ; and still more is this the case, when the person applied to is supposed to be endowed with supernatural powers. This notion still lurks among us, as there may still, in our remote towns and villages, be found certain old women who are believed to have the power of curing warts and such things, by simply stroking the affected parts with their hands. The leading idea which assigns to the hands the faculty of transmitting spiritual powers, or of communicating healing virtues, is clearly taken from the common use of the same members in communicating or bestowing temporal benefits ; and, in conformity with it, the lame, the blind, and the deaf who sought help from 'the Son of David,' often received it through the imposition of His hands upon the parts affected.

The Touching for Disease by the royal hand is mentioned by Peter of Blois, in the twelfth century ; and it is stated to be traceable to Edward the Confessor. Sir John Fortescue, in his defence of the house of Lancaster against that of York, argued that the crown could not descend to a female, because the queen is not qualified by the form of anointing her, used at the coronation, to cure the disease called 'the King's Evil.' Aubrey refers to 'the king's evill, from the king curing of it with his touch.' This miraculous gift was almost reserved for the Stuarts to claim. Dr. Ralph Bathurst, one of the chaplains to King Charles I., 'no superstitious man,' says Aubrey, protested to him that 'the curing of the king's evill by the touch of the king doth puzzle his philosophie ; for when they were of the House of Yorke or Lancaster, it did.' The solemn words, 'I touch, but God healeth,' were always pronounced by the sovereign when he 'touched' or administered 'the sovereign salve,' as Bulwer calls it. Then we read of vervain root and

baked toads being worn in silken bags around the neck, as charms for the evil. The practice of touching was at its height in the reign of Charles II. ; and in the first four years after his restoration he 'touched' nearly 24,000 persons. Pepys, in his *Diary*, June 23, 1666, records how he waited at Whitehall 'to see the king touch people for the king's evil.' He did not come, but kept the poor persons waiting all the morning in the rain in the garden : 'afterwards he touched them in the banqueting-house.' The practice was continued by Charles's successors. The Hon. Daines Barrington tells of an old man who was witness in a cause, and averred that when Queen Anne was at Oxford, she touched him, then a child, for the evil ; the old man added, that he did not believe himself to have had the evil ; but 'his parents were poor, and he had no objection to a bit of gold.' The belief prevailed in France so lately as the coronation of Louis XVI., who is said to have touched 2,000 persons afflicted with scrofula.

At a late period, the use of certain coins was in common vogue, which, being touched by the king, were supposed to have the power of warding off evil or scrofula. These coins are called *Royal Touch-pieces* : several are preserved in the British Museum ; and Mr. Roach Smith has one which has been so extensively used that the impression is quite abraded. Mr. A. Smee has a cast of a touch-piece of the Pretender, who thought that he had a right to the English crown, and therefore had the power to confer the royal cure. Mrs. Bray speaks of a 'Queen Anne's farthing' being a charm for curing the king's evil in Devonshire.

'The practice was supposed to have expired with the Stuarts ; but the point being disputed, reference was made to the library of the Duke of Sussex, and four several Oxford editions of the Book of Common Prayer were found, all printed after the accession of the House of Hanover, and all containing as an integral part of the service "the office for the healing."—*Lord Braybrooke's Notes to Pepy's Diary.*

ORDEAL BY TOUCH.

Such is the popular superstition, that the wounds of a murdered body will 'bleed afresh,' when touched by the murderer. Shakspeare thus refers to this practice in *Richard III.*, act i. sc. 2 :

Dead Henry's wounds
Open their congealèd mouths and bleed afresh.

Drayton states the superstition as follows :

If the vile actors of the heinous deed
Near the dead body happily be brought,
Oft 't hath been proved the breathless corpse will bleed.

The belief is shown to have been so universally established in Scotland, as late as 1668, that the crown counsel, Sir George Mackenzie, in the remarkable trial of Philip Standsfield, thus alludes to a fact sworn to by several witnesses on that trial :— 'God Almighty himself was pleased to bear a share in the testimonial which we produce. That Divine power which makes the blood circulate during life, has oftentimes in all nations opened a passage to it after death upon such occasions, but most in this case, for after all the wounds had been sewed up, and the body designedly shaken up and down, and, which is most wonderful, after the body had been buried for several days (which naturally occasions the blood to congeal), upon Philip's touching it, the blood darted and sprung out, to the great astonishment of the surgeons themselves, who were desired to watch this event ; whereupon, Philip, astonished more than they, threw down the body, crying "O God ! O God !" and cleansing his hand, grew so faint that they were forced to give him a cordial !'

BIRD TRANSMIGRATION.

For a belief that the souls of the dead inhabit the forms of birds, we need not travel to the East. Lord Lyttelton's ghost story, the belief of the Duchess of Kendal that George I. flew into her window in the shape of a raven, and many other

instances, bring this superstition nearer home. The most singular was the whim of a Worcester lady, who believing her daughter to exist in the shape of a singing bird, literally furnished her pew in the cathedral with cages full of the kind ; and as she was rich, and a benefactress in beautifying the church, no objection was made to her harmless folly.

Lord Orford's Letters.

A DOUBLE CURE.

Dr. Carlyle once, when at Carlisle, sent to invite his friend Chancellor Wedderburn to sup with him and his wife at his inn ; but he learnt that the Chancellor was preparing to go to bed, as he was very hoarse. The Doctor, however, sent to say he would infallibly cure his hoarseness before the next morning. The Chancellor came, but was very hoarse. The supper was good enough, but the liquors were execrable—the wine and porter were not drinkable. They made a bowl of the worst punch Carlyle ever tasted. Wedderburn said, if they would mix it with a bottle of the bad porter, it would be improved. They did as he directed, and to their surprise it became drinkable, and they were a jolly company. The counsellor did not forget the receipt to cure his hoarseness. This was nothing more than some Castille soap shaven into a spoon and mixed with some white wine or water, so that it could be swallowed : this he took, and next morning he was perfectly cured, and as sound as a bell.

Carlyle's Autobiography.

ORIGIN AND SUCCESS OF QUACKERY.

Medicine, although pre-eminently an art of observation and experience, is, to this present day, so conjectural and uncertain as to leave a constant opening to quackery and empiricism. This is in part owing to the subtle and complex character of the animal functions ; which, when an abnormal state is super-added, baffle all experience in the ordinary action of medicines, or therapeutic agents ; but it is also still more frequently owing to a too hasty and careless diagnosis, founded upon imperfect

observation, or deficiency in minute knowledge of pathological anatomy.

Regular professional men are too sensible of their deficiencies and difficulties, and are too keenly alive to the uncertainty of the power of their art, backed even by the most powerful chemical and mechanical agents, to venture to speak boldly and decisively, so as to gain the entire confidence of their patients. On the other hand, the bold and unblushing assertion of the empiric, of a never-failing remedy, constantly reiterated, inspires confidence in the invalid; and not unfrequently tends, by its operation on the mind, to assist in the relief, if not in the eradication, of disorder. Such is the general history of the origin and success of quackery and empiricism; for we do not allude here to the philosophy which was in this infancy of science promulgated in combination with the marvellous. The 'Admirable Secrets' of Albertus Magnus; the 'Natural Magic' of Baptista Porta; the 'Demones' of Cornelius Agrippa; the 'Elixir of Life' of Van Helmont; or the 'Fairy' of Paracelsus:—these were chemical, or rather alchemical quacks, who first introduced powerful therapeutic agents, as mercury, antimony, or opium, or who rebelled against the long prevalent doctrines of the ancients, on principles in which the light of a new science—chemistry—was struggling fantastically enough into day, from amidst the hideous phantasms of a wonder and miracle-loving age. We allude to simple quackery, in which the observation of all times, and the experience of all ages, are coolly put aside, to give way to some new and almost untried remedy or nostrum. 'Man,' said Southey, 'is a dupeable animal. Quacks in medicine, quacks in religion, and quacks in politics, know this, and act upon that knowledge. There is scarcely any one who may not, like a trout, be taken by tickling.' The credulity of man is unfortunately too strong to resist the impudent assertions of the quack; and to his fatal hand he is still ever ready to entrust the most precious gifts of Heaven.

THE VIRTUES OF TAR-WATER.

Bishop Berkeley, having received benefit from the use of tar-water when ill of the colic, published a work 'On the Virtues of Tar-Water,' on which he said he had bestowed more pains than on any other of his productions, and a few months before his death, a sequel, entitled 'Further Thoughts on Tar-Water ;' and when accused of fancying he had discovered a nostrum in tar-water, he replied, that, 'to speak out, he freely owns he suspects tar-water is a panacea.' Walpole has preserved the following epigram on Berkeley's remedy:—

Who dare deride what pious Cloyne has done ?
The Church shall rise and vindicate her son ;
She tells us all her bishops shepherds are,
And shepherds heal their rotten sheep with tar.

In a letter written by Mr. John Wishaw, solicitor, May 26, 1744, we find this note of Berkeley's panacea:—'The Bishop of Cloyne, in Ireland, has published a book, of two shillings price, upon the excellencies of tar-water, which is to keep ye bloud in due order. His way of making it is to put, I think, a gallon of water to a quart of tar, and, after stirring it together, to let it stand forty-eight hours, and then pour off the clear and drink a glass of about half a pint in ye morn, and as much as five in ye afternoon. So it's become as common to call for a glass of tar-water in a coffee-house, as a dish of tea or coffee.'

A Correspondent of 'Notes and Queries,' 1866, states that he has used this remedy for some years as an antizymotic against scarlet and typhus fever with great success, and has tried it and recommended it to his country friends to arrest the progress of the cattle-plague. He believes, if fairly tried, it would prove successful, acting as a preventive or prophylactic ; but there is the same Naamanic spirit abroad as in days of yore, and through carelessness and want of faith in this simple remedy, it has never had a fair chance. He has placed it in the hands of two medical men, both keeping cows, and they speak favourably of its effects. The tar is given in a concentrated form to the bovine patients, either in gruel or in the

form of a ball, mixed with charcoal, another powerful anti-septic.

When, in the severe winter of 1739-40, epidemic disease was raging in Cloyne, Bishop Berkeley called to mind how, in Rhode Island, the Narragansett Indians used tar-water as a specific against every disease. He now made experiments of its efficacy in cases of dysentery, and with so much success that his ardent imagination led him to conceive that he had discovered the universal panacea. He immediately commenced the propaganda of this valuable medicine. Then he philosophised on the question, why tar-water should be so universally beneficial; and being now deeply imbued with neo-Platonic studies, nothing would satisfy him short of the theory that tar contains an extraordinary proportion of the vital element of the universe, and that water is the menstruum by which this element may be drawn off and conveyed into animal and vegetable organisms. Berkeley had now persuaded himself that the vital element of the universe was 'pure invisible fire, the most subtle and invisible of all bodies,' and that of this fire, tar, by its resinous qualities, largely partook. He spun out the train of thoughts to which this hypothesis gave rise, and in 1744 published his last great work, entitled, 'Siris; or a Chain of Philosophical Reflections and Enquiries concerning the Virtues of Tar-Water, and divers other Subjects connected together and arising from one another.' This book had a great run, not for the sake of the elevated metaphysical speculations with which it ends, but for the sake of the medical nostrum which, in the beginning, it imparts. The 'tar-water cure,' like the 'quassia-cure,' the 'water-cure,' 'brandy and salt,' 'Bantingism,' and so many other special methods claiming to be universal, had its day, and its success and its failures. It has been observed that the tar-water-cure is consonant with the principle of antiseptic treatment, and that tar embodies creosote, now extensively employed in medical practice. But, on the other hand, we must remark that the Baconian philosophy demands that the best belief in the efficacy of a drug like tar should be based on some *media axioma*, such as the principle of the antiseptic method, for instance: whereas Berkeley, sinning

against the *Novum Organum*, flew off to connect it with a *summum axioma*, the universality of the element of fire. Berkeley's tar-water-cure, learned empirically from the Red Indians, may have been good; and his metaphysics may be good also, but it was mere mysticism to endeavour to bring the two in connection with each other.—*Quarterly Review*, No. 263.

Notwithstanding the numerous assaults of physicians, philosophers, men of science, satirists, and splenetic Frenchmen, tar-water had an enormous success. One Jackson, a chemist, wrote a treatise, in which he explained a more scientific and pharmaceutical method of preparing the arcanum; and the distinguished vegetable physiologist, Dr. Stephen Hales, also communicated another method of preparing this invaluable remedy to the Royal Society. Remarkable cures performed by tar-water were also collected out of the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' and from other sources, and published apart; this, however, by the proprietor of the tar-water warehouse, in Painter's Court, Bury Street, St. James's. There is no harm in giving the address now. There are not, however, altogether a dozen cases.

There were not also wanting literary and scientific (?) champions to enter the lists in defence of a bishop turned quack. One who writes in answer to T. R., M.D., and styles himself Philanthropos, proves from Bishop Bull's 'Candidate for Holy Orders,' that a divine *ought to be* acquainted with almost all arts and sciences, especially natural philosophy, of which medicine is only a branch; and that, consequently, 'such men bid fairest for useful and rational practitioners.' Bishop Berkeley, he says, at the same time, 'never intended people should be so mad about tar-water as they really are; his main drift was to give hints to the learned.'

Another pleader for the Bishop says, 'How frequently have physicians turned divines? Where is the absurdity for a divine to become a physician?' 'Alas! it is not the degree, or the robe, the tie-wig, or the gold-headed cane, that makes the physician, any more than prunella the parson!'

The Bishop also takes up the cudgels himself, in a letter to

T. P.; but his epistle is mainly taken up in explaining new methods of obviating tar-water being drunk in an undue manner, and in further extolling the specific, which, he at last asserts, he believes will prove useful against the plague, both as a preservative and a cure.

Exploded from the English and Scotch Pharmacopœias, this once renowned medicine still occupies a place in the Dublin Pharmacopœia, probably out of respect to an Irish bishop. It has its medicinal properties and virtues, which time has reduced to their proper standard, and which homœopaths are once more bringing into vogue. So we may still have to say with the episcopal panegyrist:—

Oh, learned Berkeley ! who enough can praise
Thy generous labour ? thy instructive page
Our steps directing to this source of health.
The fair and beauteous pine in vain had shed
Its precious juice, till thou, with curious search,
Explored its virtuous qualities, and taught
Mankind the wholesome secret. Thou hast done
A deed well worthy everlasting fame !

Among the instances of false theories upheld by talent, few are more curious or more remarkable than the powerful advocacy given to the nostral virtues of tar-water, by the well-known, learned, and clever Bishop Berkeley. This in defiance of the admirable diction of another learned divine, ‘Death is the cure of all diseases: there is no *catholicon* or universal remedy I know but this, which, though nauseous to queasy stomachs, yet to prepared appetites is nectar, and a pleasant potion of immortality.’—*Sir Thomas Browne’s Religio Medici*.

‘The usefulness of this medicine,’ says Bishop Berkeley, ‘in inflammatory cases is evident, from what has already been observed. And yet some, perhaps, may suspect, that as tar is sulphuric (!) tar-water must be of a hot and inflammatory nature. But it is to be noted, that all balsams contain an acid spirit, which is, in truth, a volatile salt. Water is a menstruum that dissolves all kinds of salts, and draws them from their subjects. Tar, therefore, being a balsam, its salutary acid is extracted by water, which yet is incapable of dissolving its

gross resinous parts, whose proper menstruum is spirits of wine. Therefore, tar-water, not being impregnated with resin, may be safely used in inflammatory cases: and in fact it hath been found an admirable febrifuge, at once the safest cooler and cordial.' !!

'I never knew,' says Bishop Berkeley, 'anything so good for the stomach as tar-water; it cures indigestion, and gives a good appetite. It is an excellent medicine in an asthma. It imparts a kindly warmth and quick circulation to the juices, without heating, and is, therefore, useful, not only as a pectoral and balsamic, but also as a powerful and safe deobstruent in cachectic and hysteric cases. As it is both healing and diuretic, it is very good for the gravel. I believe it to be of great use in a dropsy, having known it to cure a very bad anasarca in a person whose thirst, though very extraordinary, was in a short time removed by the drinking of tar-water.'

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'LUCKY' DR. JAMES AND HIS FEVER POWDER.

When Dr. James was a poor apothecary he invented a Fever-powder, and it became very successful in this wise. James was introduced to Newbery, in St. Paul's Churchyard, to sell the powder—the celebrated antimonial powder which bears his name. He published a medical dictionary in 1743, which he dedicated to Dr. Mead. He was the early friend of Samuel Johnson, at Lichfield, before he came to settle in the metropolis. As his character was respectable (says Dr. Macaulay), it is with regret that we see his name associated with a nostrum. The *pulvis antimonialis* (oxide of antimony with phosphate of lime, of the 'Edinburgh Pharmacopoeia'), says Dr. Paris, 'was introduced into the pharmacopoeia as the succedaneum for the celebrated fever-powder of Dr. James, the composition of which was ascertained by Dr. George Pearson. It consists of 43 parts of the phosphate of lime, mixed, or perhaps chemically combined, with 57 parts of oxide of antimony, of which a portion is vitrified; and it is probable that the difference of the two remedies depends principally upon the quantity of oxide

which is vitrified ; the specification of the original medicine is worded with all the ambiguity of an ancient oracle, and cannot be prepared by the process as it is described. Experience has established that James's powder is less active than its imitation ; it affects the stomach and bowels very slightly, and passes off more readily by perspiration ; in general, however, the difference is so inconsiderable that we need not regret the want of the original receipt. As it is quite insoluble in water, it should be given in powder, or made into pills. It is diaphoretic, alterative, emetic, or purgative, according to the extent of the dose and the state of the patient. In combination it offers several valuable resources to the intelligent practitioner. But it may be fairly questioned whether this remedy has not been too highly appreciated. Dr. James was certainly very successful in its use ; but it must not be forgotten that he usually combined it with some mercurial, and always followed it up with bark.'—*Dr. Paris's Pharmacologias.*

When Dr. James applied to Newbery to vend his medicine, his daily engagements preventing the necessary conversation, he appointed James to call upon him at his country-house at Vauxhall on the following Sunday morning. James went accordingly, and, in passing over Westminster Bridge, seeing a horse-shoe lying in the road, which being considered as a sign of good luck, he carefully put into his pocket. As Newbery was a man of the world, he soon embraced the proposals of James, and entered into a treaty which promised so fairly to the doctor, that he ascribed all to the horse-shoe. The fever-powder succeeded ; and James, getting rich, set up his carriage, and adopted the horse-shoe as the crest of his armorial bearings.

Oliver Goldsmith, it will be remembered, had recourse to James's fever-powder in his last illness ; he once found it beneficial, but it was now injurious to him, and he expired April 14, 1774. Walpole thus scandalously chronicles the sad event : ' Dr. Goldsmith is dead. The owl hooted last night on the round tower of Strawberry Hill. The republic of Parnassus has lost a member. Dr. Goldsmith is dead of a purple fever, and I think might have been saved if he had continued James's

powder, which had had much effect, but his physicians interposed. His numerous friends neglected him shamefully at last, as if they had no business with him when it was too serious to laugh,' &c.

James's fever-powder was the fashionable medicine of that day. Walpole swore that he would take it if the house were on fire. As Goldsmith was cautioned by his medical attendants against taking the fever medicine, it might damage the fame of the nostrum, which was the property of Newbery. With this view was published a statement, in which Hawes, the apothecary, was reported to have sent the wrong powder, in which charge Goldsmith long persisted; but this is not credible; and an intelligent practitioner of our time, Mr. White Cooper, who has inquired into the matter, acquits Hawes of the charge. Besides, Goldsmith had obstinately sent for more fever-powder; and, shortly before Hawes retired from attendance, he found Goldsmith much worse; and, on Hawes inquiring how he did, the patient sighed deeply, and, in a very low voice, said he wished he had taken his (Hawes's) friendly advice on the previous night. Mr. Forster's account of the days of the illness, and of the conflicting statements, is very clear and comprehensive.

Useful and esteemed remedies have at first appeared in the disreputable form of secret remedies. Such was Dover's powder (opium and ipecacuanha), named from its inventor, who published it at first with an air of mystery, hitching in a line of Pope:—

See, desperate misery lays hold on Dover.

The term 'quack,' to brag loudly, is as old as the time of Butler:—

Believe mechanical virtuosi
Can raise them mountains in Potosi,
Seek out for plants with signatures,
To quack of universal cures.—*Hudibras.*

The general appellation of the term to boastful pretenders is also old; for Sir R. L'Estrange speaks of 'the change, schools, and pulpits,' being full of 'quacks, jugglers, and plagiaries.'

IMAGINATIVE WONDERS.

‘In the description of May Fair, 1701, Nichols’s “Tatler,” vol. i. p. 416, was a boy to be seen that within one of his eyes had *DEUS MEUS* in capital letters, as *GULIELMUS* is on half-a-crown; round the other, he had a Hebrew inscription; but you must take it as I did, upon trust.’

This *sight* reminds us that a similar wonder was exhibited at the Bazaar (now Princess’s Theatre) in Oxford Street in the autumn of 1828; when a little girl was shown there with ‘Napoleon Empereur’ on the iris of her left eye, and ‘Empe-reur Napoleon’ on the iris of the right eye; attempted to be explained by the child’s mother intently looking, during her pregnancy, at a five-franc piece of Napoleon’s, which had been given to her by her brother previous to a long absence. It is hard to say whether the marvel of 1701 or that of 1828 is most credible.

MORISON’S PILLS.

James Morison, who styled himself the ‘Hygeist,’ and was noted for his ‘Vegetable Medicines,’ was a Scotchman, and a gentleman by birth and education. His family was of the landed gentry of Aberdeenshire, his brother being ‘Morison of Bognie,’ an estate worth about 4,000*l.* a year. In 1816 James Morison, having sold his commission, for he was an officer in the army, lived in No. 17 Silver Street, Aberdeen—a house belonging to Mr. Reid, of Souter and Reid, druggists. He obtained the use of their pill-machine, with which he made in their back-shop as many pills as filled two large casks. The ingredients of these pills, however he may have modified them afterwards, were chiefly oatmeal and bitter aloes. With these two great ‘meal bowies’ filled with pills, he started for London; with the fag-end of his fortune advertised them far and wide, and ultimately amassed 500,000*l.*

Such is the statement of a Correspondent of the ‘Athenæum.’ Morison’s own story was, that his own sufferings from ill-health, and the cure he at length effected upon himself by ‘vegetable pills,’ made him a disseminator of the latter article. He had

found the pills to be 'the only rational purifiers of the blood;' of these he took two or three at bedtime, and a glass of lemonade in the morning, and thus regained sound sleep and high spirits, and feared neither heat nor cold, dryness nor humidity. The duty on the pills produced a revenue of 60,000*l.* to Government during the first ten years. Morison died at Paris, in 1840, aged seventy.

CREDULITY AND SUPERSTITION.

Credulity, although it is nearly allied to superstition, yet differs from it widely. Credulity is an unbounded belief in what is possible, although destitute of proof, and perhaps of probability; but superstition is a belief in what is wholly repugnant to the laws of the physical and moral world. Credulity is a far greater source of error than superstition; for the latter must be always more limited in its influence, and can exist only to any considerable extent in the most ignorant portions of society; whereas the former diffuses itself through the minds of all classes, by which the rank and dignity of science are degraded, its valuable labours confounded with the vain pretensions of empiricism, and ignorance is enabled to obtain for itself the prescriptive right of delivering oracles, amidst all the triumph of truth and the progress of philosophy. Credulity has been justly defined as *belief without reason*, while scepticism, its opposite, is *reason without belief*, and the natural and invariable consequence of credulity; for it may be observed, that men who believe without reason are succeeded by others whom no reasoning can convince.—*Dr. Paris.*

READING MEDICAL BOOKS.

It has been shrewdly remarked by Goethe, that 'he who studies his body too much becomes diseased—his mind becomes mad;' and we are well convinced that many of the men and women of the present day might, with great justice, add another clause to the well-known Italian epitaph: 'I was well—wished to be better—*read medical books*—took medicine

—and died.’ In no other science, indeed, does Pope’s maxim, that ‘a little learning is a dangerous thing,’ hold so strongly as in medicine ; for those who dabble in medical lore, dealt out in works professing to be popular, are almost certain to suppose themselves afflicted with every disease about which they read. They forthwith take alarm at the probable consequences, and, having some lurking suspicion that they may have mistaken the symptoms, they follow the prescriptions laid down in their book in secret, lest they should bring themselves into open ridicule. But the skill of the physician is shown by the *administration of the proper remedy, in the proper quantity, at the proper time.*

SUPERSTITION AND MEDICINE.

Superstition gained admission into the science of medicine at an early period. He who was endowed with superior genius and knowledge was reckoned a magician. Dr. Bartolo was seized by the Inquisition at Rome in the seventeenth century, because he had unexpectedly cured a nobleman of the gout. Diseases were imputed to fascination, and poor wretches were dragged to the stake for being accessory to them. Mercatus, physician to Philip I. of Spain, denied the existence of fascinator diseases ; but he was constrained to acknowledge them for two reasons : first because the Inquisition had decided in favour of their reality ; secondly, because he had seen a very beautiful woman break a steel mirror to pieces and blast some trees by a simple glance of her eyes.

As the opinions concerning the nature of diseases were superstitious, those concerning the method of curing them were not less so. In the *Odyssey* we read of a cure performed by a song. Josephus relates that he saw a certain Jew, named Eleazer, draw the devil out of an old woman’s nostrils, by the application of Solomon’s seal to her nose, in the presence of the Emperor Vespasian. Many different kinds of applications were used for expelling the devil. Flagellation sometimes succeeded admirably : purgatives and antispasmodics were other means of discharging him. Dr. Mynsight cured several bewildered persons with a plaster of assafoetida.

Nor was it only in medicine that these superstitious opinions were entertained. The pernicious effects in wines, which we know are occasioned by noxious gases, were confidently imputed to the demons of the wine. Even Van Helmont, Bodinus, Strozza, and Luther, attributed thunder and meteors to the devil. Chemists were employed for centuries in search of the Philosopher's Stone, with which they were to perform miracles. It was a common question among a certain class of philosophers in the last century, whether the imagination could move external objects—a question generally decided in the affirmative!

We see many instances of superstition among men of genius. Socrates believed that he was guided by a demon. Bacon believed in witchcraft, and relates that he was cured of warts by rubbing them with a piece of lard with the skin on, and then nailing it with the fat towards the sun on the post of a chamber window facing the sun. Sully declares that one of the considerations that kept him faithful to his master, Henry IV., in the most unpromising state of his affairs, was a prediction of La Brosse, that Henry would make his fortune. The astrologer Marin directed Cardinal Richelieu's movements in some of his journeys. The enlightened Cudworth defended prophecies in general, and called those who opposed the belief in witchcraft atheists; and the predictions of Rice Evans were supported in the last century by Warburton and Jortin. Dr. Hoffman, in a dissertation published in 1747, says, that the devil can raise storms, produce insects, and act upon the animal spirits and imagination; in fine, that he is an excellent optician and natural philosopher, on account of his long experience.

WHAT IS QUACKERY?

The appellation of quack, says Dr. Parr, arose from *Quecksilber*, the German name for quicksilver; since, on the first appearance of syphilis, the irregular practitioners only employed this reputedly dangerous medicine. At present the term *quack* is confined to those who sell a pretended nostrum, the *preparata*

tion of which is kept secret ; but it may be applied to every practitioner who, by pompous pretences, mean insinuations, and indirect promises, endeavours to obtain that confidence which neither success nor experience entitle him to.

Cotgrave, in his 'Treasury of Wit and Language,' published 1655, thus paints the poor physician :—

'My name is Pulsefeel, a poor doctor of Physick,
That does wear three-pile velvet in his hat,
He paid a quarter's rent of his house beforehand,
And (simple as he stands here) was made doctor beyond
sea.

I vow, as I am right worshipful, the taking of my degree
cost me twelve French crowns and
Thirty-five pounds of butter in Upper Germany.
I can make your beauty, and preserve it,
Rectifie your body, and maintaine it,
Clarifie your blood, surfle your cheeks, perfume your skin,
tinct your hair, enliven your eye,
Heighten your appetite ; and as for jellies,
Dentifrizes, dyets, minerals, fricasees,
Pomatums, fumes, Italian masks to sleep in,
Either to moisten or dry the superficies,
Faugh ! Galen
Was a goose, and Paracelsus a Patch,
To Doctor Pulsefeel.'

In the 'Quack's Academy,' 1678, we find his outward requisites to be 'A decent black suit, and (if credit will stretch so far in Dong Lane), a plush jacket ; not a pin the worse though thread-bare as a taylor's cloak—it shows the more reverend antiquity. Like Mercury, you must always carry a caduceus or conjuring japan in your hand, capt with a civet-box, with which you must walk with Spanish gravity, as in deep contemplation upon an arbitrament between life and death. A convenient lodging, not forgetting a hatch at the door ; a chamber hung with Dutch pictures or looking-glasses, belittered with empty bottles, gallipots, and vials filled with tap-droppings, or fair water coloured with saunders. Any

sexton will furnish your window with a skull, in hope of your custom ; over which hang up the skeleton of a monkey, to proclaim your skill in anatomy. Let your table be never without some old musty Greek or Arabick author, and the fourth book of Cornelius Agrippa's "Occult Philosophy," wide open, to amuse spectators ; with half-a-dozen of gilt shillings, as so many guineas received that morning for fees.'

WINE BATHS.

Among the strange uses to which wine was applied in the sixteenth century are its baths, for which the Scotch importations from Bordeaux were very expensive. The Queen of Scots might use wine externally, either as a cosmetic or a tonic, in accordance with old medical notions ; but we can hardly suppose that she ever stepped into a bath of neat Médoc or Haut-Brion. Yet something like this seems implied in the version here given of a statement made by the Earl of Shrewsbury, who, in 1569, had charge of the royal prisoner. Writing to Sir Walter Mildmay, the earl complains that his regular allowance of wine, duty-free, is not enough for his household. 'The expenses I have to bear this year,' says he, 'on account of the Queen of the Scots, are so considerable as to compel me to beg you will kindly consider them. In fact, two butts of wine a month hardly serve for our ordinary use ; and besides this, I have to supply what is required by the princess for her baths, and other similar uses.' This abuse of wine was not uncommon, but was seldom carried to such a degree as the author seems to imply. In 1555 we find a friend of the Cardinal D'Armagnac, describing, in a letter, his own notions of making a right use of a present of Greek wine which the Cardinal had sent him. 'First of all,' says this bewildered man, '*I wash my hands in it*, and then my face, so as to make it a trifle rosy.' After this waste, he adds, 'then I *drink* a little of it, and eat a morsel of bread with it.' A still worse abuse is found in a story told by the Master of the Horse to the Regent, afterwards Charles the Seventh. Speaking of a journey he performed with that prince, in 1419, he says, 'at the end of every stage

we had our horses' legs rubbed down with wine and honey.' It was, probably, from this usage that the proverb applied to bad wine was derived—'One would not wash a horse's hoof in it.'

MEDICINAL QUALITIES OF WINE.

A celebrated physician residing at Metz has written a treatise on the medicinal qualities of wine, in which he states that, considering wine in the point of view of the mineral salts—which it contains in a large quantity, such as potash, soda, lime, magnesia, iron, manganese, chlorides, sulphates, carbonates, phosphates—the juice of the grape constitutes a real natural mineral liquid, as active, and even more charged, with mineral principles, than many justly-esteemed springs.

RUSTIC MEDICINES TWO CENTURIES AGO.

Our forefathers and foremothers did not go a-field for physic only to find plants. Precious to them was the iuyce of an eel, a hedgehog's fat, goose-grease, the fat of mice, cats, rabbits, moles, and ducks, and doves; precious the fat that lies under the manes of horses. The gall of a goat or raven, the pith of an ox's back, the milk of a red cow, or of a cow all of one colour, a buck's horn, the brain of a weazel, the blood of a stock-dove, and the 'little bone that is in the knee-ioynt of the hinder legge of a hare, which will speedily helpe the crampe,' all belong to Ralph Blower's pharmacy, and are still sought as remedies by many in our rural districts. 'A herring that is well-pickled and spilt on the belly-side, and warmed very hot, and layed on to both the soles of the feet, will help an ague. Also, 'snales which be in shells, beat together with bay salt and mallowes, and laid to the bottomes of your feet, and to the wrists of your hands, before the fit cometh, appeaseth the ague.' 'Twenty garden snales, beaten shells and all, in a morter, until you perceive them to be come to a salue, will both heale a bile and drawe it.' 'A drop or two of the iuyce of a black snale, dropped on a corne, with the powder of sandpHERE (samphire), will take it away speedilie.' A wine of earthworms, with a

little scraped ivory and English saffron, will do a man who has the jaundice 'maruellous much good.' Earthworms are also an infallible test in the diagnosis of king's evil. 'Take a ground worme, and lay it aliue upon the place griued, then take a green dock-leafe or two, and lay upon the worme, and then binde the same about the neck of the partie diseased, at night when hee goeth to bed, and in the morning when hee riseth take off againe, and if it be the king's euil the worme will turne into a powder or duste; otherwise the worme will remain dead in his own former forme, as it was before aliue.' For the cure of whooping-cough, 'take a mouse and flea it, and drie it in ouen, and beat it to powder, and let the partie griued drink it in ale, and it will help him.' For the cure of deafness, 'take an hedgehog, and flea him and roste him, and let the patient put some of the grease that cometh from him into his eare, with a little liquid storax mingled therewith, and he shall recover his hearing in a short space. This hath holpen some that could not heare almost any thing at all for the space of twentie yeares, and yet were holpen with this medicine.' Or, 'Take a goode siluer eele (if possible shee may be gotten), or else some other bright eele, and roste her upon a spitte, and let the dripping of her be kept very cleane in some earthen vessell, and when you do goe to bed put the quantitie of a quarter of a spoonfulle thereof at a time into your eare, and then stop it up with a little of the wool that groweth betwixt the two eares of a blacke sheepe, and the next night following use the contrarie eare, as afore is said, and so continue this for the space of nine or ten dayes, and it will helpe you.'

Dickens's Household Words.

QUACKISH ARTS OF THE LAST CENTURY.

In Jones's 'Vulgar Errors Considered and Refuted,' 1797, we find this curious statement :—'The sudden cures in various cases I saw performed some years ago, behind the Royal Exchange, by the most celebrated doctor of those days, on numbers of poor people, who, as they said, came up from the remotest parts of the country, whose ailments were pronounced

incurable in several hospitals, stupefied me with utter astonishment, till I fell in company with a surgeon, who had been employed by him in the chirurgical cases at Pimlico ; who assured me that those wretches I had seen, were by way of decoy ducks hired alternately to attend there and near the Horse Guards twice a week, at half-a-crown a week, to pretend to be cured of such diseases as they were instructed to personify ; and that the better-dressed people that came in coaches, and were shown occasionally as private patients upstairs, were hired at a crown each, exclusive of the coach.'

It was the sensible remark of an ingenious author, that though the ignorant boast of infallible remedies for every disorder, a man of real skill cannot venture a positive assurance that he can cure a cut finger.

In an 'Exposition of Vulgar and Common Errors,' by Thomas Browne Redivivus (one of a series of clever 'Small Books on Great Subjects,' published by Pickering), we find the following pertinent remarks :—

'In times past, when a man fell sick he was wont if he were great enough to find that expense practicable, to send for some oracle for counsel ; as Ahaziah, albeit he might have known better, seeing that he was of Israelitish blood, sent messengers unto Baal, the god of flies, at Ekron, to inquire concerning the disease he was suffering from ; and if this habit infected even the people chosen to be the depositaries of the truth, we may well guess how prevalent it must have been among the heathen. To this succeeded the belief in particular shrines of Christian saints ; and you shall even yet see, it may be in some chapel of this kind in a remote place, where *the ancient superstition surviveth merely under a change of name*, as great number of *ex-voto* offerings of silver and waxen eyes, legs, arms, and the like, as ever covered the walls of the temple of Delphi. Nowadays superstitions of this kind have taken a fresh course ; and notwithstanding that they no longer enrich the priests of Æsculapius, or of Apollo, or of Isis, they nevertheless set up for themselves some living idol ; and he being supposed, like the Pythoness of old, to be inspired with a certain divine afflatus, they pay their offerings to him as religiously as ever did any

ancient votary of the god or the saint, and trust to him with as implicit a faith : witness the tales I have heard of a certain Mr. St. John Long, who in regard to the excoriations he practised upon his votaries might haply be considered as an avatar of the Ekronitish god of flies, whose fame tempted even the King of Israel to apply to him ; for, with the aid of some French or German critic, I doubt not it might be proved that Baal-Zebub was none other than an emplastrum of cantharides.'

REMEDIES OF THE LAST CENTURY.

These two preparations of a portentous nature occur familiarly in medical books of last century, and their fame exists in traditions of the druggist's shop.

Mithridate.

Take of cinnamon, fourteen drachms ; of myrrh, eleven drachms ; agaric, spikenard, ginger, saffron, seeds of treacle, mustard, or of mithridate mustard, frankincense, Chio turpentine, of each ten drachms ; camel's hay, costus, or in its stead zedoary, Indian leaf, or in its stead mace, French lavender, long pepper, seeds of hartwort, juice of the rape of cistus, strained storax, opopanax, strained galbanum, balsam of Gilead, or in its stead expressed oil of nutmegs, and Russia castor, of each an ounce ; poley mountain, water-germander, the fruit of the balsam-tree, or in its stead cubebs, white pepper, seeds of the carrot of Crete, abdelium strained, of each seven drachms ; Celtic nard, gentian root, leaves of dittany of Crete, red roses, seeds of Macedonian parsley, the lesser cardamom seeds freed from their husks, sweet fennel seeds, gum arabic, opium strained, of each five drachms ; root of the sweet flag, root of wild valerian, anise-seed, sagapenum strained, of each three drachms ; spignel, St. John's wort, juice of acacia, or in its stead Japan earth, the bellies of scinks, of each two drachms and a half ; of clarified honey thrice the weight of all the rest. Dissolve the opium first in a little wine, and then mix it with the honey made hot ; in the meantime melt together in another vessel the galbanum, storax, turpentine, and the balsam of

Gilead, or the expressed oil of nutmeg, continually stirring them round, that they may not burn ; and as soon as these are melted, add to them the hot honey, first by spoonfuls, and afterwards more freely : lastly, when this mixture is near cold, add by degrees the rest of the species reduced to powder.

In actual number of ingredients Mithridate is excelled by the celebrated Venice treacle, for the preparation of which the following is the recipe :—

Venice Treacle.

Take of the troches of squills, half a pound.

Long pepper, opium strained, dried vipers, of each three ounces.

Cinnamon, balsam of Gilead, or in its stead expressed oil of nutmeg, of each two ounces.

Agaric, the root of Florentine orrice, water-germander, red roses, seeds of navew, extract of liquorice, of each an ounce and a half.

Spikenard, saffron, amomum, myrrh, costus, or in its stead zedoary, camel's hay, of each an ounce.

The root of cinquefoil, rhubarb, ginger, Indian leaf, or in its stead mace, leaves of dittany of Crete, of horehound, and of calamint, French lavender, black pepper, seeds of Macedonian parsley, olibanum, Chio turpentine, root of wild valerian, of each six drachms.

Gentian root, Celtic nard, spignel, leaves of poley mountain, of St. John's wort, of ground pine-tops, of creeping germander with the seed, the fruit of the balsam-tree, or in its stead cubebs, anise-seed, sweet fennel seed, the lesser cardamom seeds freed from their husks, seed of bishop's weed, of hartwort, of treacle mustard, or mithridate mustard, juice of the rape of cistus, acacia, or in its stead Japan earth, gum arabic, storax strained, sagapenum strained, Lemnian earth, or in its stead bole armenic or French bole, green vitriol calcined, of each half an ounce.

Root of creeping birthwort, or in its stead of the long birthwort, tops of the lesser centaury, seeds of the carrot of Crete, opopanax, galbanum strained, Russia castor, Jew's pitch, or in its stead white amber prepared, root of the sweet flag, of each two drachms.

Of clarified honey, thrice the weight of all the rest. The ingredients are to be mixed in the same manner as in the mithridate.

While quoting these antiquated formulas, let us say that in 'The Practice of the London Hospitals' in 1766, there appear some old-fashioned but useful preparations, which we miss with regret from more modern dispensatories. Some of the prescriptions taken 'from the surgeon's books' could not be improved by Sir William Fergusson or Mr. Paget. And even in respect to the more complicated medicaments of the physicians, there is an evident aiming after greater simplicity, while tied by the chains of cumbrous usage. An amusing instance of this appears after a complex remedy for scrofulous tumours, concluding thus : 'But to say the truth, the success depends chiefly on the sea-water, which succeeds as well when singly.' The man who wrote that in 1766 might safely have been entrusted with the editing of the Pharmacopœia of 1866 !

Review in the Leisure Hour.

NOTABLE QUACKS.

We are often induced to ascribe quackery in certain stages to a love of profit and merely ephemeral notoriety ; but in many cases it has been found to consist in a deep-rooted infatuation, which has actually been emblazoned on the tombs of quacks by some willing dupe to their quackery. In the church of St. Saviour, Southwark, is a stone effigy of Dr. Lockyer, who flourished in the time of the Commonwealth, and died in 1672. He is dressed in a long furred gown, large flowing wig, and reclines his elbow on a pillow. At the back of the monument is the following inscription in gold letters :—

Here Lockyer lies interr'd, enough ; his name
Speaks one hath few competitors in fame ;
A name so great, so gen'ral it may scorn
Inscriptions which do vulgar tombs adorn.
A diminution 'tis to write in verse
His eulogies, which most men's mouths rehearse.
His virtues and his *pills* are so well known,
That envy can't confine them under stone ;

But they'll survive his dust, and not expire,
 Till all things else, at th' 'universal fire.'
 This verse is lost, his pills embalm him safe
 To future times, without an epitaph.

The pills and the doctor have alike passed by and are forgotten ; but we have often mused on the ostentatious memorial which bears the above inscription. It is at least visible to every passenger, and may serve to convince him of the folly and nothingness of men, who, in their own age, are so puffed up with conceit that they imagine posterity can never appreciate their worth.

Medical quacks were by no means rare in the last century. Dr. Hancock, Rector of St. Margaret's, Lothbury, preached up the Water Cure, which Pliny, the naturalist, described as being in his day the fashionable remedy in Rome. He published a work in 1723 on 'Common Water the best cure for Fevers, and probably for the Plague.' The good man recommended stewed prunes for obstinate cases of blood-spitting. Ward's pill was sounded by the learned Chief Baron Reynolds. The tar-water mania was spread far and wide by Bishop Berkeley. In vol. xviii of the 'Gentleman's Magazine' is a list of 202 quack doctors then practising. 'The accommodating fellows,' says Mr. Jeaffreson, 'were ready to fleece every rank of society. The fashionable impostor sold his specific sometimes at the rate of 2*s.* 6*d.* a pill, while the humbler knave vended his boluses at 6*d.* a box. To account for society tolerating, and yet more warmly encouraging such a state of things, we must remember the force of the example set by eminent physicians in vending medicines, the composition of which they kept secret. Sir Hans Sloane sold an eye salve, and Dr. Mead had a favourite nostrum—a powder for the bite of a mad dog.'

Tobias Walker and John Archer were both physicians in ordinary to Charles the Second, and deep-drinking, jolly fellows. Whitaker wrote a treatise on the properties of wine, of which he was a worshipper, as is shown by 'His Tree of Humane life, or the Bloud of the Grape, proving the Possibilitie of maintaining Humane Life from Infancy to Extreame Old Age without any Sicknesse by the Use of Wine.' In his book, sold

at the author's shop, Pope's Head Alley, he tells us, 'This is the phisick that doth not dull, but sets a true edge upon nature ; after operation leaveth no venomous contact. Sure I am this was an ancient phisick ; else what meant Avicenna, Rhasis, and Averroes, to move the body twice every month with the same ; as it is familiar to Nature, so they use it familiarly.'

John Archer, who wrote 'Every Man his Own Doctor, and Secrets Disclosed,' had a place of business, a chamber in a saddler's house over against the Black Horse, nigh Charing Cross, where he attended from eleven to five each day. He kept a number of apothecaries' shops, and, like Whitaker, lived by the sale of drugs, as well as fees. His cordial diet drink was advertised at 2s. 6d. per quart ; for a box containing thirty morbus pills, the charge was 5s., and forty corroborating pills the same. He prided himself on three inventions—a hot steam bath, an oven 'which doth with a small fagot bake a good quantity of anything, and a complete chariot that shall, with any ordinary horse, run swift with four or five people in it, and there is place for more without, all which one horse can as easily draw as two horses.'

THE FIRST MERRY ANDREW, DR. BORDE.

Borde was a Sussex worthy, physician to Henry VIII., and an admirable wit in his reign. Hearne says, in Wood's 'Athenæ,' that the doctor was not born at Pevensey, or Pensey, as commonly said, but at Bond's Hill, in Holmsdayle in Sussex ; should we not read 'Borde Hill,' as that place belonged to the family of Borde for many generations ? It is in Cuckfield parish ; and Borde's house may be seen from the Ouse Valley railway viaduct. He was the author of the 'Breviary of Health,' 'Tales of the Madmen of Gotham,' and the 'Introduction of Knowledge,' the 'whych doth teach a man to speak al maner of languages, and to know the usage and fashion of al maner of countries ; Dedycated to the right honorable and gracious Lady Mary, daughter of King Henry VIII.' Black letter, imprinted by William Copeland, without date.

The name of Merry Andrew, since so familiar, is said to have been first given to Doctor Borde, on account of his pleasantries. In the latter part of his life he grew serious, and took upon him the order of a Carthusian Monk, in the Charter House, at London. He lived on the site of Dudley-court, but it does not appear how long he was a parishioner of St. Giles.

Merry Andrew. A stage clown or fool.
 More blades, indeed, are cripples in their art ;
 Mimick his foot, but not his speaking part :
 Let them the traitor, or Volpone try ;
 Could they—
 Rage like Cethegus, or like Cassius die,
 They ne'er had sent to Paris for such fancies
 As monsters' heads and Merry-Andrews' dances.

Rochester's *Poems*, 1710, p. 56.

'Twas from the doctor's method of using such speeches at markets and fairs, that in after times those that imitated the like humorous, jocose language, were styled Merry Andrews, a term much in vogue on our stages.'

The last man in London who is believed to have worn the scarlet coat, flap waistcoat, and frilled sleeves, was a quack doctor who lived in the corner of Salisbury Square, and who might be seen any day pacing the pavement in front of his establishment, until he took to his bed and died of extreme old age.

LONGEVITY OF QUACK MEDICINES.

Quack medicines have extraordinary longevity. There is an old nostrum called Heal-all, which may have been taken from the All-heal of the Druids, our most ancient doctors. Daffy's Elixir is of early date. Godfrey's Cordial has been working its mischief many years ; for, more than a century ago, in 1756, we find it enumerated among the medicines employed by the nurses at the early periods of the Foundling Hospital, to give a long and effectual quieting to the children committed to their care. Scotch Pills were sold upon the same spot for nearly two centuries, in the Strand : they were originally made by a physician to Charles I., and we find them advertised in 1699, as

'sold at the Golden Unicorn, over against the Maypole, in the Strand;' the shop disappeared in the year 1865. John Moore, 'author of the celebrated Worm-powder,' lived in Abchurch Lane, in the time of Pope, who thus apostrophised him:—

O learned friend of Abchurch Lane,
Who sett'st our entrails free!
Vain is thy art, thy powder vain,
Since worms shall eat e'en thee.

The great worm-destroying school of our time was Dr. Gardner's, in Long Acre, with its rows of worms preserved in bottles of spirits; but they have 'gone out of use.'

A QUACK DOCTOR AND HIS MERRY ANDREW.

When little Thomas Holcroft was trudging about the country with his father, as a pedlar, in the middle of the last century, he saw for the first time, at Wisbeach fair, those then dear delightful creatures, a quack doctor, peeping from behind his curtain, and that droll devil, his Merry Andrew. 'It was,' he tells us, 'a pleasure so unexpected, so exquisite, so rich and rare, that I followed the Merry Andrew and his drummer through the streets, gliding under arms and between legs, never long together three yards apart from him; almost bursting with laughter at his extreme comicality; tracing the gridirons, punchinellos, and pantomime figures on his jacket; wondering at the manner in which he twirled his hat in the air, and again caught it so dexterously on his head. My curiosity did not abate when he examined to see if there was not some little devil hid within it, with a grotesque squint of his eyes, twist of his nose, and the exclamation, "Oh, oh! have I caught you, Mr. Imp?"—making a snatch at the inside of his hat, grasping at something, opening his hand, finding nothing in it, and then crying with a stupid stare, "No, you see, good folks, the devil of any devil is here!" Then, again, when he returned to the stage, followed by an eager crowd, and in an imperious tone was ordered by his master to mount—to see the comical jump he gave, alighting half upright, roaring with pretended pain, pressing his hip,

declaring he had put out his collar-bone, crying to his master to come and cure it, receiving a kick, springing up, and making a somersault ; thanking his master kindly for making him well ; yet the moment his back was turned, mocking him with wry faces ; answering the doctor, whom I should have thought extremely witty if Andrew had not been there, with jokes so opposite and whimsical, as never failed to produce roars of laughter. As it was the first scene of the kind that I had ever witnessed, so it was the most ecstatic. I think it by no means improbable that an ardent love of the dramatic art took root in my mind from the incidents of that day.'

DEATH OF DOCTOR LAMBE.

John Lambe, in the seventeenth century, was confidential physician to Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. This man had been indicted and found guilty, at Worcester assizes, for being 'a sorcerer, and juggling person, absolutely given over to bad, wicked, and diabolical courses, an invocator and adorer of impious and wicked spirits.' At this assize the jail fever broke out with fatal effect upon many persons, and the sagacious authorities, suspecting that Lambe by his magical arts had caused the pestilence, were afraid to carry his sentence into execution, lest he might, in a spirit of revenge, make matters worse. They accordingly sent him to London, where he was confined for some time in the King's Bench Prison. He there practised as a doctor, till having committed an outrage upon a young woman, he was tried at the Old Bailey, but saved from punishment by the powerful interest of his patron and protector, the Duke of Buckingham. The popular voice accused Lambe of several grave offences, particularly against women ; and on the very same day that the Duke was denounced in the House of Commons as the cause of England's calamities, his dependant and doctor was murdered by an infuriated mob, in the City of London.

It appears that he (Dr. Lambe) went to see a play at the Fortune Theatre, Golding Lane, St. Giles's, Cripplegate, where a number of boys and other unruly persons, having observed

Lambe present, after the play was ended flocked about him, and began to assault him. He, in his fright, made towards the City as fast as he could, and hired a company of sailors to be his guard. But the people pelted with stones so furiously that the sailors could scarcely bring him in safety as far as Moor-gate, when they left him : then the mob pursued him through Coleman-street to the Old Jewry, no house daring to protect him, though he applied at several. Constables were raised to appease the tumult, who, too late for his safety, brought him to the Compter in the Poultry, where he was 'bestowed, upon command of the Lord Mayor.' The mob had, however, so pelted him with stones, and beaten him with cudgels and other weapons, that his skull was broken, and his body bruised and wounded ; whereupon, though surgeons were sent for, it was in vain—he never spoke a word, but lay till next morning, and then died.

On the day of Lambe's death, placards containing the following words were displayed on the walls of London : 'Who rules the Kingdom?—The King. Who rules the King?—The Duke. Who rules the Duke?—The devil. Let the Duke look to it, or he will be served as his doctor was served.' A few weeks after, the duke was assassinated.

A QUACK OCULIST.

Sir William Read, originally a tailor or a cobbler, became progressively a mountebank and a quack doctor, and gained, in his case, the equivocal honour of knighthood from Queen Anne. He is said to have practised by 'the light of nature ;' and though he could not read, he could ride in his own chariot, and treat his company with good punch out of a golden bowl. He had an uncommon share of impudence ; a few scraps of Latin in his bills made the ignorant suppose him to be wonderfully learned. He did not seek his reputation in small places, but practised at that high seat of learning, Oxford : and in one of his addresses he called upon the Vice-Chancellor, University, and the City, to vouch for his cures—as, indeed, he did upon the people of the three kingdoms. Blindness

vanished before him, and he even deigned to practise in other distempers ; but he defied all competition as an oculist.

Queen Anne and George I. honoured Read with the care of their eyes ; from which one would have thought the rulers, like the ruled, as dark intellectually as Taylor's (his brother quack) coach horses were corporeally, of which it was said five were blind in consequence of their master having exercised his skill upon them.

Dr. Radcliffe mentions this worthy as ' Read the mountebank, who has assurance enough to come to our table upstairs at Garraway's, swears he'll take his coach and six horses, his two blacks, and as many silver trumpets, against a dinner at Pontack's.'

Read died at Rochester, May 24, 1715. After Queen Anne had knighted him and Dr. Hannes, there appeared the following lines :—

The Queen, like Heav'n, shines equally on all,
Her favours now without distinction fall :
Great Read and slender Hannes, both knighted, show
That none their honours shall to merit owe.
That popish doctrine is exploded quite,
Or Ralph¹ had been no duke, and Read no knight.

MRS. MAPP, THE BONE-SETTER.

Among the notable persons of Epsom, whilst the prosperity of 'the Wells' was on the wane, resided the celebrated Mrs. Mapp, 'the Bone-setter,' or 'Shape Mistress,' as she was occasionally called. She is said to have been the daughter of one Wallin, a bone-setter of Hindon, in Wiltshire ; and, as Manning adds, 'sister of that Polly Peachim who was married to the Duke of Bolton ;' but in this he was unquestionably in error. She quitted her father's house in consequence of some family quarrel, and, after strolling about the country in a state of affected insanity, calling herself 'Crazy Sally,' she at length settled at Epsom. Here by her general eccentricities, and by occasional success in her professional operations, she acquired

¹ Ralph, first Duke of Montague.

great notoriety ; and it is said that the cures she wrought in setting fractured bones, and reducing dislocations, caused 'so great a resort, that the town offered her one hundred guineas to continue there.'

Such a high opinion was entertained of her skill, and so numerous were her patients, that she is stated to have obtained twenty guineas a day by her practice. Many marvellous, and, indeed, obviously exaggerated accounts are given of her success in the treatment of structural deformity ; which tend rather to destroy the credibility of the relaters, than to prove that she had any peculiar knowledge of her profession. Her strength was so great, that she could replace any man's dislocated shoulder without assistance ; and on one occasion, she exerted this power in a peculiar way. Having been called on by an impostor (who had been covertly sent by some surgeons that questioned her skill), on pretence that his wrist was out of joint, she examined it, and finding it was not so, she gave it a wrench, which actually put it out, and then told him to 'go to the fools who sent him, and get his wrist set again, or, if he would come that day month, she would do it herself!' In most cases her cures appear to have been effected more by boldness and personal strength, than by skill.

Mrs. Mapp and her doings are frequently recorded in the periodicals of the day. In the 'Gentleman's Magazine' for October 1736, is a note attached to an epigram, written upon a visit to the playhouse in Lincoln's Inn Fields (after her marriage), to see a comedy called 'The Husband's Relief ; with the Female Bone-setter, and Worm-doctor,' which gives the following information in respect to 'some surprising cures which she performed before Sir Hans Sloane, at the Grecian Coffee-house (where she comes twice a week from Epsom, in her chariot with four horses), viz. a man of Wardour-street, whose back had been broke nine years, and stuck out two inches ; a niece of Sir Hans Sloane in the like condition ; and a gentleman who went with one shoe heel six inches high, having been lame twenty years of his hip and knee ; whom she set straight, and brought his leg down even with the other.'

Under the date, September 23, 1736, is this passage : 'Mrs. Mapp continues making extraordinary cures. She has now set up an equipage, and on Sunday waited on Her Majesty !' Whilst yet buoyant on the flood-tide of success, her figure was introduced by Hogarth into his print of 'the Undertakers' Arms ; or Consultation of Physicians,' between those of the two chief empirics of her time, Ward and Taylor, with whom she appears to have had a general acquaintance.

In 1736, in direct opposition to the prudent advice of her friends, she determined to be married. The object of her choice was Hill Mapp, footman to a mercer on Ludgate Hill, and her nuptials were solemnised on August 11. The match was an unfortunate one, for we read in the 'Grub-street Journal : ' 'We hear that the husband of Mrs. Mapp, the famous bone-setter at Epsom, ran away from her last week, taking with him upwards of one hundred guineas, and such other portable things as lay next to his hand. Several letters from Epsom mention that the footman whom the fair bone-setter married the week before had taken a sudden journey from thence, with what money his wife had earned ; and that her concern at first was very great, but as soon as the surprise was over, she grew gay ; and seems to think the money well disposed of, as it was like to rid her of a husband.' He must have been a bold man to marry her, and still bolder to venture to incur her wrath, if her portrait does her justice ; a more ill-favoured, or a stronger-framed woman, it would be difficult to find.

Her professional success must, however, have gone far to solace her for matrimonial failure. She used to drive to town once a week, and return to Epsom, bearing away the crutches of her patients as trophies of honour. At length she removed to London, and took lodgings in Pall Mall. But an enemy arose. One Thomas Barber, tallow-chandler of Saffron Hill, issued the following warning to her would-be patients : 'Whereas it has been industriously (I wish I could say truly) reported that I had found great benefit from a certain female bone-setter's performance, and that it was from a want of resolution to undergo the operation that I did not meet with a

perfect cure : This is to give notice that any persons afflicted with lameness (who are willing to know what good and harm others may receive, before they venture on desperate measures themselves) will be welcome any morning to see the dressing of my leg, which was sound before the operation, and they will then be able to judge of the performance, and to whom I owe my present unhappy confinement to my bed and chair.'

Mrs. Mapp attended the first night of the 'Husband's Relief' at the Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre, and was gratified at hearing a song in her praise, of which we give two verses as a specimen:

You surgeons of London, who puzzle your pates
To ride in your coaches, and purchase estates,
Give over for shame, for your pride has a fall,
And the doctress of Epsom has outdone you all.

Dame Nature has given her a doctor's degree,
She gets all the patients and pockets the fee ;
So if you don't instantly prove it a cheat,
She'll loll in a chariot while you walk the street.

The two noted quacks, Ward the worm-doctor, and Taylor the oculist, are thus alluded to by a rhymester in the 'Grub-Street Journal :'

While Mapp to the actors showed a kind regard,
On one side sat Taylor, on t'other Ward,
When their mock persons of the drama came,
Both Ward and Taylor thought it hurt their game.
Wondering how Mapp could in good humour be.
'Zounds !' cries the manly dame, 'it hurts not me.
Quacks, without art, may either blind or kill,
But demonstration shows that mine is skill.'

Mrs. Mapp did not forget her country friends. She gave a plate of ten guineas to be run for at Epsom, and went to see the race. Singularly enough, the first heat was won by a mare called 'Mrs. Mapp,' which so delighted the doctress, that she gave the jockey a guinea, and promised to make it a hundred if he won the plate, but to his chagrin he failed to do so.

The fair bone-setter's career was but a short one. Within little more than a twelvemonth, fame, fortune, and friends had

all forsaken her, and she died, December 10, 1737, 'at her lodgings near the Seven Dials, so miserably poor, that the parish was obliged to bury her.'

MR. HUTTON THE BONE-SETTER.

The term bone-setter and the art of bone-setting have been so long associated in the public mind with the practices of members of that irregular contingent which fringes the main body of our great army of doctors, that a book upon the subject, from the pen of a qualified practitioner of good standing, seems at first sight as great an anomaly as a treatise on Morison's pills by the President of the College of Physicians. Dr. Wharton Hood, however, has fully succeeded in justifying the course he has pursued. He tells us that circumstances enabled him for a time to witness the practice of the late Mr. Hutton, the famous bone-setter, and to see by what means and in what cases his cures were effected. Mr. Hutton being dead, and an implied obligation to keep his secrets having thus terminated, Dr. Wharton Hood has followed the universal and honourable custom of his profession, and has freely given to the world the knowledge he had gained. It seems from his account that bone-setting, like all other successful forms of quackery, has had its root in truths which have been to some extent neglected or forgotten by those who should have applied them; while they have been cherished and remembered by some who were not always able to apply them with discrimination, and who were entirely ignorant of the true significance of their own acts and of the nature of the conditions they relieved. The general result was that many cases of diseased or injured joints have been condemned to unnecessary and injurious rest by qualified practitioners, and that some of the patients, weary of irksome and unavailing treatment, have resorted to and have been cured by quacks.

To this picture there is a sad reverse, in the fact that these same quacks have not been able to recognise conditions which should have stayed their hands; and that thus, out of sheer ignorance, they have too often caused suffering, and sometimes

death. What they did and how they did it were matters veiled in a good deal of mystery. The public valued them for their many cures, the profession condemned them for their many failures. Dr. Wharton Hood now comes forward to remove the mystery, and to reconcile the apparent contradictions. He explains how a surgeon may do all the good and may avoid all the harm ; and his explanations, clear in themselves, are further elucidated by figures. There can be no doubt that the art, thus placed upon a scientific basis and made available for every practitioner, is calculated to be a great boon to the public. The circumstance that the papers on which the book is founded were first published in the *Lancet* is a sufficient evidence how acceptable they were to the medical profession. We are apt sometimes to criticise doctors ; but we perhaps hardly do justice to the liberality with which they set their faces against keeping anything secret which by its promulgation may benefit mankind. Of this liberality the little treatise before us is a conspicuous example, and we congratulate the author upon what he has achieved. It required no small courage to declare that he had ventured into the regions of irregular practice, and had brought back thence truths worthy to be borne in mind by the legitimate professors of the art of healing. It required no small discretion to make this avowal in a way that should wound no susceptibilities and excite no opposition. Dr. Wharton Hood has accomplished both objects, and he merits praise accordingly. His little book is published by Macmillan.

From the Times Journal.

WARD'S MEDICINES.

Joshua Ward was a 'cute drysalter in Thames Street, who made a fortune by his 'drop and pill.' He is noted in the annals of quackery, and has even crept into the verse of Pope :

Ward tried on puppies and the poor his 'Drop.'

He is said to have been originally a footman, and during attendance on his master in Paris, obtained the receipt which afterwards bore his name. Some of his prescriptions are sold as patent medicines to the present day. Ward's red drop is a

strong vinous solution of tartarised antimony, similar to Dr. Huxham's antimonial wine. Ward's white drop is a solution of nitrate of mercury, much recommended as an antiscorbutic, upon which Dr. Brookes remarks :—

‘Those gentlemen who recommend it to seafaring people as an antiscorbutic should be apprised, that in the scurvy and in every putrescent disease, the exhibition of mercury, and all its preparations, is attended with certain destruction to the patient. It were therefore to be wished that before they give such recommendations, they would seriously consider the eighth article of the decalogue, “Thou shalt not kill.”’

The last in the list of the medicines, is the celebrated ‘essence for the headache,’ which is nothing more than the ‘compound camphor liniment’ of the modern Pharmacopœia.

Mr. Jeaffreson tells us that Ward ‘was so successfully puffed by Lord Chief Baron Reynolds and General Churchill, that he was called in to prescribe for the King. The royal malady disappeared in consequence, or in spite of the treatment. Ward was rewarded with a solemn vote of the House of Commons, protecting him from the interdictions of the College of Physicians ; and, as an additional fee, he asked for and obtained the privilege of driving his carriage through St. James’s Park. Ward was no chemist ; he was only a quack.’

QUACKERIES OF ROCK AND HILL.

We have already glanced at the vagaries of Hill (see pp. 46–48, *ante*) and quoted the *Hilliad*, in which Smart represents as follows a gipsy fortune-teller inducing Hill to abandon the pestle for the pen :

In these three lines athwart thy palm I see
 Either a tripod or a triple tree.
 For, oh ! I ken by mysteries profound,
 Too light to sink, thou ne’er canst be drowned,
 Whate’er thy end, the Fates are now at strife,
 Yet strange variety shall check thy life,
 Thou grand dictator of each public show,
 Wit, moralist, quack, harlequin, and beau.
 Survey man’s vice, self-praised, and self-preferred,
 And be th’ inspector of the infected herd.

By any means aspire at any ends
Baseness exalts, and cowardice defends.
The chequered world's before thee—go—farewell.
Beware of Irishmen, and learn to spell.

The allusion in the last line refers to an Irish gentleman named Brown, who, having been publicly libelled in the 'Inspector,' retorted by publicly beating the Doctor in the rotunda at Ranelagh Gardens. Hill did not claim for himself a high standard of truthfulness: he sometimes acknowledged in the 'Inspector' that he had told falsehoods; thus giving occasion for another epigram:

What Hill one day says, he the next does deny,
And candidly tells us it is all a lie:
Dear Doctor, this candour from you is not wanted;
For why should you own it? 'tis taken for granted.

Hill, however, considered himself a moralist, a friend and supporter of piety and religion; and every Saturday's 'Inspector' was devoted to what he termed 'a lay sermon,' written somewhat in the Orator Henley style, and affording subject for the following epigrammatic parody:

Three great wise men, in the same era born,
Britannia's happy island did adorn;
Henley in care of souls displayed his skill,
Rock shone in physic, and in both John Hill;
The force of Nature could no farther go.
To make a third she joined the former two.

Rock was a notorious quack of the period. Being one day in a coffee-house on Ludgate Hill, a gentleman expressed his surprise that a certain physician of great abilities had but little practice, while such a fellow as Rock was making a fortune. 'Oh,' said the quack, 'I am Rock, and I shall soon explain the matter to you. How many wise men, think you, are in the multitude that pass along this street?' 'About one in twenty,' replied the other. 'Well, then,' said Rock, 'the nineteen come to me when they are sick, and the physician is welcome to the twentieth.'

To this complexion of quackery did Hill come at last. His mind, from over-production, became sterile; his slovenliness

and disregard for truth sank his literary reputation as fast as it had risen. When his works found no purchasers, the publishers ceased to be his bankers. He had lived in good style on the malice and fear of the community, he now found resources in its credulity. He brought out certain tinctures and essences of simple plants,—sage, valerian, *bardana* or water-dock,—asserting that they were infallible panaceas for all the ills that human flesh is heir to. Their sale was rapid and extensive, and whatever virtues they may have possessed, they enabled their author to have a town-house in St. James's Street, a country house and gardens at Bayswater, and a carriage to ride in from one to the other. The quivers of the epigram writers were once more filled by these medicines, and thus some of their arrows flew :

Thou essence of dock, valerian, and sage,
At once the disgrace and the pest of this age,
The worst that we wish thee, for all of thy crimes,
Is to take thy own physic, and read thy own rhymes.

To this another wit added :

The wish must be in form reversed
To suit the Doctor's crimes,
For if he takes his physic first,
He'll never read his rhymes.

Hill, or some one in his name replied :

Ye desperate junto, ye great, or ye small,
Who combat dukes, doctors, the devil and all,
Whether gentlemen scribblers, or poets in jail,
Your impertinent wishes shall never prevail ;
I'll take neither sage, dock, nor balsam of honey :
Do you take the physic, and I'll take the money.

The latter end of Hill's life was better than the beginning. Though his first wife was the daughter of a domestic servant, he succeeded in next marrying a sister of Lord Ranelagh. He was a frequent guest at the parties of the Duchess of Northumberland, and he acquired the patronage of the Earl of Bute. His 'Vegetable System,' illustrated with 26,000 plants, all beautifully drawn from nature, was far in advance of the period, but a pecuniary loss to the author. A copy of it, how-

ever, which Hill presented to the King of Sweden, was rewarded with the Order of the Polar Star, and thenceforth the quondam apothecary styled himself *Sir John Hill*. In spite of the efficacy of his Tincture of Bardana, which Hill warranted as a specific for gout, he died of that disease on November 21, 1775. Then the epigrammatists had their last fling :

‘Poor Doctor Hill is dead ! Good lack !’
 ‘Of what disorder ?’ ‘An attack
 Of gout.’ ‘Indeed ! I thought that he
 Had found a wondrous remedy.’
 ‘Why, so he had, and when he tried
 He found it true—the Doctor died.’

Some sixty years ago, Sir John Hill’s gardens in the Bayswater Road were public tea-gardens, which are now the site of handsome dwelling-houses. (See 47–49 of the present volume).

COLONEL DALMAHOY.

One of the most magnificent wigs on record was that of Colonel Dalmahoy, which was celebrated in a song beginning :

If you would see a noble wig,
 And in that wig a man look big,
 To Ludgate Hill repair, my joy,
 And gaze on Colonel Dalmahoy.

On Ludgate Hill, in close proximity to Apothecaries’ Hall, in Water Lane, the Colonel vended drugs and potions of all sorts—sweetmeats, washes for the complexion, scented oil for the hair, pomades, love drops, and charms. Wadd wrote of him :

Dalmahoy sold infusions and lotions,
 Decoctions, and gargles, and pills ;
 Electuaries, powders, and potions,
 Spermaceti, salts, scammony, squills.

Horse-aloes, burnt alum, and agaric,
 Balm, benzoine, blood-stone, and dill ;
 Castor, camphor, and acid tartaric,
 With *specifics* for every ill.

But with all his specifics in store,
Death on Dalmahoy one day did pop ;
And although he had doctors a score,
Made poor Dalmahoy shut up his shop.

WHAT HIPPOCRATES KNEW OF MEDICINE.

Hippocrates' knowledge of anatomy was very limited, from the superstitious respect paid to the dead by the Greeks preventing the dissection of the human body. Among his doctrines was that of Critical Days ; he says, fevers come to their crisis on the same days (Dr. Cullen adopted this doctrine ; but Cullen was in the habit of repeating, 'There must be a tub to amuse the whale')—both those which turn out fatally, and those which turn out well. These days are the fourth, the seventh, the eleventh, fourteenth, seventeenth, and twentieth. The next stage is of thirty-four days, the next of forty, and the next of sixty.

Of the indications to be drawn from the examination of the pulse, Hippocrates was not aware.

In his 'Prognostica,' how well does he recommend us to observe the position of the patient in bed ! 'If he lies upon his side, with the neck and arms slightly bent, and the whole body in a flexible state, since such is the position of health, it is well ; but if he lies on his back, with the legs and arms extended, and still more if he keeps sinking towards the bottom of the bed, or tosses his arms and head into unusual positions, our anticipations must be most unfavourable.' And, 'if in acute diseases, the hands are waved before the face, as if seeking something in the air, and brushing or picking motes from the walls or bed-clothes, the prognosis must be unfavourable.'

It is clear that the idea on which is founded the modern art of Auscultation (observation of disease as denoted by sound) had occurred to Hippocrates upwards of 2000 years ago. Hooke, the mathematician, admitted the possibility of discovering the internal motions and actions of bodies, by the sound they make.

Hooke's prediction was realised, though not fully until the

present century (1816), in the Stethoscope, or chest explorer, of Laennec; so that it took nearly 2000 years to carry out the idea of Hippocrates. His statement is in itself incorrect; but the fact of his having actually practised auscultation is no less interesting.

Hippocrates claims to have been the first to recognise the importance of diet in the treatment of disease, which had been previously neglected. In his general practice, he employed purgatives, some very violent, as the black and white hellebore and elaterium. To relieve the head in certain diseases, he used sternutatories; so that the 'eye-snuff' of our day is a piece of antiquity. In acute affections, when the disease was violent, Hippocrates employed bleeding, and recommended that blood should be taken from as near the affected part as possible. This was the origin of bleeding in pleurisy from the arm on the side affected. He also made use of cupping-glasses, with and without scarification. Certain diuretic and sudorific medicines also entered into his pharmacopœia; and he was not ignorant of the virtues of the poppy. He strongly advocated cold bathing.

His knowledge of anatomy and physiology, and of the processes which go on in the body during health and disease, was extremely deficient; but in the accuracy with which he observed the symptoms of disease, and in the fidelity of his descriptions, he has rarely, if ever, been surpassed.

SERVICES OF ALCHEMY TO MEDICINE.

In support of this view it has been shown that the Pharmacopœia of the Galenical school contained no chemical preparations, and consisted exclusively of organic substances; musk, rhubarb, castoreum, camphor, tamarinds, ginger, zedoary root, and the like, were the chief remedies. Pharmacy then consisted in the art of bringing these matters into the form of syrups and electuaries; herbs, barks, and roots were administered in the form of decoctions or of powders. On the authority of Galen, all metallic preparations were up to that time banished from the Pharmacopœia. He regarded mercurial preparations

simply as poisons. Avicenna, it is true, had ascribed to gold and silver powers of purifying the blood ; but these metals, as a general rule, were used only in the form of leaf to cover pills ; and so late as the end of the fifteenth century, the external use of mercurial ointments, prepared with fat, encountered the fiercest opposition.

The views of Galen as to the cause of disease and the action of remedies, after having been for thirteen centuries regarded as impregnable truths, in the sixteenth century yielded to the discovery of the truly wonderful effects of the preparations of mercury, antimony, and other metals, when a whole region of new discoveries seemed to be opened up by the ideas of the alchemists, and by the use of chemical preparations in medicine.

With regard to metal leaf being employed to cover pills, it may be observed that the arms of the Medici of Florence were three gilded pills, in allusion to the professional origin of their name. Indeed, medical signs were generally gilded ; as the *Golden Key*, Galen's Heads, and the *Golden Pestle and Mortar*. We remember the latter sign in Pall Mall, at the house next to which lived Dr. Sydenham. The *Golden Phoenix* is directly of hermetic origin.

The expectations of the alchemists to find a universal medicine (observes Sir David Brewster) were not altogether irrational or useless. The progress of the Arabian physicians in the belief of mercurial preparations naturally led to the belief that other medicines, still more general in their healing powers, might yet be brought to light ; and we have no doubt that many important discoveries were the result of such overstrained expectations ; but when the alchemists pretended to have obtained such a medicine, and to have conferred longevity by administering it, they did equal violence to reason and to truth.

Ebenezer Sibly has published two quarto volumes on medico-astrological science, and speaks mysteriously, if not profoundly, also, of alchemy. His reanimating solar tincture and his lunar tincture speak by their titles. Of the same fraternity is Daffy's Elixir, from the *elixir vitæ*.

Among the services we must not forget that alchemy forged

the weapons wherewith chemistry was to conquer, in medicine, a new region, and put an end to the 'thousand years' reign of the Galenic system. The great and salutary change which medicine underwent, and its liberation from the fetters of authoritative belief, were the natural result of the recognition of the unattainableness and inaccuracy of all the previously received doctrines on the true nature of material objects. The new light was a trophy gained by the alchemists ; and by its aid the doctrines of the Greek philosophers concerning the causes of natural phenomena acquired a new form.

CHAUCER'S DOCTOR OF PHYSIC.

With us there was a doctour of phisike ;
In all this world, ne was there none him like
To speake of phisike and of surgerie,
For he was grounded in astronomie.
He kept his patient a full great dell
In houses : by his magike naturell
Well couth he fortune the assendent
Of his image for his pacient.
He knew the cause of every malady,
Whether it were of cold, heate, moist, or dry.
And whereof engendered was each humour.
He was a very parfit practisour ;
The cause I knew, and of his haim the roote,
Anon he gave to the rich man his boot.
Full ready had he his apotaries
To send him drugs and his lectuaries ;
For each of them made other for to winne,
Their friendship was not new to beginne.
Well he knew the old Esculapius,
And Dioscorides, and eke Ruffus,
And Hippocrates, and Galen,
Serapion, Rasis, and Avicen,
Aberrois, Damascene, and Constantin,
Bernard, Galisden, and Gilbertin

Of his diet measurable was he,
For it was of no superfluitie ;
But of great nourishing and digestible.
His study was but little on the Bible.
In sanguine and in percepolad withall
Lined with taffata and with sendall ;
And yet he was but easy of dispençe.
He kept that he won in time of pestilence ;
For gold in phisike is a cordial,
Therefore he loved gold speciall.

It appears from this quaint and satirical picture, that, in our Chaucer's days, astrology formed part of a physician's study. It also plainly proves that a disgraceful collusion prevailed between medical practitioners and their apothecaries, mutually to enrich each other at the expense of the patient's purse and constitution.

SELDEN'S COMPARISON BETWEEN A DIVINE, A STATESMAN,
AND A PHYSICIAN.

If a physician sees you eat anything that is not good for the body, to keep you from it he cries out '*It is poison !*' If the divine sees you do anything that is hurtful to your soul, to keep you from it he cries out '*You are damned !*'

To preach long, loud, and damnation, is the way to be cried up. We love a man who damns us, and we run after him again to save us. If a man has a sore leg, and he should go to an honest and judicious surgeon, and he should only bid him keep it warm, or anoint it with some well-known oil that would do the cure, haply he would not much regard him, because he knows the medicine beforehand to be an ordinary medicine. But if he should go to a surgeon that should tell him, '*Your leg will be gangrene within three days, and it must be cut off ; and you will die, unless you do something that I could tell you,*' what listening there would be to this man ! '*Oh ! for the Lord's sake, tell me what this is :—I will give you any contents for your pains.*'

This ingenious antiquary has also made some quaint comparisons between doctors of the body and doctors of the public interests. 'All might go on well,' he says, 'in the commonwealth, if every one in the parliament would lay down his own interest and aim at the general good. If a man was rich, and the whole College of Physicians were sent to him to administer to him severally; haply, so long as they observed the rules of art, he might recover. But if one of them had a great deal of scammony by him, he must put off that; therefore will he prescribe scammony; another had a great deal of rhubarb, and he must put off that; therefore he prescribes rhubarb: and they would certainly kill the man. We destroy the commonwealth, while we preserve our own private interests and neglect the public.'

Grotius called John Selden 'the honour of the English nation;' and Bacon had such an implicit faith in his judgment, that he desired in his will that his advice should be taken respecting the publication or suppression of his posthumous works.

CLOWES' CONDEMNATION OF SORCERY AND WITCHCRAFT.

Clowes, the master or warden of the Barber-Surgeons' Company in 1638, used to relate that a woman who was accustomed to undertake the cure of all ills by a charm, for the reward of a penny and a loaf of bread, was committed, not for this fraudulent pretence, but for sorcery and witchcraft, by some of the shrewd justices of the county. At the assizes, the judges, smiling at the absurdity of the charge, told her she should be discharged if she would faithfully reveal at once in public what her charm was. She immediately confessed that all she did was to repeat to herself the following verse, after receiving her bread, and her piece of coin:

My loaf in my lap,
My penny in my purse;
Thou art never the better,
Nor I never the worse.

Clowes strongly complains of the empirics who were allowed

to practise in the Navy, and who, when he was with Henry VIII. at Montreuil, found himself among a pretty 'rabblement' of tinkers, cobblers, &c., who, with their ointment composed of rust of old pans and shoemaker's wax, seemed to have killed more than the enemy.

CURES WROUGHT BY THE LEE PENNY.

That curious peice of Antiquity called the Lee Penny, is a stone of a dark red Colour and Triangular shape, and its size about half an Inch each side. it is set in a peice of silver coin which tho' much defaced by some Letters still remaining is supposed to be a shilling of Edward the First, the cross being very plain, as is on his shillings, it has been by Tradition in the Lee Family since the year 1320: odds, that is a little after the Death of King Robert Bruce, who having ordered His Heart to be Carried to the Holy Land, there to be Burried, one of the Noble Family of Douglas was sent with it, and tis said got the Crowned heart in his Arms from that Circumstance, but the person who carried the Royal Heart was Sir Simon Locard of Lee who just about that time borrowed a large sum of money from S^r William De Lindsey, Prior of Ayr, for which he granted a Bond of Annuity of Ten Pounds of Silver during the Life of the said S^r W^m De Lindsey out of his Lands of Lee, and Cartland, the original Bond dated 1323, and witnessed by the Principal Nobility of the Country, is still remaining among the family papers. as this was a great Sum in those Days, tis thought it was borrowed for that Expedition, and from his being the Person who carried the Royal Heart he changed his Name from Locard, to Lockheart (as tis sometimes spelt) or Lockhart, and got a heart, within a Lock, for part of his Arms with the motto, Corda, Serrata, Pando. this Simon Lockhart, having taken a Saracen Prince, or Cheif Prisoner, His Wife came to Ransome Him, and on counting out the Money or Jewels, this Stone fell out of Her Purse, which she hastily snatched up, which Simon Lockhart observing, insisted to have it, else he would not give up his Prisoner, upon this the Lady gave it to him, and told him its many Virtues

Viz. : that it *cured all Diseases in Cattle*, and the bite of a Mad Dog, both in Man, and beast, tis used by dipping the stone in water, which is given to the diseased Cattle to drink, and the Person who has been bit with a mad dog, and the wound, or part infected, is washed with the water. there are no words used in the dipping of the stone, nor any money taken by the servants, without incurring the owners displeasure. many cures are said to be performed by it, and people come from all parts of Scotland, and even as far up in England, as Yorkshire, to get the water in which the stone is dipped, *to give their Cattle, when Ill of the Murrain* Especially, or Black Leg. a great many years ago, a Complaint was made to the Ecclesiastical Courts, against the Laird of Lee, then Sir James Lockhart, for using Witchcraft, a Copy of the act is annexed, there is no date but both by the orthagraphy, and the Complainers being called Goodman of Raplock, a title then given to the smaller Lairds, and by S^r James being the Name of the Laird of Lee, it must be at least an Hundred years ago. tis said when the Plague was last at Newcastle, the Inhabitants sent for the Lee Penny, and gave a Bond for a large Sum in trust for the Loan (5000*l.* it is said) and that thus it did so much good, they offered to pay the money, and keep the Lee Penny, but the owner would not part with it : a Copy of this Bond is very well attested, to have been among the Family Papers, but supposed to have been spoiled along with many more valuable ones about 50 years ago, by Rain getting into the Charter Room during a long minority, and no Family residing at Lee House. the most Remarkable cure performed upon any person, was that of a Lady Baird, of Saughton Hall, near Edinburgh, who having been bit by a mad dog, was come the Lenght of the Hydrophobia, upon which having beged the Lee Penny might be sent to her house, she drank the water for some weeks, and Bathed with it, and was quite Recovered, this happened about 80 years ago, and is well attested having been told by the Lady of the then Laird of Lee who died within these 30 years, she also told that her husband M^r Lockhart, and she, were Entertained at Saughton Hall, by Sir — Baird, and his Lady for several Days in the most sumptuous manner, on account of the Ladys

Recovery, and in Gratitude for the Loan of the Lee Penny, so long as it is never allowed to be carried away from the House of Lee.

*'Copy of an Act of the Synode and Assembly at Glasgow
25th Debr.*

'Quhilk Dye amongst the Referies of the Brethern of the Ministrie of Lanark it was propondit, to the Synode, that Gawen Hamiltonne of Raplocke had preferit ane complaint before them against S^r James Lockhart of Lee, anent the Superstitious using of ane Stone, set in silver for the *curing of diseased Cattel*, qlk the said Gawen affirmed could not be Lawfullie Vsed, and that they had differit to give ony decisionne therein till the advise of the Assemblie might be had concerning the same, the Assemblie having inquired of the maner of Vsing thereof and particularlie onderstood be examinationne of the said Laird of Lee, and otherwise that the custome is only to cast the stone in sune water, and give the diseasit cattel thereof to drink, and y^t the same [is] done without using onie wordes such as charmers and soceres use in their Unlawful Practisess and considering that in nature they are many thinges sain to work strange effects, q^r of no humane wit can give a reason, it having pleased God to give unto stones & herbes a special Vertue for the healinge of mony Infirmities in man and beast, advises the Brethern to surcase thair process as q^{rin} they perseive no ground of offence and admonishes the Laird of Lee in the Vsing the said stone, to tak heed that it be Vse heir after wt the least scandall that possiblie may be. extract out of the Bookes of Assemblie Halden at Glasgow, and subscribed by thair Clark by thair Comand. M: Robert Young Clerk to the Assemblie at Glasgow.'

Communicated to the Athenaeum.

THE MANDRAKE.

This mystic plant is named from the German *mandragen*, resembling man, its forked root being like the lower half of the human figure; and if the plant be pulled when the fruit is ripe,

one of the berries may be supposed to represent the head, and thus complete the figure.

Mark how that rooted mandrake wears
His human feet, his human hands.

Langhorne's Beeflower.

It was once believed that the person who pulled up a mandrake would instantaneously fall dead ; that the root shrieked or groaned when separated from the earth ; and that whoever heard the shriek died shortly after, or became afflicted with madness : or,

Torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad.

Romeo and Juliet.

Would curses kill, as doth the bitter mandrake's groan.

Henry VI. part ii.

Still, if the root were once dislodged, it became the good genius of its possessor. This was done by fastening the tail of a dog by cords to the bottom of the stem, and then the animal was whipped until, by its struggles, the plant was dragged up ; the persons who directed the operation having their ears stopped with pitch, lest they should hear the fatal groan. The dog, *of course*, fell dead at the time, or soon after. The mandrake is believed to be the *Dudaim* of the Hebrews, the plants so coveted by Rachel in Scripture.

Amongst its many wonderful properties, it was said to double the amount of money that was locked up with it in a box. It was also all-powerful in detecting hidden treasures. Most probably the mandragore had bad qualities to underrate its good ones. According to Josephus, the plant called *Buaras*, which was gifted with the faculty of keeping off evil spirits, was obtained by a similar canine operation. Often, it was asserted, did the mandragore utter piteous cries and groans, when thus severed from mother earth. This plant is common in the Greek Islands, where even now the young Greeks are said to wear small pieces of mandrake as love-charms.

The vague credulity of the peasant of our times agrees with the systematic mythology of pagan ages ; and nations whom

the ocean separates are united in the same delusions : thus the village gossip retails, though in ignorance of so doing, the supposed exploits of the divinities of classical antiquity ; and the *Hamadryads* of Greece, and the *Elves* of Scandinavia join the phantoms who swarm around the wizard when, according to the poet, he enters that gloomy dell,—

. . . where the sad mandrake grows
Whose groans are deathful, the dead-numbing nightshade,
The stupefying hemlock, adder's tongue,
And martagon.—The shrieks of luckless owls
He hears, and croaking night-crows in the air ;
Green-bellied snakes, blue fire-drakes in the sky,
And giddy flitter-mice with leathern wings,
And scaly beetles with their habergeons,
That make a humming murmur as they fly.
There, in the stocks of trees while fays do dwell,
And span-long elves that dance about a pool
With each a little changeling in their arms,
The airy spirits play with falling stars
And mount the sphere of fire.

According to the Chinese physicians, this root possesses the faculty of renovating exhausted constitutions. It is also found in Italy, where its powerful aroma is imparted to garments and chambers. It must have been an odoriferous production, since in the *Talmud* we find it denominated *Siglin*, which has been considered the jessamine or the lily. The orchis is remarkable for its double bulbous roots and its agreeable perfume ; we may therefore justify the idea that the *Dudaim* of the Jews was a species of this plant.

Frontinus informs us that Hannibal employed mandragore in one of his warlike stratagems, when he feigned a retreat, and left in the possession of the barbarians a quantity of wine in which this plant had been infused. Intoxicated by the potent beverage, they were unable to withstand his second attack, and were easily put to the sword. Was it the mandragore that saved the Scotch in a similar *ruse de guerre* with the Danish invaders of Sweno ? It is supposed to have been the *Belladonna*, or deadly nightshade, the effects of which are not dissimilar to those of the plant in question.

MEDICAL RINGS.

From very early classic times, we read that doctors wore rings, the stones set in which were supposed to exercise a still greater control over diseases than even the iron hoop, albeit well magnetised and impressed with mysterious characters or symbols. Thus, a dangerous hæmorrhage, which neither sedatives, nor absorbents, nor yet astringents, could control, would cease as soon as the patient put on a blood-red cornelian ring: coral, which, in a ring, the ancients prized much more than the moderns, was, on the authority of Metrodorus and Zoroaster, an infallible remedy for, as well as antidote against, nervousness and causeless fears; wine-coloured amethysts protected their wearers from intoxication, and all its pathological consequences; hyacinths secured sleep as infallibly as opium; agates stood high in the esteem of most mineralogist doctors for the cure of the blindness *amaurosis*, or *gutta serena*; and jaspers enjoyed great fame for their powers of discussing dropsies, and driving away fevers.

ABSURDITIES IN MEDICINE.

The industrious nosologist Sauvages has calculated that there are about 2,400 disorders to which the human frame is liable, and for which it is our sacred duty to investigate every object in nature that can alleviate them. At first, almost everything was indiscriminately received, and then as arbitrarily rejected. Experience has at length enabled us to select from the vast farrago those which really possess the reparative power, and to establish a system which is pretty universally recognised throughout all parts of the globe that have been illuminated by the torch of science. No longer does the talisman, the amulet, work upon a disordered imagination. Charms, witchcraft, and astrology, have lost their influence; and although for a time some daring quackery absorbs the public attention of the community, the scrutinising vigilance of the medical world overwhelms it with the contempt it merits. The sponge

that wiped the consecrated table of the Pope is no longer superstitiously venerated as a healer of wounds, nor does a throng of unhealthy individuals surround the carriage of our king to obtain the royal touch, once thought to be a specific against scrofula. The progress of the *Materia Medica* is now less impeded by superstition, by credulity, ignorance, impudence, false theory, avarice, and a blind obedience to the writings of the ancients. Still, however, much remains to be done, and diligent examination is necessary before we rashly receive into our pharmacopœia substances whose effects upon the tissues of the human body are not thoroughly understood.

Serenus Sammonicus, a very learned physician, ordered that for the relief of ague, the remedy should be applied to the head; and cures are said to have been thus effected. Such is the power of imagination. Dr. Sigmond relates that a poor woman having applied to a physician for the cure of an affection of the breast, he gave her a prescription which he directed should be applied to the breast. She returned at the end of a few days to offer her grateful thanks for the cure which he had effected; and on making inquiry as to the mode of action, he learned that his patient had very carefully tied the prescription round her neck!

ROCHESTER A PHYSICIAN.

When the profligate Earl of Rochester, under the name of 'Alexander Bendo,' played the part of a mountebank physician in the City, he took up his lodgings in Tower Street, at a goldsmith's house, where he gave out that he was sure of being seen 'from three of the clock in the afternoon till eight at night.' Burnet tells us that Rochester 'being under an unlucky accident, which obliged him to keep out of the way, he disguised himself so that his nearest friends could not have known him, and set up in Tower Street for an Italian mountebank, where he practised physic some weeks, not without success.'

CURE-MONGERING QUACKS.

If we may judge by the prosperity of the proprietors of *nostrums*, belief in miraculous cures is almost as sound as in the days before the schoolmaster's rule. As a record of the fallacy of the system, it is related that Lord Gardenstone, himself a valetudinarian, took the pains to inquire for those persons who had actually attested marvellous cures, and found that more than two-thirds of the number died very shortly *after they had been cured*. Sir Robert Walpole, and Lords Bolingbroke and Winnington, were killed by cure-mongers.

Foote thus wittily lampoons an empiric with a system : 'Jaundice proceeds from many myriads of little flies, of a yellow colour, which fly about the system ; now to cure this, I make the patient take a certain quantity of the ova, or eggs of spiders. These eggs, when taken into the stomach, by the warmth of that organ vivify ; and being vivified, of course they immediately proceed to catch the flies : thus the disease is cured, and I then send the patient down to the seaside to wash all the cobwebs out of the system.'

CHARLATANISM.

The origin of the word Charlatan is enveloped in obscurity. Furetiere and Calepin say that it is derived from the Italian word *Ceretano*, from *Ceretano*, a town near Spolto, whence a band of impostors once sallied forth, marching under the banner of Hippocrates, and roving from town to town, selling drugs, and giving medical advice. Menge has it that Charlatan springs from *Circulator*. Other etymologists trace it to the Italian *Cialare*, to chatter ; hence *Ciarlatan*. The Romans called their quacks *Agyrtæ*, or *Seplasiarii*, from *Sepladium*, the generic name of aromatic substances. *Sepladium* was the place where they vended their drugs. An empiric was also called *Planus* and *Circulator*.

Some of the stratagems resorted to by needy empirics to get into practice are very ingenious, and many a regular physician has been obliged to have recourse to similar artifices to procure employment. It is related of a Parisian physician, that, on

his first arrival in the capital, he was in the habit of sending his servant in a carriage about daybreak to rap at the doors of the principal mansions to enquire for his master, as he was sent for to repair instantly to such and such a prince, who was dying. The drowsy porter naturally replied, with much ill-humour, 'that he knew nothing of his master.'—'What! did he not pass the night in this house?' replied the footman, apparently astonished. 'No,' gruffly answered the Swiss; 'there's nobody ill here.'—'Then I must have mistaken the house. Is not this the hotel of the Duke of——?' 'No. Go to the devil!' exclaimed the porter, closing the ponderous gates. 'From this house his valet then proceeded from street to street, alarming the whole neighbourhood with his loud rap. Of course nothing else was spoken of in the porter's lodge, the grocer's shop, and the servants' hall for nine days.

Another quack, upon his arrival in a town, announced himself by sending the bellman round, offering fifty guineas reward for a poodle belonging to Doctor ——, Physician to his Majesty and the Royal Family, Professor of Medicine, and Surgeon General, who had put up at such-and-such an inn. Of course the physician of a king, who could give fifty guineas for a lost dog, must be a man of pre-eminence in his profession.

Another indigent physician having complained of his ill-fortune to an ingenious friend, received the following advice: 'The *Café de la Régence* is now in fashion: I play at chess every day at two o'clock, when a considerable crowd is assembled. Come there at the same hour; do not pretend to know me; call for a cup of coffee, and always pay the waiter his money in a rose-coloured paper: leave the rest to me.' The doctor followed his advice; and his eccentric manners were soon observed,—when his friend informed the persons around him that he was one of the ablest practitioners in the land; that he had known him for upwards of fifteen years, and that his cures were most marvellous,—his extreme modesty alone having prevented him from giving publicity to his abilities. He further added, 'I have long wished to become intimate with so great a man; but he is so absorbed in the study of his profession, that he scarcely ever enters into conversation with

any one.' In a short time, the Rose-colour Doctor was in extensive business.

Many years ago, the jaw-breaking words *Tetrachymagagon* and *Fellino Guffino Cardimo Cardimac Frames*, were chalked all over London, as two miracle-working doctors. Men with such names must have some superior qualification, and numbers flocked to consult them. Another quack put up as an advertisement, that he had just arrived in town, after having made the wonderful discovery of the green and red dragon, and the female fern-seed. This was sure to attract notice. An advertisement was handed about of a learned physician 'who had studied thirty years by candle-light for the good of his countrymen. He was, moreover, the seventh son of a seventh son, and was possessed of a wonderful cure for hernia, as both his father and grandfather had been ruptured.' This reminds one of the oculist in Mouse Alley, in the 'Spectator,' who undertook to cure cataracts, in consequence of his having lost an eye in the Imperial service. Dr. Case made a fortune by having the lines—

'Within this place lives Dr. Case,'

written in large characters upon his door.

Among the empiric arts of gaining notoriety, that by engraved portraits has led to some curious results. When a certain surgeon came to town to seek his fortune, he had his portrait engraved in large handsome style, and offered the same to a printseller to publish. He demurred, as the original was unknown; but recommended the surgeon to leave his prints at the different printshops 'on sale or return.' The sudden appearance in the shop-windows of a large portrait of the great unknown led to the question, 'Who is *this* Mr. —?' The repeated enquiries laid the foundation of his fortune, and led to his living in good style for many years in Soho Square, and numbering royalty and nobility among his patients; but he outlived his professional reputation, and died in reduced circumstances.

It has been observed that religious sects have materially contributed to the elevation of physicians in society, and political

associations have been equally beneficial. The celebrated Dr. Mead was the son of a non-conforming minister, who, knowing the influence he possessed over his numerous congregation, brought him up as a physician, in the full confidence of his obtaining the splendid result that rewarded the speculation. His example was followed by several Dissenting preachers, among whom we may name Oldfield, Clarke, Nesbitt, Lobb, Munckley, whose sons all rose to extensive and lucrative practice.

There are some amusing anecdotes related regarding a vocation for the medical profession. Andrew Rudiger, a physician of Leipsic, when at college made an anagram of his name, and, in the words *Andreas Rudiger* he found '*Arare Rus Dei Dignus*,' or 'worthy to cultivate the field of God.' He immediately fancied that his vocation was the Church, and commenced his theological studies. Showing but little disposition for the clerical calling, the learned Thomasius recommended him to return to his original pursuits. Rudiger confessed that he had more inclination for the profession of medicine than the Church; but that he had considered the anagram of his name as a Divine injunction. 'There you are in error,' replied Thomasius; 'that very anagram calls you to the art of healing; for *Rus Dei* clearly meaneth the churchyard.'

It is also to be observed that the founders of all doctrines, however hypothetical and absurd, have generally assumed a dogmatic language, which gives to their fallacious assertions an appearance of truth, and Bacon has long ago said, 'Method, carrying a show of total and perfect knowledge, has a tendency to general acquiescence.'

Quackery is considered by many practitioners as necessary to forward the views of medical men. It is related of Charles Patin, that being on a visit to a physician at Basle, where his son was studying medicine, he questioned the youth on the principal studies required to form a physician; to which the future candidate for medical popularity replied, 'Anatomy, physiology, pathology, and therapeutics.' 'You have omitted the chief pursuit,' replied his catechiser, '*quackery*.'

Amongst many singular instances of good fortune may be mentioned a surgeon of the name of Broughton, to whom our *East India Company* may consider themselves as most in-

debted, since he was the person who first pointed out the advantages that might result from trading in Bengal. Broughton happened to travel from Surat to Agra in the year 1636, when he had the luck to cure one of the daughters of the Emperor *Shah-Jehan*. To reward him, this prince allowed him a free trade throughout his dominions. Broughton immediately repaired to Bengal to purchase goods, which he sent round by sea to Surat. Scarcely had he returned, when he was requested to attend the favourite of a powerful nabob, and he fortunately restored her to health, when, in addition to a pension, his commercial privileges were still more widely extended; the prince promising him at the same time a favourable reception for British traders. Broughton lost no time in communicating this intelligence to the Governor of Surat; and it was by his advice that the company sent out two large ships to Bengal in 1640.

A CURE BY SMALL BEER.

About 1730, Pulteney, afterwards the Earl of Bath, lay for a long time at Lord Chetwynd's house of Ingestre, in Staffordshire, sick, very dangerously, of a pleuritic fever. This illness cost him an expense of 750 guineas for physicians; and, after all, his cure was accomplished merely by a draught of small beer. Dr. Hope, Dr. Swynsen, and other physicians from Stafford, Lichfield, and Derby, were called in, and carried off about 250 guineas of the patient's money, leaving the malady just where they found it. Dr. Freind went down post from London, with Mrs. Pulteney, and received 300 guineas for the journey. Dr. Broxholm went from Oxford, and received 200 guineas. When these two physicians, who were Pulteney's particular friends, arrived, they found his case to be quite desperate, and gave him over, saying that everything had been done that could be done. They prescribed some few medicines, but without the least effect. He was still alive, and was heard to mutter, in a low voice, 'Small beer, small beer.' They said, 'Give him small beer, or anything.' Accordingly, a great silver cup was brought, which held two quarts of small beer; they ordered an orange to be squeezed into it, and gave it to him.

Pulteney drank off the whole at a draught, and demanded another. Another cupful was administered to him ; and soon after that he fell into a profuse perspiration, and a profound slumber for nearly twenty-four hours. In his case the saying was eminently verified, 'If he sleep he shall do well.' From that time forth, he recovered wonderfully, insomuch that in a few days the physicians took their leave. The joy over his recovery was diffused over the whole country ; for he was then in the height of that popularity which, after his elevation to the peerage, he completely forfeited.

DR. GRAHAM OF PALL MALL AND 'THE TEMPLE OF
HEALTH,' AND HIS QUACKERIES.

In the year 1780, there appeared in London one of the most extraordinary empirics of modern times, named Graham. He was a graduate of Edinburgh, wrote in a bombastic style, and possessed great fluency of elocution. He occupied part of the fine old Schomberg House, which he designated the Temple of Health. The front was ornamented with an enormous gilt sun, a statue of Hygeia, and other emblematic devices ; and the suites of rooms in the mansion were superbly furnished, and the walls decorated with mirrors, so as to confer on the place an effect like that of enchantment. Here Dr. Graham delivered Lectures on Health and Procreation, at the extravagant price of two guineas per lecture, which, with the novelty of the subjects, drew considerable audiences of the wealthy and dissipated. He enlisted a woman, of beautiful figure, whom he called the Goddess of Health ; and it was her business to deliver a concluding discourse after the Doctor himself had finished his lecture. As a further means of attraction, he hired two men of extraordinary stature, who wore enormous cocked hats and showy bulky liveries, whose part it was to distribute bills of advertisement from house to house through the town.

Dr. Graham became an object of universal curiosity, but all his visitors were not duped by him. Horace Walpole, who was not likely to be thus deceived, writing to the Countess of

Ossory, August 23, 1780, thus describes his visit to the quack : ' In the evening I went to Dr. Graham's. It is the most impudent puppet-show of imposition I ever saw, and the mountebank himself the dullest of his profession, except that he makes the spectators pay a crown apiece. We were eighteen. A young officer of the Guards affected humour, and tired me still more. A woman, invisible, warbled to clarionets on the stairs. The decorations are pretty and odd ; and the apothecary, who comes up a trap-door, for no purpose, since he might as well come upstairs, is a novelty. The electrical experiments are nothing at all singular ; and a poor air-pump, that only bursts a bladder, pieces out the farce. The Doctor is like Jenkinson in person, and as flimsy a puppet.'

As Graham's two-guinea auditors were soon exhausted, he dropped the admission money to his lectures successively, to one guinea, half-a-guinea, and five shillings ; and, as he said, ' for the benefit of all,' to half-a-crown ; and when he could no longer draw at this price, he exhibited the Temple itself for one shilling to daily crowds, for several months. Among his properties, or furniture, was a Celestial Bed, as he called it, standing on glass legs, and provided with the richest hangings. He pretended that married pairs, without children, might have heirs by sleeping in this bed, for which he demanded one hundred pounds per night ; and such was the folly of wealth, that persons of high rank were named who acceded to his terms. He then pretended to have discovered the Elixir of Life, by taking which a person might live as long as he pleased ; he modestly demanded one thousand pounds for a supply of it, and more than one noble person was reported to have paid this enormous price to be cured of his folly.

Having worn out his character in these various impositions, Graham then recommended earth-bathing, and undertook to sanction it by his own practice. During one hour every day he admitted spectators, first at a guinea, and then descended to a shilling, to view him and the Goddess of Health in the warm earth to their chins ; the Doctor having his hair full dressed and powdered, and the Goddess' head being dressed also in the best fashion of the time.

When no more money was to be drained from the population of London, the Doctor visited the great provincial towns, and lectured and exhibited in the above manner, wherever he could obtain permission of the magistrates. But the Goddess of Health nearly fell a victim to the earth-bathing; and the Doctor, retiring from public life, died in poor circumstances, in spite of his Elixir of Life, at the early age of fifty-two. His brother married the celebrated Mrs. Macauley, who, in consequence, is generally styled Mrs. Macauley Graham; and his sister was married to Dr. Arnold, of Leicester, the author of an able treatise on Insanity. It is generally understood that the lady who personated the Goddess of Health was Emma, afterwards the wife of Sir William Hamilton, the personal favourite of Lord Nelson. The Goddess is also said to have been a lady named Prescott.

Anecdote Library, 1822.

Southey tells us that Graham was half-mad; and his madness, at last, contrary to the usual practice, got the better of his knavery. Latterly he became wholly an enthusiast, would madden himself with ether, run out into the streets, and strip himself to clothe the first beggar whom he met.

It is curious to find this earth-bath used as a remedy for drunkenness by the Irish rebel, Shane O'Neill, in Elizabeth's days:—'Subtle and crafty he was, especially in the morning; but in the residue of the day very uncertain and unstable, and much given to excessive gulping and surfeiting. And, albeit he had most commonly 200 tuns of wines in his cellar at Dundrum, and had his full fill thereof, yet was he never satisfied till he had swallowed up marvellous great quantities of usquebagh, or aqua vitæ of that country; whereof so unmeasurably he would drink and brase, that for the quenching of the heat of the body, which by that means was most extremely inflamed and distempered, he was eftsoons conveyed (as the common report was) into a deep pit, and standing upright in the same, the earth was cast round about him up to the hard chin, and there he did remain until such time as his body was covered to some temperature.'—*Holinshead*, vol. iv. p. 331.

After many failures, Graham turned a regular M.D., and repaired to Glasgow, where, in 1784, as mentioned in 'Sir James Mackintosh's Memoirs,' Graham was a fellow-student with him at the University. Graham is said to have realised a large fortune by a most successful practice as a physician in England, Scotland, and America; but the immense sums he had lavished in the sumptuous decorations of the Temple of Health involved him in difficulties from which he never recovered. He died in June 1794, in his house opposite the Archers' Hall, Edinburgh, and was buried in the Grey Friars Churchyard. His latter days were cheered by an annuity of 50*l.*, settled upon him by a Genevese gentleman, who derived benefit from reading one of his tracts—an instance of generosity rare enough to merit notice here.

Dr. Graham appears to have been a fanatic as well as an empiric. He published almost numberless tracts, full of folly and extravagance, but free from immorality and obscenity, which, however, he combined in his private lectures. He was, certainly, one of the most remarkable of a class of quacks, who succeeded in winning reputation not among the uneducated and vulgar, but among persons of education and distinction.

There can be little doubt of his fanaticism. In 1787 he styled himself 'The Servant of the Lord, O. W. L.,' meaning by the initials, Oh, Wonderful Love, and dated his bills and other publications, 'In the first year of the New Jerusalem Church.' The magistrates of Edinburgh not relishing this new system of chronology, caused him to be confined in his own house as a lunatic; but he wandered away to the North of England, where he discovered such marks of insanity, that he was secured, and sent back to Edinburgh. Among his books is an old tract—'A New and Curious Treatise on the Nature and Effects of Simple Earth, Water, and Air when applied to the Human Body: How to Live for many Weeks, Months, or Years without Eating anything whatever; with the Extraordinary Histories of many Heroes, Male and Female, who have so subsisted.' 'This,' says a Correspondent of 'Notes and Queries,' 'is a most extraordinary book, showing to what extent of delusion the human mind is capable of being carried, and the amount of

credulity to be found in the general public. The pamphlet opens by giving a copy of an affidavit which he appears to have made at the Mansion House, London, 3rd April, 1793, before James Sanderson, Mayor, in which he swears "on the Holy Evangelists," that "from the last day of December 1792, till the 15th day of January, 1793, being full fourteen successive days, and fourteen successive nights," he did not eat, nor drink, nor receive into the body anything whatever, not even the smallest particle or drop, except some cold, raw, simple water, and that life was sustained by wearing cut-up turfs to the naked body, admitting air into his rooms night and day, and by rubbing his limbs with his own "Nervous Ethereal Balsams," and that by these means, without either food or drink, he was enabled to bear the wear and tear of an extensive medical practice, and of lecturing two hours almost every night.'

QUACKERY AND MEDICAL BOOKS.

There can be no doubt that hypochondriacal persons are fond of perusing works that treat of disease, and most addicted to seeing their own case in every page ; but we should not, on this account, be inclined to discourage all attempts to make the truths of medicine familiar to unprofessional persons. Medical books of some kind or other, such persons will purchase and will study. Care should be taken to supply them with sensible books, and such as, informing them of the wonders of bodily functions, would also teach them to place their greatest reliance, as regarded setting the functions in order when impaired, on those who had most studied them. It is to the deplorable ignorance, even of persons of education, with respect to the structure and functions of the human body, and everything which relates to health and disease, that we must ascribe the inability of such persons to distinguish between the regular practitioner and the quack. The higher classes, especially, hold regular physic and physicians of small account. Their idea of medicine is, that it is an art, a craft, a kind of *knack* (to use a somewhat inelegant, but not inexpressive word) which some people are born with, or attain without study, and by the mere felicity of

nature. If anatomy and physiology formed part of a good education, physic would reach its proper rank. But those who hang with ecstasy over stamens and pistils, on fragments of granite or spar, never seem to consider how noble and useful a subject for contemplation exists in their own frames. With increased knowledge, faith in the nostrums of empirics would soon be extinguished, and rash and absurd methods of cure abandoned. No patients are more disposed to rely on trifles for relief than hypochondriacs. Some put trust in ginger lozenges, some in hierapicra, some in Daffy's Elixir, and some in Doctor Somebody's famous dinner pill. Some rest their hopes on white mustard seed, and others seek solace in break-fasting on fried bacon. Some are persuaded that animal food will be fatal to them, and some that vegetables are poison. They heroically abandon whatever is denounced; some giving up their wine without a sigh, and others resigning their tea without a struggle.

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ERRORS WITH REGARD TO DISEASE AND MEDICINE.

From the clever 'Little Book,' already quoted at page 176 of the present volume, we borrow the following: 'How much of the imprudence which incurreth sickness, and the waywardness which ill beareth it, would be prevented if men in their youth were taught to know so much of the human corporeal frame as to be able to measure their own powers, and neither over nor under task them! For he that demandeth too much from his muscles or his brain, will strain and damage them; but he who demandeth not enough, doth himself a yet more irreparable injury, for then they gain not their due development, and are unfit for use when the occasion calleth for their exertion. For you shall find the medical attendant oftentimes deny his patient the use of books, or of writing, or of such-like amusement, as holding that this kind of occupation will fatigue, and thus retard the cure. Yet the same physician will desire that the sick person shall be taken out of bed for refreshment, and ease of body, as soon as the severity of disease is somewhat

abated ; nay, that, if possible, he shall be removed to some other chamber for the sake of a fresher air than that contaminated by his own fevered breath. Hath, then, the brain no function also which is to be attended to, in order to restore its healthy influence over the other parts ? Who among us hath not seen how much the discontents and griefs of the mind impair digestion, and interrupt the regular course of the circulation, with the due secretions therefrom resulting ? And shall we imagine to restore the patient by refusing amusement, and keeping him constantly pining under the sickness of hope deferred, thinking of his sufferings because he hath nothing else to think of, and fevering himself with restless wishes for what he cannot have ? Leave him his book—he will read till he is weary, and then he will sleep. Suffer him to write—if his arm or head ache in consequence, he will lay aside his pen and seek repose to fit himself to resume it ; and, in the meantime, if the symptoms be not very urgent, his sufferings will be forgotten, and the cheerfulness of health will return, and aid the cure, it may be, more than all the drugs thou canst administer.

‘When even a healthy man is put into solitary confinement, we have good experience, in sundry lamentable cases, that his bodily constitution sinketh under the unnatural state of mind thereby engendered. Wilt thou shut up one who is suffering already from sickness, and haply with no society save that of a stupid nurse, without any means of amusing his mind ? Shall he have no employment but the counting the beats of his fevered pulse, or the stripes or the flowers in the paper or bed-furniture, it may be ; or figuring horrid faces from shadows—or the fancying landscapes in the veins of the marble chimney-piece, or the gazing on some portrait, haply, till he fancieth the eyes move, and he almost shrieketh at the frightful creation of his own phantasy ? Is this the way to promote convalescence ? My worthy brother, thou art but half a master of the healing art, if thou hast never learned to bring the mind to aid in the body’s cure. So mighty an agent existeth not in the whole round of natural causes ; and thou mayst thank thy favourable stars if it be thy fate to find a patient who can and will mentally recreate himself during sickness ; for he will still live by the

force of intellectual activity, where the weak and desponding would sink and die.

‘But, methinks, I hear it said, “I do not deny my patients fitting amusement—they may read a novel—they may delectate themselves with the visits of an Apothecary, who will listen to all their complaints, and besides giving a large share of pity, will delight them with abundance of talk touching the news of the day!”—But this is not the *healthy* exercise of the mind ; it is by forgetting ailments, not by talking about them, that the cure is promoted ; nor is it to be supposed that the idle desultory gossip of the neighbourhood, or the absorbing interest of a work of fiction, whose merit consists in the taking hold of the imagination that it cannot be dismissed at will, furnish that train of gently consecutive and satisfactory reflections which may soothe into quiet sleep ; for the brain, suffering somewhat of the debility of the rest of the body, beareth not sudden jerks or disruptions of thought, but delighteth in following one subject, or shifting into another by easy stages, as it were.

‘The delectations of the wise and good, therefore, during illness, are very different from the above-mentioned, and we shall find that their favourite recreations will be the truths of science and of religion ; the book of God’s works, and the book of God’s laws. These bring us into immediate communication with the Deity, and as the fabled Antæus gained fresh strength from touching his mother earth, so doth man—the son of the Highest—gain power from bringing his soul into contact with his Almighty Father. Earth and its concerns are so brief, so small, to him whose mind hath been thus employed, that even should the illness promise to be life-long, the thought bringeth no despondency. How can it do so to one who hath no mind to return to the paltry littleness of every-day life? Many a great mind hath matured in a sick room works which make it evident that the vigour of intellect—the light of heaven, it may be, beaming on the inward eye—hath triumphed over the ills of the body. Oh, leave the sick man his books ; leave him his lofty thoughts ; his hope that even in this seclusion he is not wholly useless ; his strong will, his upward aspirations !’

THE USE AND ABUSE OF COLTSFOOT.

The plant Coltsfoot has, from the earliest times, had a great reputation for curing coughs : hence its generic name, *Tussilago*, from *tussis*, a cough. The part used is the leaves, which are clothed on the under surface with a dense white cottony down. They are mucilaginous, astringent, and slightly bitter, and are used either in infusion or decoction, or dried and smoked like tobacco. The downy cotton, when scraped off from the bottom of the leaves, and dipped in a solution of saltpetre, and dried, makes excellent tinder. The plant is not often used now by the medical practitioner. It has still, however, a popular reputation, and it is reputed to be the basis of several quack medicines. Another species, the common Butter-bur, *Tussilago Petasites*, is named from *petasus*, a broad covering for the head. This plant produces the largest leaves of any in Great Britain, sometimes measuring three feet broad. The butter-bur was at one time supposed to be a remedy of value in the Plague, from which it got the name of Pestilent wort. Another species blossoms early, has a sweet scent, and is a desirable flower where bees are kept.

The first-named species is named *Coltsfoot*, from its nearly heart-shaped, small-toothed leaves resembling a young horse's or colt's hoof. Its properties are demulcent, slightly astringent, tonic, and expectorant. Its name, both in Greek and in Latin, proves the estimation in which it was held as a means of relieving coughs, a reputation which it does not maintain in modern times among professional observers, except a very few ; but with the vulgar it is still in great esteem. The ancients smoked it, rather than used it in any other form ; and in the north of Europe, and even with our own vulgar, this mode is employed ; what is sold under the name of British Herb Tobacco being chiefly Coltsfoot. This, at least, is harmless ; not so the nostrum called Essence of Coltsfoot, which is a combination of balsam of tolu, compound tincture of benzoin, with a large quantity of rectified spirit of wine, and not a particle of the substance from which it takes its name. In

chronic coughs, accompanied by much local or general irritation, still more in tubercular consumption, such heating ingredients must be very hurtful; though a plain decoction of real Coltsfoot would be unobjectionable, and might be beneficial. The leaves of Coltsfoot form, when moistened with warm water, an excellent emollient poultice.

SNAILS AND SNAIL EATING.

The common garden snail is distributed over a large portion of the globe. It is found, for instance, at the foot of Chimborazo, in the forests of Guiana and Brazil, and on all the coasts of the Mediterranean, in Europe, Asia, and Africa. There can be no doubt that the larger species were good food. We know that they were a favourite dish with the Romans, who had their *cochlearia*, where they were regularly fattened with new wine boiled down, and meal. *Helix pomatia* is used in many parts of Europe during Lent, and the snails are kept in a snailery, which is generally a large place boarded in, having the floor covered half a foot deep with herbs, where the snails fatten. The first importation of this species into Britain is attributed to Sir Kenelm Digby, but they are mentioned as a British inhabitant before his time. They were brought to the South Downs of Surrey and Sussex, and to Box Hill by one of the Earls of Arundel for his Countess, who dressed them, and ate them for a consumptive complaint; they are large and white, and two or three times bigger than our common snails.

Pliny, on the authority of Varro, relates the incredible size to which the art of fattening had brought snails; and Pennant says upon this passage; 'if we should credit Varro, they grow so large that the shells of some would hold ten quarts.'

A SNAIL DINNER.

Snails abound in Italy and Spain more than in the other parts of Europe. In Italy, snails anciently were, and still are much used for the table. They are regularly sold in the markets, as well as in those of Switzerland, Spain, and France, and

are exported in barrels to the Antilles. In the vineyards of France, the peasants collect them, and feed them till winter, when the snails seal themselves up ; and in this state they are purchased by the confectioners, who prepare them in the shell with butter and herbs, and forward them to Paris.

In Transylvania, the large wood snail is a favourite dish. It is drawn out of the shell, cut small, mixed with a kind of savoury stuffing, and served up and replaced in the shell. In some parts of the country, instead of eggs and fowls, the peasants pay their tribute in snails and game. Mr. Paget states one lady's ordinary winter supply to be upwards of 5,000 snails.

Here is an amusing anecdote of an experimental snail dinner.

The chemical philosophers, Dr. Black and Dr. Hutton, were particular friends, though there was something extremely opposite in their external appearance and manner. Dr. Black spoke with the English pronunciation, and with punctilious accuracy of expression, both in point of matter and manner. The geologist, Dr. Hutton, was the very reverse of this : his conversation was conducted in broad phrases, expressed with a broad Scotch accent, which often heightened the humour of what he said.

It chanced that the two doctors had held some discourse together upon the folly of abstaining from feeding on the testaceous creatures of the land, while those of the sea were considered as delicacies. Wherefore not eat snails ? they are known to be nutritious and wholesome, and even sanative in some cases. The epicures of old praised them among the richest delicacies, and the Italians still esteem them. In short, it was determined that a gastronomic experiment should be made at the expense of the snails. The snails were procured, dieted for a time, and then stewed for the benefit of the two philosophers, who had either invited no guests to their banquet, or found none who relished in prospect the *pièce de résistance*. A huge dish of snails was placed before them : still, philosophers are but men after all ; and the stomachs of both doctors began to revolt against the experiment. Nevertheless, if they

looked with disgust on the snails, they retained their awe for each other, so that each, conceiving the symptoms of internal revolt peculiar to himself, began, with infinite exertion, to swallow, in very small quantities, the mess which he internally loathed.

Dr. Black at length showed the white feather, but in a very delicate manner, as if to sound the opinion of his messmate.

'Doctor,' he said, in his precise and quiet manner—'Doctor, do you think that they taste a little—a very little green?' 'D——d green! d——d green, indeed! Tak' them awa'—tak' them awa'!' vociferated Dr. Hutton, starting up from table, and giving full vent to his feelings of abhorrence. So ended all hopes of introducing snails into the modern *cuisine*; and thus philosophy can no more cure a nausea than honour can set a broken limb.

'THE CHEAPSIDE KNIGHT AND CITY POET.'

Sir Richard Blackmore, schoolmaster, physician, and small poet, 'the Cheapside Knight' and 'the City Bard,' and the general butt of the wits of his day, probably wrote some poems recited at Saddlers' Hall; whence Sir Samuel Garth addressed these lines: 'To the merry Poetaster at Saddlers' Hall, in Cheapside.

Unwieldy Pedant, let thy awkward Muse
With Censures praise, with Flatteries abuse,
To lash, and not be felt, in Thee's an Art;
Thou ne'er mad'st any but thy School-boys smart.
Then be advis'd, and scribble not agen;
Thou'rt fashion'd for a Flail, and not a Pen.
If B——l's immortal Wit thou wouldst descry,
Pretend 'tis he that writ thy Poetry.
Thy feeble Satire ne'er can do him wrong;
Thy Poems and thy Patients live not long.'

'To Sir R——Bl——, on the two Wooden Horses before Saddlers' Hall:

'Twas kindly done of the good-natured Cits,
To place before thy door a brace of tits.—*Tom Brown*

BARBER-SURGEONS,

ETC.

BARBER-SURGEONS' HALL, AND THE CHARTER PICTURE
BY HOLBEIN.

In a crowded nook of Cripplegate, which probably preserves more the aspect of old London than any other of its wards, here, in Monkwell Street (so called from the well of the Monks of St. James's-in-the-Wall), Inigo Jones built for the Barber-Surgeons' Company their Hall, the semicircular termination of which rests on a tower of Old London Wall. There is little of Inigo's work about the present building. The theatre, one of the best of his works, was pulled down in the latter end of the last century. It was fitted with cedar-wood seats, adorned with the figures of the seven liberal Sciences, and a bust of King Charles I.

The Barbers of London and the Surgeons of London were formerly distinct companies. The United Company was first incorporated by Edward IV., in 1461-2; and it would even seem that, of the two professions, that of barber was, at this period, considered the most respectable; at least, if we may judge from their adopting, and petitioning to be distinguished by, the style and title of the *Mystery of Barbers*. The barber-surgeons through whose immediate influence the Charter was obtained from the king, were Thomas Monestede, sheriff of London in 1436, and chirurgeon to Kings Henry IV., V., and VI.; Jaques Fries, physician to Edward IV.; and William Hobbs, 'physician and chirurgeon for the same king's body.'

In 1512 an Act was passed to prevent any besides barbers practising surgery within the City and seven miles round, excepting such as were examined by the Bishop of London, or

Dean of St. Paul's, or their assistants. In 1540 they were united into one corporate body; but all persons practising shaving were forbidden to intermeddle with surgery, except to draw teeth and let blood; whence Barber-Surgeons.

The Rev. John Ward, vicar of Stratford-upon-Avon, 1662 to 1681, relates that when he came to London, he lodged at the Bell, in Aldersgate Street, 'to be near Barber-Chirurgeons' Hall,' then the only place in the metropolis where anatomical lectures were publicly delivered.

When, in the 32nd of Henry VIII., he gave the Charter to the Company of Surgeons, Holbein painted a large picture of the presentation—one of the best of that painter's works in this country. It hangs in the Court Room of the Hall; it is ten feet six inches long, and seven feet high, contains eighteen figures, nearly life-size, and represents a room in the palace hung with tapestry. In the centre, on a throne, sits the King, seemingly thrusting the Charter into the hands of Master Thomas Vicay, who receives it kneeling; the King's costume and ornaments are as fine as miniature painting. Around him are the members of the Court kneeling: Sir John Chambre, in a cap and furred gown; the famous Dr. Butts, whose conduct in the scene in the play of *Henry VIII.* of the degradation of Cranmer, while waiting at the door of the council-chamber, is so well drawn by Shakspeare:

ACT V. SCENE II.—*Lobby before Council-chamber.*

(*Butts finds Archbishop Cranmer waiting among the Servants.*)

This is a piece of malice. I am glad
I came this way so happily: the king
Shall understand it presently.

[*Exit Butts.*]

Cranmer [*aside*]. 'Tis Butts,
The king's physician: as he pass'd along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!
Pray heaven, he sound not my disgrace!

(*Enter, alone, the King and Butts.*)

Butts. I'll show your grace the strangest sight—

K. Henry.

What's that, Butts?

Butts. I think your highness saw this many a day.

K. Henry. Body o' me, where is it?

Butts. There, my lord :
The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury ;
Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants,
Pages, and footboys.

K. Henry. Ha ! 'Tis he, indeed :
Is this the honour they do one another ?
'Tis well there's one above 'em yet.

By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery.

All the heads are finely executed ; the flowered and embroidered robes, gold chains, jewels, and rings of the surgeons, their moustaches and beards, are most carefully painted. Seven of the figures are liverymen of the Company. Every part of the picture is most elaborately and delicately finished ; the colouring is chaste, and the care and style of the whole admirable.

All the doctors wear semi-clerical garments, and kneel on both knees. There are eighteen portraits, but only the thirteen who occupy the foreground are labelled. These are known characters, and nearly all of them remarkably intellectual looking. We subjoin a list of their names :—1, L. Alsop ; 2, W. Butts ; 3, I. Chambre ; 4, W. Vicary ; 5, L. Alef ; 6, N. Sympson ; 7, E. Harmande ; 8, I. Montforde ; 9, J. Pen ; 10, N. Alcocke ; 11, N. Feries ; 12, W. Tylley ; 13, X. Sammon.

Among the doctors attending the Sovereign, the physician-accoucheur, who delivered Queen Anne Boleyn of the future Queen Elizabeth, is depicted (L. Alsop, we believe), and several of the others had acquired considerable fame in their day.

Pepys tells us of his going 'February 27, 1662-3, to Chirurgeons' Hall, where we had a fine dinner and good learned company, many doctors of physique, and we used with extraordinary great respect. Among other observables, we drunk the King's health out of a gilt cup given by King Henry VIII. to this Company, with bells hanging at it, which every man is to ring by shaking, after he hath drunk up the whole cup. There is also a very excellent piece of the King, done

by Holbein, which stands up in the Hall, with the officers of the Company kneeling to him, to receive their Charter.'

Walpole says of the picture : ' The character of his Majesty's bluff haughtiness is well represented, and all the heads are finely executed. The picture has been retouched, but is well-known by Baron's print. The physician in the middle, on the King's left hand, is Dr. Butts, immortalised by Shakspeare.'

As an evidence of the estimation in which the picture was held by contemporaries, Mr. Pettigrew quotes a letter from King James to the Company, which runs thus :—

' James R.—Trusty and wellbeloved, we greet you well. Whereas we are informed of a table of painting in your hall, wherein is the picture of our predecessor of famous memory, King Henry VIII., together with divers of your Company, *which being very like him, and well done*, we are desirous to have copied: wherefore our pleasure is that you presently deliver it unto this bearer, our wellbeloved servant Sir Lionel Cranfield Knight, one of our masters of requests, whom we have commanded to receive it of you, and to see it with all expedition copied, and redelivered safely ; and so we bid you farewell.—Given at our Court at Newmarket on the 13th day of January, 1617."

The original cartoons from which this picture was painted are in existence. The portraits were taken on four portions of paper, which are now in the possession of the Royal College of Surgeons, and have been put together and made to form a picture.

Pepys tried, after the Great Fire, to buy this picture, by the help of Mr. Pierce (a surgeon), for a little money. ' I did think,' he adds, ' to give 200*l.* for it, being said to be worth 1,000*l.* ; but it is so spoiled, that I have no mind to it, and is not a pleasant though a good picture.'—*Diary*, August 29, 1668.

The Company sold their cup, described above, with other plate, in the seventeenth century to build their hall, but, as Mr. Pettigrew pointed out, it was purchased by Edward Arris (Master of the Company in 1651), and presented by him again to the Barber-Surgeons.

Of cognate interest are the following portraits at the Hall,

engraved and described in the 'Art Union,' 1839 : A whole-length of Sir Charles Scarborough, by Walker, chief physician to Charles II., James II., and William III. : he is lecturing in the doctor's scarlet cap, hood, and gown ; on the left is the demonstrating surgeon, Anthony Bligh, in the livery-gown, holding up the arm of a dead subject, which lies on a table partly covered with a sheet. Next are portraits of Dr. Arris, and Dr. Thomas Arris, and Dr. Nehemiah Grew. Here, too, is a curious portrait of Mr. Lisle, barber to Charles II. ; and of John Paterson, clerk to the Company, and the projector of several improvements in the City of London after the Great Fire.

The Barber-Surgeons are exempt, as formerly, from serving as constables or on the nightly watch, on juries, inquests, attaints, or recognisances. After the separation of the two professions, the Surgeons removed to their Hall in the Old Bailey, and subsequently, into the Royal College in Lincoln's Inn Fields. The barbers continued to let blood (whence the pole) and draw teeth until our time : the latest we remember of this class, and with pain, was one Middleditch, in Great Suffolk-Street, Southwark, in whose window were displayed heaps of drawn teeth.

The arms of the Company are very characteristic. The three razors are conspicuous on the centre of the shield. Beneath the arms is a great head, with coarse features and open mouth, and looking as we should fancy a gentleman of his aspect would under the hands of the ancient barber-surgeons during some of their operations. Animals, fruit, and other ornaments, help to fill up the details of this interesting piece of workmanship.

Among the portraits in Holbein's large picture is that of Aylif, a sheriff of London, and a merchant of Blackwell Hall, as well as a surgeon. His story was thus told on his tomb in the chancel of St. Michael's in Basinghall Street :

In surgery brought up in youth,
A knight here lieth dead ;
A knight, and eke a surgeon, such
As England seld' hath bred.

For which so sovereign gift of God,
Wherein he did excel,
King Henry VIII. called him to court,
Who loved him dearly well.
King Edward, for his service sake,
Bade him rise up a Knight ;
A name of praise, and ever since
He Sir John Ailife hight, &c.

Sir Charles Scarborough bears the character of the ablest physician of his time : it is he to whom Cowley writes certain verses, concluding with the lines which appear to refer to a too close application to study :

Some hours, at least, for thy own pleasure spare ;
Since the whole stock may soon exhausted be,
Bestow 't not all in charity.
Let Nature and let Art do what they please,
When all is done, Life's an incurable disease.

Early in the seventeenth century, the Hall was broken open, and the Company's plate, with some money, carried off, but was all or nearly all recovered. The incident is chiefly noteworthy for the matter-of-course inhumanity of the period, as illustrated in the fate of all the thieves, which is thus recorded in the books : — ' About the 16th of November then following, Thomas Jones was taken, who being brought to Newgate in December following, Jones and Lyne were both executed for this fact. In January following, Samer was taken and executed. In April, 1616, Foster was taken and executed. Now let's pray God to bless this house from any more of these damages. Amen.'

CHESELDEN AND FULHAM BRIDGE.

This distinguished surgeon and anatomist of the last century commenced his medical studies in London at the age of fifteen, and gave lectures in anatomy in 1711, whilst he continued for twenty years with a reputation not far inferior to his master, Cowper. He was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society at the early age of twenty-three ; and the most remarkable of his contributions to the ' *Philosophical Transactions*,' 1728, is the account of the sensations of a youth of fourteen, blind from

infancy, on recovering his sight by the formation of an artificial pupil : the operation, now common, was then perfectly new ; and has added considerably and justly to Cheselden's fame.

In 1713, he published a work on Anatomy, which was long the text-book of that science in England, and was frequently republished both before and after his death, in England. The eleventh edition was printed in 1778. It is, however, in lithotomy that Cheselden has most repute as an innovator, and as an operator.

Fulham Bridge, across the Thames, opposite Putney, was built in 1729, from a design by Cheselden, selected from several others. The 'Grub Street Journal,' No. xxvii., July 9, 1730, records a vote of thanks from the proprietors to Cheselden for the design ; yet his grave is sadly neglected in the burial-ground of Chelsea Hospital. The bridge was erected by Mr. Phillips, carpenter to the King.

JOHN HUNTER THE ANATOMIST.

John Hunter, born in 1728, at Long Calderwood, in Lanarkshire, was the youngest of a family of ten. His early years were mostly passed in rural amusements until he was apprenticed to his brother-in-law, a cabinet maker, upon whose failure he became assistant to his elder brother, William, then a lecturer and teacher of anatomy in London. One of his earliest duties in the dissecting room was that of preparing the muscles of an arm for his brother's demonstration in anatomy, which was performed with such dexterity that left no doubt in the mind of Dr. William Hunter as to his efficiency. In 1749, John Hunter laboured hard under Cheselden, then surgeon to Chelsea Hospital, and thus acquired the elementary principles and practice of his future profession. He became a pupil of St. Bartholomew's, and by close application for ten years made himself master of comparative anatomy.

Wadd tells us that when John Hunter began practice, 'the town was in possession of Hawkins, Bromfield, Sharpe, and Pott. He remained in unenvied obscurity for many years ; and so little was he considered, that some time after he began

lecturing his class consisted of less than twenty. Dr. Denman used to say that William Hunter was a man of order, and John Hunter a man of genius ; and, in truth, with all his cleverness, which was more than ordinary, the Doctor always felt John's superiority. 'In this I am only my brother's interpreter.' 'I am simply the demonstrator of this discovery ; it was my brother's'—were his constant expressions. Hunter was a philosopher in more senses than one : he had philosophy enough to bear prosperity as well as adversity, and with a rough exterior was a very kind man. The poor could command his services more than the rich. He would see an industrious tradesman before a duke, when his house was full of grandees. 'You have no time to spare,' he would say ; 'you live by it : most of these can wait ; they have nothing to do when they go home.' No man cared less for the profits of the profession, or more for the honour of it. He cared not for money himself, and wished the Doctor to estimate it by the same scale, when he sent a poor man with this laconic note :—

'DEAR BROTHER,—The bearer wants your advice. I do not know the nature of the case. He has no money, and you have plenty ; so you are well met.

'Yours, J. HUNTER.'

He was once applied to to perform a serious operation on a tradesman's wife ; the fee agreed upon was twenty guineas. He heard no more of the case for two months, at the end of which time he was called upon to perform it. In the course of his attendance he found out that the cause of the delay had been the difficulty under which the patient's husband had laboured to raise the money ; and that they were worthy people, who had been unfortunate, and were by no means able to support the expense of such an affliction. 'I sent back to the husband nineteen guineas, and kept the twentieth,' said he, 'that they might not be hurt with an idea of too great an obligation. It somewhat more than paid me for the expense I had been at in the business.' He held the operative part of surgery in the lowest estimation. 'To perform an operation,' said he, 'is to mutilate the patient whom we are unable to

cure; it should therefore be considered as an acknowledgment of the imperfection of our art.' Among other characteristics of genius, was his simplicity of character and singleness of mind. His works were announced as the works of *John Hunter*; and *John Hunter* on a plain brass plate announced his residence. His honour and his pride made him look with contempt on the unworthy arts by which ignorant and greedy men advance their fortunes. He contemplated the hallowed duties of his art with the feelings of a philanthropist and a philosopher; and although surgery had been cultivated more than 2000 years, this single individual did more towards establishing it as a *science*, than all who preceded him.

William Hunter was a surgical pupil at St. George's in 1741, when he resided with the eminent Smellie, at that time an apothecary in Pall Mall. William's brother, John, was much straitened in circumstances in early life. He could get but few pupils, and frequently borrowed the money for some new purchase that had tempted him, and which he could not resist, for his beloved museum, the foundation of which he began to lay from an early period. A pleasant anecdote of one of these occasions is related. 'Pray, George,' said he one day to Mr. G. Nicol, the King's bookseller, an intimate acquaintance, 'have you got any money in your pocket?' The answer was in the affirmative. 'Have you got five guineas? because, if you have, and will lend it to me, you shall go halves.' 'Halves in what?' said Mr. Nicol. 'Why, halves in a magnificent tiger, which is now dying in Castle Street.' The money was lent, and the great anatomist made happy.

Hunter had a great love for animals, and not merely, as the satirist might say, or think, for their use for dissection, but whilst alive; and he ran some strange risks in consequence. At his home at Brompton, he had a numerous collection, among which were two leopards, of which Sir E. Home relates—'They were kept chained in an outhouse, but one day broke from their confinement, and got into the yard among some dogs, which they immediately attacked. The howling this produced alarmed the whole neighbourhood. Mr. Hunter ran into the yard to see what was the matter, and found one of them getting

up the wall to make his escape, the other surrounded by the dogs. He immediately laid hold of them both, and carried them back to their den ; but as soon as they were secured, and he had time to reflect upon the risk of his own situation, he was so much agitated, that he was in danger of fainting.' Again, 'The fiercer animals were those to which he was most partial, and he had several of the bull kind from different parts of the world. Among these was a beautiful small bull he had received from the Queen, with which he used to wrestle in play, and entertain himself with its exertions in its own defence. In one of these contests the bull overpowered him, and got him down ; and had not one of the servants accidentally come by and frightened the animal away, this frolic would probably have cost him his life.'

In 1773, Mr. Hunter was affected by a disease of the heart, which subsequently carried him off. The immediate cause of his death involves painful remembrances. In 1792, a dispute occurred between him and his colleagues, at St. George's Hospital, in consequence of the election of Mr. Keate to a vacancy which then happened, in opposition to the man of Mr. Hunter's choice, Sir Everard Home, his brother-in-law. This led to recriminatory acts (or what were looked on in that light) on both sides, among which was an order on the part of the hospital governors that no person should be admitted as a student without bringing certificates that he had been educated for the profession. Hunter, who was in the habit of receiving pupils from Scotland of the class prohibited, took this as aimed against himself ; but two young men having come up, who were prohibited by the rule from entering the hospital, Hunter undertook to press for their admission before the Board. On the proper day, October 16, Hunter went to fulfil his promise, having previously remarked to a friend, that if any unpleasant dispute occurred, it would prove fatal. It is melancholy to relate how true were his forebodings. In making his statement, one of his colleagues gave a flat denial to some observation, and the irrevocable blow was struck. Hunter stopped, retired to an adjoining room to conceal or repress his emotions, and there fell lifeless into the arms of Dr. Robertson. Every at-

tempt was made to recover him, but in vain. We may imagine the feelings of all parties, as they gazed upon each other, and acknowledged that John Hunter was dead, and that such had been the occasion.

The remains of John Hunter were deposited in the vaults of the church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, whence they were removed to Westminster Abbey in 1859. The coffin was in an excellent state of preservation : it was covered with fine black cloth, and richly studded with gilt nails and ornaments. On it was a brass plate with the family arms, encircled in a rich scroll, with the cypress entwined, and bearing the following inscription :— ‘John Hunter, Esq., died 16th October, 1793, aged 64 years.’ Beneath which the college authorities caused another plate to be attached, stating that ‘These remains were removed from the church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields by the Royal College of Surgeons of England, March 28, 1859.’ The ceremony of reinterment took place on April 10, the following being the order of the procession :—

The remains in the original coffin, borne on a high bier, followed by the Dean of Westminster (without his robes), and Dr. Baillie, a grand-nephew of Hunter ; Lord Ducie, and Dr. Clarke, of Cambridge, as representing the trustees of the Hunterian Museum ; Mr. Buckland (a son of the late respected Dean of Westminster, and to whom the profession is indebted for the discovery of the remains) ; Mr. Owen, the late Hunterian Professor ; Dr. Mayo and Mr. Green, the Presidents of the Royal Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons ; Mr. South and the Council of the College of Surgeons ; the Censors of the College of Physicians ; the Master and Wardens of the Apothecaries’ Company ; and most of the distinguished London and provincial surgeons. Arrived at the grave, the coffin was, without further ceremony, deposited in its final resting-place, where it was inspected by the crowded assembly, among whom were several ladies.

THE SURGEONS' THEATRE IN THE OLD BAILEY.

On leaving Monkswell Street, the Barber-Surgeons built by subscription a theatre, &c., in the Old Bailey, which stood partly on the site of the southernmost buildings now constituting the Central Criminal Court. Through the door in the basement, in the centre of the Hall, the bodies of murderers executed at Newgate adjoining were carried for dissection, according to the Act of 1752, and which was only repealed in the reign of William IV. It was here, we believe, that the extraordinary incident occurred, which John Hunter related in his lectures, of the revival of a criminal just as they were about to dissect him. If we remember rightly, the operators sent immediately to the sheriffs, who caused the man to be brought back to Newgate, from whence he was, by permission of the King, allowed to depart for a foreign country. It was here that a still more awful exhibition took place, in the beginning of the present century, in connexion with the same subject. In the 'Annual Register' for 1803, it is stated that 'The body of Foster, who was executed for murdering his wife, was lately subjected to the galvanic process, by Mr. Aldini (a nephew of Galvani), in the presence of Mr. Keate, Mr. Cowper, and several other professional gentlemen. On the first application of the process to the face, the jaw of the deceased began to quiver, and the adjoining muscles were horribly contorted, and one eye actually opened. In the subsequent course of the experiment, the right hand was raised and clenched, and the legs and thighs were set in motion; and it appeared to all the bystanders that the wretched man was on the point of being restored to life. The object of these experiments was to show the excitability of the human frame, when animal electricity is duly applied; and the possibility of its being efficaciously applied in cases of drowning, suffocation, or apoplexy, by reviving the action of the lungs, and thereby rekindling the expiring spark of vitality.' Such is the notice in the contemporary publication of the day; but the most important part of the proceedings is not here told. It

has been stated by those who were present on the occasion, that when the right hand was raised, as mentioned above, it struck one of the officers of the institution, who died that very afternoon of the shock.

‘By a sort of second-sight’ (says Pennant) ‘the Surgeons’ Theatre was built near this court of conviction and Newgate, the concluding stage of the lives forfeited to the justice of their country, several years before the fatal tree was removed from Tyburn to its present site. It was a handsome building, ornamented with Ionic pilasters, and with a double flight of steps to the first floor. Beneath was a door for the admission of the bodies of murderers and other felons, who, noxious in their lives, made a sort of reparation to their fellow creatures by becoming useful after death.’

After the execution of Lord Ferrers, at Tyburn, in 1760, the body was conveyed in his own landau to Surgeons’ Hall. The body was afterwards publicly exposed to view in a first-floor room; and a print of the time shows the corpse ‘as it lay in Surgeons’ Hall,’ in the coffin, uncovered. Here sat the Court of Examiners, by whom Oliver Goldsmith was rejected, December 21, 1758; and in the books of the College of Surgeons, amidst a long list of candidates who passed, occur: ‘James Bernard, mate to an hospital. Oliver Goldsmith, found not qualified for ditto.’ ‘A rumour of this rejection long existed, and, on a hint from Maton, the King’s physician, Mr. (afterwards Sir James) Prior succeeded in discovering it.’

Goldsmith’s being plucked by the examiners at Surgeons’ Hall in 1758 is welcomed by his ablest biographer as the turning-point of his career. Finding him not qualified to be a surgeon’s mate, they ‘left him qualified to heal the wounds and abridge the sufferings of all the world.’ While the door of Surgeons’ Hall was shut upon him that day, the gate of the beautiful mountain (in Mr. Forster’s figure of speech) was slowly opening.

SMOLLETT AT SURGEONS' HALL.

Smollett, it is well known, has described the principal adventures of his own early career in his 'Roderick Random,' and, among the rest, his appearance in Surgeons' Hall to pass his examination prior to his applying for appointment as surgeon's mate, in 1741. As he waited in the outward hall (the vestibule, probably), among a crowd of young fellows, one 'came out from the place of examination with a pale countenance, his lip quivering, and his look as wild as if he had seen a ghost. He no sooner appeared than we all flocked about him with the utmost eagerness to know what reception he had met with, which (after some pains) he described, recounting all the questions he had been asked, with the answers he made. In this manner we obliged no less than twelve to recapitulate, which, now the danger was past, they did with pleasure, before it fell to my lot. At length the beadle called my name with a voice that made me tremble as much as if it had been the last trumpet; however, there was no remedy. I was conducted into a large hall, where I saw about a dozen of grim faces at a long table; one of whom bid me come forward in such an imperious tone, that I was actually for a minute or two bereft of my senses. The first question he put to me was, "Where were you born?" To which I answered "in Scotland." "In Scotland," said he; "I know that very well; we have scarce any other countrymen to examine here; you Scotchmen have overspread us of late as the locusts did Egypt. I ask you in what part of London were you born?" I named the place of my nativity, which he had never before heard of. He then proceeded to interrogate me about my age, the town where I served my time, with the terms of my apprenticeship; and when I had informed him that I served three years only, he fell into a violent passion, swore it was a shame and a scandal to send such raw boys into the world as surgeons; that it was a great presumption in me and an affront to the English, to pretend to sufficient skill in my business, having served so short a time, when every apprentice in England was bound

seven years at least,' &c. One of the more considerate of the examiners now interferes, who puts a few questions, which are well answered. Another, a wag, now tries his hand, but his jokes fail to go off; and Smollett is turned over to a fourth party, who, in the examination, expresses opinions which are heterodox to other members, and a general hubbub commences, which obliges the chairman to command silence, and to order the examinant to withdraw. Soon after he gets his qualification, for which he tenders half-a-guinea, and receives (on *asking* for it) five shillings and sixpence change, with a sneer at the correctness of his Scotch reckoning.

THE HUMAN HAND.

There is inconsistency, and something of the child's propensities, still in mankind. A piece of mechanism, as a watch, a barometer, or a dial, will fix attention; a man will take journeys to see an engine stamp a coin, or turn a block; yet the organs through which he has a thousand sources of enjoyment, and which are, in themselves, more exquisite in design and more curious, both in contrivance and in mechanism, do not enter his thoughts; if he admire a living action, his admiration will probably be more excited by what is uncommon and monstrous than by what is natural, and perfectly adjusted to its office—by the elephant's trunk, than by the human hand. This does not arise from an unwillingness to contemplate the superiority or dignity of our own nature, nor from an incapacity of admiring the adaptation of parts. It is the effect of habit. The Human Hand is so beautifully formed, every effort of the will is answered so instantly, as if the hand itself were the seat of that will, that the very perfection of the instrument makes us insensible to its use; we use it as we draw our breath, unconsciously, we have lost all recollection of the feeble and ill-directed efforts of its first exercise, by which it has been perfected, and we are insensible of the advantages we derive from it. The armed extremities of a variety of animals give them great advantages; but if man possessed any similar pro-

visions, he would forfeit his sovereignty over all. As Galen long since observed, 'did man possess the natural armour of the brutes, he would no longer work as an artificer, nor protect himself with a breast-plate, nor fashion a sword or spear, nor invent a bridle to mount a horse, and hunt the lion. Neither could he follow the arts of peace, construct the pipe and lyre, erect houses, inscribe laws, and through letters and the ingenuity of the hand converse with the sages of antiquity.'

Sir Charles Bell's Bridgewater Treatise.

JEREMY BENTHAM'S BEQUEST OF HIS REMAINS.

Bentham's long life was incessantly and laboriously devoted to the good of his species; in pursuance of which he ever felt that incessant labour a happy task, that long life but too short for its benevolent object. The preservation of his remains by his physician and friend, to whose care they were confided, was in exact accordance with his own desire. He had early in life determined to leave his body for dissection. By a document dated as far back as 1769, he being then only twenty-two years of age, bequeathed it for that purpose to his friend, Dr. Fordyce. The document is in the following remarkable words:—

'This my will and general request I make, not out of affectation of singularity, but to the intent and with the desire that mankind may reap some small benefit in and by my disease, having hitherto had small opportunities to contribute thereto while living.'

A memorandum affixed to this document shows that it had undergone Bentham's revision two months before his death, and that this part of it had been solemnly ratified and confirmed. The Anatomy Bill, passed subsequently to his death, for which a foundation had been laid in 'The Use of the Dead to the Living' (first published in the 'Westminster Review,' and afterwards reprinted, and a copy given to every Member of Parliament), had removed the main obstructions in the way of obtaining anatomical knowledge; but the state of the law previous to the adoption of the Anatomy Act was such as to

foster the popular prejudices against dissection, and the effort to remove these prejudices was well worthy of a philanthropist. After all the lessons which science and humanity might learn from the dissection of his body had been taught, Bentham further directed that the skeleton should be put together and kept entire ; that the head and face should be preserved ; that the whole figure, arranged as naturally as possible, should be attired in the clothes he ordinarily wore, seated in his own chair, and maintaining the attitude and aspect most familiar to him.

Mr. Bentham was perfectly aware that difficulty and even obloquy might attend a compliance with the directions he gave concerning the disposal of his body. He therefore chose three friends, whose firmness he believed to be equal to the task, and asked them if their affection for him would enable them to brave such consequences. They engaged to follow his directions to the letter, and they were faithful to their pledge. The performance of the first part of this duty is thus eloquently described by an eye-witness, W. J. Fox, in the 'Monthly Repository' for July 1832 :—

'None who were present can ever forget that impressive scene. The room (the lecture-room of the Webb Street School of Anatomy) is small and circular, with no window but a central skylight, and capable of containing about three hundred persons. It was filled, with the exception of a class of medical students and some eminent members of that profession, by friends, disciples, and admirers of the deceased philosopher, comprising many men celebrated for literary talent, scientific research, and political activity. The corpse was on the table in the middle of the room, directly under the light, clothed in a night-dress, with only the head and hands exposed. There was no rigidity in the features, but an expression of placid dignity and benevolence. This was at times rendered almost vital by the reflection of the lightning playing over them ; for a storm arose just as the lecturer commenced, and the profound silence in which he was listened to was broken and only broken by loud peals of thunder, which continued to roll at intervals throughout the delivery of his most appropriate and often

affecting address. With the feelings which touch the heart in the contemplation of departed greatness, and in the presence of death, there mingled a sense of the power which that lifeless body seemed to be exercising in the conquest of prejudice for the public good, thus co-operating with the triumphs of the spirit by which it had been animated. It was a worthy close of the personal career of the great philanthropist and philosopher. Never did corpse of hero on the battle-field, "with his martial cloak around him," or funeral obsequies chanted by stoled and mitred priests in Gothic aisles, excite such emotions as the stern simplicity of that hour in which the principle of utility triumphed over the imagination and the heart.'

The skeleton of Bentham, dressed in the clothes which he usually wore, and with a wax face, modelled by Dr. Talrych, enclosed in a mahogany case, with folding-doors, may now be seen in the Anatomical Museum of University College Hospital, Gower Street, London.

From Modern Eccentrics, vol. ii.

SURGERY IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

The favours shown by Henry VIII. to the curative professions would seem to imply that he had some glimmering of an idea that knowledge was better than ignorance ; and the regularly educated surgeon a more trustworthy guide than the illiterate quack ; but his sympathies seem to have been divided with the weaker vessels, the old women, &c. By the 14th and 15th of Henry VIII. cap. viii., it was made lawful 'to every person being the King's subject, having knowledge or experience of the nature of herbs, roots, and waters. . . . to minister in and to any outward sore, uncome, wound, imposthumations, outward swellings, or disease, any herb or herbs, ointments, baths, poultices, and plasters, according to their cunning, experience, and knowledge,' &c. Gale, an eminent surgeon of the same reign, shows that the King was by no means alone in his opinion of the unprofessional practitioners. He says, 'If I should tell you of the ungracious witchcrafts, and of the fooling and mischievous abuses and miseries that have been in times

past, and yet in our days continually used, ye would not a little marvel thereat. But forasmuch as it hath not only turned to the dishonour of God, but also the state of the Commonwealth, I have thought it good to declare unto you part of their wicked doings, that it may be unto you, which professeth this art, an example to avoid the like most wretched deeds. These things I do not speak to you of hearing, but of mine own knowledge. In the year 1562, I did see in the two hospitals of London, called St. Thomas's Hospital, and St. Bartholomew's Hospital, to the number of CCC and odd poor people that were diseased of sore legs, sore arms, feet and hands, with other parts of the body so sore infected, that a hundred and twenty of them could never be recovered without loss of a leg or arm, a foot or a hand, fingers or toes, or else their limbs crooked, so that they were either maimed, or else undone for ever. *All these were brought to this mischief by witches*, by women, by counterfeit javills (wandering or dirty fellows), that take upon them to use the art, not only of robbing them of their money, but of their limbs, and perpetual health. This fault and crime of the undoing of these people were laid unto the chirurgeons—I will not say by part of those that were at that time masters of the same hospitals—but it was said that carpenters, women, weavers, cutlers, and tinkers did cure more people than the chirurgeons. But what manner of cures they did, I have told you before ; such cures as all the world may wonder at—yea, I say such cures as maketh the devil in hell to dance for joy, to see the poor members of Jesus Christ so miserably tormented. . . . Of this sort (of pretenders), I think London to be as well stored as the country ; I think there be not as few in London as three score women that occupieth arts of physicks and chirurgery. These women, some of them be called wise women, or holy and good women ; some of them be called *witches*, and useth (are accustomed) to call upon certain spirits. . . .' And in another part he says, 'I will not speak of a multitude of strangers, as pouch-makers and pedlars, with glass-makers and cobblers, which run out of their own countries, and here become noble physicians and chirurgeons, such as now is most in estimation, and ruleth all

the roast in our country.' Such, practically, was surgery in the sixteenth century.

THE OLDEN PHARMACOPŒIA.

The first Pharmacopœia ever published was literally a recipe-book, collected by an industrious student, and adopted by the Faculty of Nuremberg in 1542. Up to this date, the nostrums employed by certain famous physicians, especially those of the early Latin and Arabian schools, were chiefly administered. The plan on which these old prescriptions were constructed was very comprehensive, a vast number of ingredients being mixed together on the chance of some one of them doing good. And in 1618, when the first 'London Pharmacopœia' was published, this system had become so general in practice that one of the electuaries comprised in that work contained no less than 124 ingredients. But then it had a great work to accomplish, being announced as an antidote for all poisons and pestilences. Numerous portraits exist of the famous doctors of those days—such shrewd, hard-featured men that it is difficult to believe in their placing much faith in the queer medicines they concocted and prescribed. For the first 'London Pharmacopœia' comprised, among other nice things supposed to be conducive to health, a delicate stew of puppy-dogs and earthworms *à l'huile*, a dainty distillation of snails, worms, and stinging-nettles, with rue for flavouring, and sundry preparations from dead men's skulls, boiled foxes, wood-lice, toads, and scorpions. In the new 'British Pharmacopœia' published, we miss many very popular medicines, such as the oxymel of squills, elder-flower ointment, brandy, lettuce, syrup of buckthorn, &c. Several new preparations are, for the first time, introduced. Beeberine, kamela, lithium, hemidesmus, methylated spirits, are all novelties in pharmacy.

The Leisure Hour.

SIR HANS SLOANE.

This eminent physician, born in 1660, having studied medicine, settled in London, and three years afterwards was chosen a Fellow of the College of Physicians. In the same year he sailed for Jamaica, and remained there sixteen months, when he returned with a collection of 800 species of plants, accumulated to 8,226 specimens in botany alone, besides 200 volumes of dried samples of plants. In 1716, George I. created Sloane a baronet—a title which no English physician had before received. In 1719, he was elected President of the College of Physicians, which office he held for sixteen years; and in 1727 he was elected President of the Royal Society. He zealously discharged all his official duties until the age of fourscore. He then retired to an estate which he had purchased at Chelsea, where he continued to receive the visits of scientific men, of learned foreigners, and of the Royal Fellows. He never refused admittance nor advice to rich or poor, though he was so infirm as but rarely to take a little air in his garden in a wheeled chair. Sir Hans died after a short illness, bequeathing his museum to the public, on condition that 20,000*l.* should be paid to his family; which sum scarcely exceeded the intrinsic value of the gold and silver medals, and the ores and precious stones in his collection, which he declares in his will cost 50,000*l.* His library, consisting of 3,556 manuscripts and 50,000 volumes, was included in the bequest. Parliament accepted the trust on the required conditions, and thus Sloane's collections formed the nucleus of the British Museum.

Sir Hans Sloane was a generous public benefactor. He presented the Apothecaries Company with the freehold of their Botanic Gardens at Chelsea, on condition that they should present annually to the Royal Society fifty new plants, until the number amounted to 2000. In 1753, the Company erected a marble statue by Rysbrack of their benefactor, Sloane, in the centre of the garden. His remains rest in the churchyard of St. Luke's, by the river-side, at Chelsea.

The life of Sir Hans Sloane was protracted by extraordinary means: when a youth he was attacked by spitting of blood,

which interrupted his education for three years ; but by abstinence from wine and other stimulants, and continuing in some measure this regimen ever afterwards, he was enabled to prolong his life to the age of ninety-three years. Sir Hans was noted for his hospitality ; but there were three things he never had at his table—salmon, champagne, and burgundy.

Here we may note that Sir Edward Wilmot, the physician, was, when a youth, so far gone in consumption, that Dr. Radcliffe, whom he consulted, gave his friends no hope of his recovery, yet he lived to the age of ninety-three ; and Dr. Heberden states, ‘ this has been the case with some others, who had many symptoms of consumption in youth.’

It is remarkable that Sloane owed much of his early success to Sydenham. On his arrival in London, he waited on Sydenham with a letter of introduction, in which a friend had set forth his qualifications in glowing language, as ‘ a ripe scholar, a good botanist, a skilful anatomist.’ Sydenham read the recommendation, and eyed the young man very narrowly ; then he said, ‘ All this is mighty fine, but it won’t do. Anatomy,—botany—nonsense ! Sir, I know an old woman in Covent Garden who understands botany better ; and as for anatomy, my butcher can dissect a joint just as well. No, no, young man ; this is all stuff ; you must go to the bedside—it is there alone that you can learn disease.’ In spite of this mortifying reception, however, Sydenham afterwards took the greatest interest in Sloane, frequently making the young man accompany him in his chariot on his usual airing.

Sloane’s greatest glory was his succession to Sir Isaac Newton in the Presidency of the Royal Society. Sloane had previously acted as secretary ; and an evidence is given of the high sense entertained by that body for his services and his virtues, by their expulsion of Dr. Woodward from the council, for affronting him by making grimaces, and by interrupting him, while reading a paper of his own composition, with a grossly insulting remark. Sir Isaac Newton was in the chair when the expulsion of Woodward came under discussion ; and some one pleading in his favour that he was a good natural philosopher, Newton interfered with the remark, that ‘ in order to belong to

that Society, a man ought to be a good moral philosopher as well as a good natural one.'

Sir Hans Sloane is said to have been the most abstemious and parsimonious of eminent physicians. It may be a piece of scandal to say that he gave up his winter soirées in Bloomsbury Square, to save the cost of tea, and bread-and-butter. At one of these entertainments, Handel was present, and gave great offence to Sir Hans, by laying a muffin on one of his choice books. 'To be sure it was a gareless trick,' said the great composer; 'but it tid no monsdrous mischief; bud it poded the old poog-vorm treadfully oud of sorts. I offered my best apologies, bud the old miser would not have done with it. If it had been a biscuit it would not have mattered; but muffin and pudder! And I said, "Ah, mine Gotd, that is the rub!—it is the pudder! Now mine worthy friend, Sir Hans Sloane, you have a nodable excuse, you may save your doast and pudder, and lay it to that unfeeling gormandizing German; and den I knows it will add something to your life by sparing your burse."'

EFFECT OF CLIMATE ON CONSUMPTION.

The medical faculty much question the opinion so long prevalent among medical men, that a change of climate is beneficial to consumptive patients. Sir James Clarke has assailed the doctrine with much force; a French physician, Carrière, has written against it; but the most vigorous opponent is Dr. Burgess, of Scotland, who maintains that climate has little or nothing to do with consumption; and that if it had, the curative effects would be produced through the skin, and not the lungs.

That a warm climate is not itself beneficial, is shown from the fact that consumption exists in all latitudes. In India and Africa, tropical climates, it is as frequent as in Europe and North America. At Malta, in the heart of the genial Mediterranean, one third of the deaths among the soldiers is by consumption. At Nice, a favourite resort of persons afflicted with lung complaints, there are more native-born persons die of consumption, than in any English town of equal population.

In Geneva this disease is almost equally prevalent. In Florence, pneumonia 'is marked by a suffocating character, and by a rapid progress towards its last stage.' Naples, with its boasted climate, shows in her hospitals a mortality by consumption equal to one in two and one third ; whereas in Paris, the proportion is only one in three and one quarter. In Madeira, no local disease is more common than consumption, not only among the natives, but among the consumptive invalids who resort there for health. Dr. Burgess then argues that as the beasts, birds, and fishes of one region die in another, a change of climate cannot, unless exceptionally, be beneficial to an invalid ; for the human constitution cannot endure change of temperature without being affected by it. 'What is best for consumptive patients, is an equable climate : it is the fluctuations, not the high temperature of a climate, that are injurious.'

The proportion of deaths from consumption (says Keith Johnson) indicates how little mere climate has to do with the extent of this disease ; since, while it is almost unknown in the Madras presidency of India, it is more frequent at the Cape of Good Hope than in the Northern United States, nearly even in Britain and British North America, nearly the same in Gibraltar as in the West Indies.

THE OLD PHYSICIAN'S MUFF.

The muff was carried 'that he might have his hands warm and delicate of touch, and so be able to discriminate to a nicety the qualities of the patient's arterial pulsations. He made his rounds, in cold weather, holding before him a large fur muff, in which his fingers and fore-arms were concealed.'

Yeaffreson,

OBESITY.

COMMENTS ON CORPULENCE.

Various are the opinions on the cause of excessive corpulence. By some it is attributed to too great an activity of the digestive functions, producing a rapid assimilation of our food ; by others to the predominance of the liver, while indolence and apathy are considered as occasioning a laxity of fibre favourable to this *embonpoint*.

It is certain that exercise, anxiety of mind, want of sleep, and spare food, are circumstances opposed to fatness. This fact is illustrated by Shakspeare, when Cæsar says to Antony :

Let me have men about me that are fat,
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights ;
Yon Cassius has a lean and hungry look.
He thinks too much ; such men are dangerous.

Strange, indeed, have been the fancies on the dread of corpulence amongst various nations.

Fat is a fluid similar to vegetable oils, inodorous, and lighter than water ; besides the elements common to water, to oils, and wax, it contains carbon, hydrogen, and sebacic acid, which is pretty similar to the acetic. Human fat, like that of other animals, has been frequently employed for various purposes. A story is told of an Irish tallow chandler, who, during the invasion of Cromwell's army, made candles with the fat of Englishmen, which were remarkable for their good quality ; but when the times became more tranquil, his goods were of an inferior kind, and when one of his customers complained of his candles falling off, he apologised by saying, ' I am sorry to

inform you that the times are so bad that I have been short of Englishmen for a long time.'

Obesity may be considered a serious evil, and has exposed corpulent persons to many *désagrémens*. The ancients held fat people in sovereign contempt. Some of the Gentoos enter their dwellings by a hole in the roof; and any fat person who cannot get through it, they consider as an excommunicated offender who has not been able to rid himself of his sins. An Eastern prince had an officer to regulate the size of his subjects, and who dieted the unwieldy ones, to reduce them to a proper volume. In China this calamity is considered a blessing, and a man's intellectual qualities are esteemed in the ratio of corporeal bulk.

There are cases on record among ourselves where unwieldiness led to estimation. The corpulent antiquary Grose was requested by his butcher to tell all his friends that he bought his meat from him; and the paviors of Cambridge used to say, 'God bless you, sir!' to a huge professor when he walked over their work. Fatness has often been the butt of jocularities. Dr. Stafford, who was enormously fat, was honoured with this epitaph:—

Take heed, O good traveller, and do not tread hard,
For here lies Dr. Stafford, *in all this church-yard*.

And the following lines were inscribed on the tomb of a corpulent chandler:

Here lies in earth an honest fellow,
Who died by fat and lived by tallow.

Dr. Beddoes was so uncomfortably stout that a lady of Clifton used to call him 'the walking feather-bed.' At the Court of Louis XV. there were two lusty noblemen, related to each other: the king, having rallied one of them on his corpulency, added, 'I suppose you take little or no exercise?' 'Your majesty will pardon me,' replied the bulky duke, 'for I generally walk two or three times round my cousin every morning.'

Various ludicrous anecdotes are related of fat people. A scene between Mrs. Clive and Mrs. Pritchard, two corpulent

actresses, must have been very amusing. They were playing in the parts of Lady Easy and Edging in the 'Careless Husband,' when the former desires Edging to pick up a letter she had dropped; and Mrs. Clive, who might as well attempt to raise a hundred pounds weight, exclaimed, 'Not I, indeed; take it up yourself if you like it.' This answer threw the audience into a roar of laughter; when Mrs. Pritchard replied, 'Well, if you won't take up the letter, I must find some one who will;' and so saying, she beckoned to a servant in the wing, who came forward and terminated the dispute.

For the cure of corpulency, diminution of food of a nutritious nature has been generally recommended; added to this, little sleep and much exercise are advised. Acids to reduce fatness are frequently administered, but have done considerable mischief. Amongst other wonderful accounts of their efficacy in such cases, it is related of a Spanish general who was of an enormous size, that he drank vinegar until his bulk was so reduced, that he could fold his skin round his body.

For a similar purpose, soap has been frequently recommended, particularly by Dr. Flemyng. He began this experiment with one of his patients who weighed twenty stone and eleven pounds (jockey weight): in July 1754, he took every night a quarter of an ounce of common Castile soap. In August 1756, his bulk was reduced two stone, and in 1760, he was brought down to a proper condition.

Darwin is of opinion that salt and salted meat are still more efficacious than soap. All these experiments, however, are in general not only useless, but pernicious, and frequently prove fatal. Mr. Wadd, from whose curious work on corpulence much is extracted in this article, properly observes that 'certain and permanent relief is only to be sought in rigid abstemiousness, and a strict and constant attention to diet and exercise.' Dr. Cheyne, who weighed thirty-two stone, reduced himself one-third, and enjoyed good health till the age of seventy-two.

If *embonpoint* is generally a sign of good humour, and a cheerful disposition, leanness frequently betokens a sour, crabbed, and ill-natured character. Solomon has said, 'A

merry heart doeth good like medicine ; but a broken spirit drieth the bones.' This observation, however, cannot be considered a rule in forming a judgment of various tempers. This is by no means an easy attempt in our intercourse with the world, when physiognomy is not always a sure guide in the selection of our companions.

A remarkable case of leanness is mentioned by Lorry in a priest, who became so thin and dry in all his articulations, that at last he was unable to go through the celebration of mass, as his joints and spine would crack in so loud and strange a manner at every genuflexion, that the faithful were terrified, and the faithless laughed. One of these miserable laths once undertook a long journey to consult a learned physician on his sad condition, and having begged to know, in a most piteous tone, the cause of his desiccation, was favoured with the following luminous answer : ' Sir, there is a predisposition in your constitution to make you lean, and a disposition in your constitution to keep you so.' Another meagre patient being told that the celebrated Hunter had fattened a dog by removing his spleen, exclaimed, with a deep sigh, ' O, sir ! I wish Mr. Hunter had mine.'

The Duke of Lauderdale is remembered as a big, burly man, who had a false appetite, which obliged him, when about to dine in the presence of strangers, to eat a whole leg of mutton beforehand, in order to reduce his stomach to a level with those of his company ; that, to use an ordinary phrase, they might *start fair*. His common breakfast was a pint of marrow ! There is, moreover, a tradition at Edinburgh, that whenever or wherever his grace travelled, he was accompanied by a separate carriage, fitted up like a kitchen, with a set of cooks for the purveyance of the food which his appetite unremittingly demanded. In the book entitled 'The Scots Worthies,' Lauderdale is spoken of in this strain : ' He became such a remarkable epicurean, that it is incredible the flesh or juice of flesh it is said he devoured in one day, eating and drinking being now his only exercise and delight.' Such ' intemperance of mouth,' as the old Scottish historians would term it, almost exceeds all belief, and much of the tale may be ascribed to the virulence

of the Covenanting party against the duke's memory ; yet, as may be seen below, it is by no means without parallel. The treatment which, it seems, our early ancestors gave to extraordinary eaters, might have been revived in his grace's favour, doubtless, to the infinite satisfaction of not a few of his contemporaries. 'All dronkittis, gluttonis, and consumers of vittalis, more nor was necessary to the sustentation of men,' says Bellenden translating Boece, in 'ane compendious treit concernand baith the new maneris and the auld of Scottis,' 'were tane, and first commandit to swelly thair fouth of quhat drink they pleasit, and incontinent thaireaftir *was drounit in ane fresche river.*'

Among the traditions of Lauderdale, an instance is told of the speed of his footman. On laying the cloth for a great dinner party at Thirlstane Castle, it was discovered, to the consternation of all concerned, that there was not a sufficient number of silver spoons in the castle to correspond with the number of plates. In the emergency, it was resolved to dispatch the runner to the duke's other seat of Lethington, for a supply of the articles required. Lethington is near Haddington, and the mountain path which lies between the two places must be ten good Scottish miles long. Yet the man ran to Lethington, got the spoons, and was back at Thirlstane before the dinner bell had rung !

One of the most remarkable human cormorants of modern times was Nicholas Wood, of Harrison, in the county of Kent, who lived but a little before Lauderdale's time. Taylor, the Water-poet, wrote an amusing account of this fellow's preternatural voracity, where the following passage occurs : 'Two loynes of mutton, and one loyne of veal, were but as three sprats to him. Once, at Sir Warham St. Leger's house, he showed himself so violent of teeth and stomach, that he ate as much as would have well served and sufficed thirty men, so that his belly was like to turn bankrupt and break, but that the serving man turned him to the fire, and anointed his paunch with grease and butter, to make it stretch and hold ; and afterwards being laid in bed, he slept eight hours, and fasted all the while ; which, when the knight understood, he commanded

him to be laid in the stocks, and there to endure as long as he had laine bedrid with eating.'

One of the most prodigious specimens of obesity, in our time, was Daniel Lambert, whose remains lie in the burial-ground of St. Martin's, Stamford Baron, covered by a black slate, inscribed as follows :

Altus in animo, in Corpore Maximus.
In remembrance of that prodigy in nature,
Daniel Lambert, a native of Leicester, who was possessed
of an exalted and convivial mind ;
and, in personal greatness, had no competitor ;
he measured 3 ft. 1 in. round the leg,
9 ft. 4 in. round the body,
and weighed 52 st. 11 lb. !
He departed this life on the 21st June, 1809,
aged 39 years.
As a testimony of respect, this
stone is erected by his friends in Leicester.

It was not until the spring of 1806, that Lambert overcame his repugnance to publicly exhibiting himself. After that period, he resided nearly five months in the metropolis, and then travelled about the country, gratifying the curiosity of his countrymen, till the time of his death. On June 20, 1809, he arrived from Huntingdon, at the Wagon and Horses Inn, in St. Martin's, Stamford, where preparations were made for him to receive company the next day and during the then ensuing races ; but before nine o'clock in the morning in which he was to have been exhibited, he had paid the debt of nature ! He had for some time shown dropsical symptoms ; otherwise he had no previous sickness to indicate his so sudden dissolution. Two suits of Lambert's clothes were preserved at the above-mentioned inn, and are frequent objects of attention to the curious visitor. Seven ordinary-sized men have repeatedly been enclosed within his waistcoat, without breaking a stitch, or straining a button. His coffin measured six feet four inches long, four feet four inches wide, two feet four inches deep, and contained 112 superficial feet of elm. It was built upon two axletrees and four wheels, upon which his remains were drawn to their place of interment. His grave was dug with a gradual

sloping for many yards, and upwards of twenty men were employed for nearly half an hour in getting his massy corpse into its last abode. Mr. Lambert was a great sportsman in his early life, his bulk not having increased much above the ordinary size till he was about twenty-one or twenty-two years of age. He ate moderately, never drank any other beverage than water, and slept less than the generality of mankind, being never more than eight hours in bed. He had a powerful and melodious tenor voice.

At Hainton, there died in 1816, Samuel Sugars, aged fifty-two ; and his body, with a single coffin, weighed fifty stone.

In 1754, died Mr. Jacob Powell, of Stebbing in Essex : his body was above five yards in circumference, and weighed five hundred and sixty pounds ; requiring sixteen men to bear him to his grave.

In 1775, Mr. Spooner, of Skillington near Tamworth, weighed, a short time before his death, forty stone and nine pounds, and measured four feet three inches across the shoulders.

Keysler mentions a young man in Lincoln, who ate eighteen pounds of beef daily, and died in 1724, in the twenty-eighth year of his age, weighing five hundred and thirty pounds.

A baker, in Pye Corner, weighed thirty-four stone, and would frequently eat a small shoulder of mutton, baked in his oven, and weighing five pounds ; he, however, persisted for one year to live upon water-gruel and brown bread, by which he lost two hundred pounds of his bulk.

Mr. Collet, master of the Evesham Academy, weighed upwards of twenty-six stone ; when twelve years old, he was nearly as large as at the time of his death. At two years of age, he required two nurses to lift him in and out of bed, one of whom, in a fit of anger, he felled to the floor, with a blow of his hand.

At Trenaw in Cornwall, there was a man, known by the name of Grant Chillcot, who weighed four hundred and sixty pounds ; one of his stockings could contain six gallons of wheat.

Our poet Butler must have met with some such enormous creatures in the type of his Saxon Duke, who, in 'Hudibras,'

Did grow so fat,
That mice (as histories relate)
Ate grots and labyrinths to dwell in
His postique parts, without his feeling.

Abridged, in part, from Dr. Millingen's 'Curiosities of Medical Experiences.'

A CURE FOR CORPULENCE.

In 1863, Mr. Banting, a resident of Kensington, laid before the public a narrative of his mode of living. It is the narrative of a man who was tremendously fat, who tried hard for years and years to *thin himself*, and who at last succeeded. Not long before he published his narrative, he measured five feet five inches, and weighed about fourteen stone and a quarter. Whatever he was recommended to do to reduce his weight, he honestly tried to carry out. He drank mineral waters, and consulted physicians, and took sweet counsel with innumerable friends, but all was in vain. He lived upon sixpence a day and earned it, so that the favourite recipe of Abernethy failed in his case. He went into all sorts of vapour baths and shampooing baths. He took no less than ninety Turkish baths, but nothing did him any good; he was still as fat as ever. A kind friend recommended increased bodily exertion every morning, and nothing seemed more likely to be effectual than rowing. So this stout warrior with fat got daily into a good, safe, heavy boat, and rowed a couple of hours. But he was only pouring water into the bucket of the Danaides. What he gained in one way, he lost in another. His muscular vigour increased, but then, with this, there came a prodigious appetite, which he felt compelled to indulge, and consequently he got even fatter than he had been. At last he hit upon the right adviser, who told him what to do, and whose advice was so successful that Mr. Banting could soon walk down stairs forwards, put his old clothes quite over the suit that then fitted him, and was universally congratulated on his pleasant and becoming appearance.

The machinery by which this change was effected was of a very simple kind. He was simply told to leave off eating anything but meat. It appears that none of his numerous friendly advisers, and none of the physicians he consulted, penetrated so far into the secrecy of his domestic habits as to have discovered that twice a day he used formerly to indulge in bowls of bread and milk. The Solomon who saved him cut off this great feeder of fat, and from this time Mr. Banting was a thinner and a happier man. By avoiding food of the kind indicated, he diminished his corpulency ; reducing his weight from 202 lb. to 156 lb., or by the very material quantity of 46 lb. ; diminishing his waist girth by 12½ inches ; enabling him to go down stairs like other people, and not backwards, as he used to do ; and also to tie his shoe-strings, &c., which for many years before he could not do ; and so on. The food which he especially avoids is butter, sugar, potatoes, milk, and beer. He now takes chiefly fish, except salmon ; butcher's meat of any sort, except pork ; any vegetable except potato ; any kind of poultry or game ; fruit ; tea and toast, &c. ; so that he is by no means an anchorite, and he does not even stint himself in quantity : it is the quality of food which makes all the difference. Mr. Banting's is a very instructive case, and his pamphlet may do much good in such cases, as well as in the reverse process, where a little *more fat* is desirable. The idiosyncratic action of the liver, however, has doubtless much to do with differences of attainable result in different cases of both kinds.

One fact which Mr. Banting states is very surprising, namely, that quantity of food need only be ruled and governed by appetite, and that quality is the great question to be studied in cases of undue corpulence, and other diseases for which dietary may be a proper remedy. In every case in which the system called 'Banting' was adopted, and parties had carefully weighed themselves at starting, the greatest amount of reduction was manifest within the first forty-eight hours, and from four pounds to eight pounds reduction of weight in that time, with great personal benefit otherwise.

Mr. Banting adds :—' I have invariably advised all my correspondents and readers to act advisedly under medical

authority, to ascertain clearly the cause of their grievance or suffering before adopting any new system. Many reports were circulated, most painful and distressing to me, of ridiculous interviews with exalted persons; of my illness from adopting the system, and of my death in consequence; but all such reports are utterly false. Again, on three several occasions, five ounces of loaf sugar spread over seven days' consumption increased my weight above one pound at the end of that week; and I have therefore great reason to believe that sugar and saccharine matters are the main causes of undue corpulence.'

LUNAR INFLUENCES.

Lucilius, the Roman satirist, says that oysters and echini fatten during lunar augmentation; which also, according to Gellius, enlarges the eyes of cats: but that onions throw out their buds in the decrease of the moon, and wither in her increase, an unnatural vegetation, which induced the people of Pelusium to avoid their use. Horace also notices the superiority of shell-fish in the increase.

Pliny not only recognises this influence on shell-fish, but observes that the streaks on the livers of rats answer to the days of the moon's age; and that ants never work at the time of any change; he also informs us that the fourth day of the moon determines the prevalent wind of the month, and confirms the opinion of Aristotle that earthquakes generally happen about the new moon. The same philosopher maintains that the moon corrupts all slain carcases she shines upon; occasions drowsiness and stupor when one sleeps under her beams, which thaw ice and enlarge all things; he further contends that the moon is nourished by rivers, as the sun is fed by the sea. Galen asserts that all animals that are born when the moon is falciform, or at the half quarter, are weak, feeble, and short-lived; whereas those that are dropped in the full moon are healthy and vigorous.

In more modern times the same wonderful phenomena have been attributed to this planet. The celebrated Ambroise

Paré observed that people were more subject to the plague at the full. Bacon partook of the notions of the ancients, and he tells us that the moon draws forth heat, induces putrefaction, increases moisture, and excites the motion of the spirits; and, what was singular, this great man invariably fell into a syncope during a lunar eclipse.

Van Helmont affirms that a wound inflicted by moonlight is most difficult to heal; and he further says, that if a frog be washed clean, and tied to a stake under the rays of the moon in a cold winter night, on the following morning the body will be found dissolved into a gelatinous substance bearing the shape of the reptile, and that coldness alone without the lunar action will never produce the same effect. Ballonius, Diemerbroeck, Ramazzini, and numerous celebrated physicians bear ample testimony to its baneful influences in pestilential diseases. The change observed in the disease of the horse called moon-blindness is universally known and admitted.

The influence exercised by the moon over animal and vegetable substances is well known. Every cook will tell you that meat hung in the moon-light soon becomes putrid. The baleful effects of the moonbeams are universally acknowledged by all wild or half-civilised people—always keen observers of nature. Dr. Madden and other travellers inform us how careful the Arabs and Egyptians are of sleeping in the moonlight: so it is also with the negroes in the West Indies. Lieutenant Burton says that many an incautious negro has risen in the morning from his sleep in the moonlight with one side of his face by no means the colour of the other; and probably it took him some months to recover from the effects of moon-blow. Mr. Davidson tells us that the few who recover from the Barica fever are subject to severe nervous attacks at every full and change of moon. Sir Charles Napier wrote from Scinde,—‘It is strange, but as true as gospel, that at every new and full moon, down we all go with fever.’

Many modern physicians have stated the opinions of the ancients as regards lunar influences in diseases; but none have extended their enquiries with such zeal as Dr. Mosely. He affirms that almost all people in extreme age die at the new

or at the full moon, and this he endeavours to prove by the following records :

Thomas Parr died at the age of 152, two days after the full moon.
Henry Jenkins, 169, the day of the new moon.
Elizabeth Steward, 124, the day of the new moon.
William Leland, 140, the day after the new moon.
John Effingham, 144, two days after the full moon.
Elizabeth Hilton, 121, two days after the full moon.
John Constant, 113, two days after the new moon.

The doctor then proceeds to show, by the deaths of various illustrious persons, that a similar rule holds good with the generality of mankind :

Chaucer, October 25, 1400, the day of the first quarter.
Copernicus, May 24, 1543, day of the last quarter.
Luther, February 18, 1546, three days after the full.
Henry VIII., January 28, 1547, the day of the first quarter.
Calvin, May 27, 1564, two days after the full.
Cornaro, April 26, 1566, day of the first quarter.
Queen Elizabeth, March 24, 1603, day of the last quarter.
Shakspeare, April 23, 1616, day after the full.
Camden, November 9, 1623, day before the new moon.
Bacon, April 9, 1626, one day after last quarter.
Vandyke, April 9, 1641, two days after full moon.
Cardinal Richelieu, December 4, 1642, three days before full moon.
Doctor Harvey, June 30, 1657, a few hours before the new moon.
Oliver Cromwell, September 3, 1658, two days after full moon.
Milton, November 15, 1674, two days before the new moon.
Sydenham, December 29, 1689, two days before the full moon.
Locke, November 28, 1704, two days before the full moon.
Queen Anne, August 1, 1714, two days after the full moon.
Louis XIV., September 1, 1715, a few hours before the full moon.
Marlborough, June 16, 1722, two days before the full moon.
Newton, March 20, 1726, two days before the new moon.
George I., June 11, 1727, three days after new moon.
George II., October 25, 1760, one day after full moon.
Sterne, September 13, 1768, two days after new moon.
Whitfield, September 18, 1770, a few hours before the new moon.
Swedenborg, March 19, 1772, the day of the full moon.
Linnæus, January 10, 1778, two days before the full moon.
The Earl of Chatham, May 11, 1778, the day of the full moon.
Rousseau, July 2, 1778, the day after the first quarter.
Garrick, January 20, 1779, three days after the new moon.
Dr. Johnson, December 14, 1784, two days after the new moon.
Dr. Franklin, April 17, 1790, three days after the new moon.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, February 23, 1792, the day after the new moon.

Lord Guildford, August 5, 1722, three days after the full moon.

Dr. Warren, June 23, 1797, a day before the new moon.

Burke, July 9, 1797, at the instant of the full moon.

Macklin, July 11, 1797, two days after full moon.

Wilkes, December 26, 1797, the day of the first quarter.

Washington, December 15, 1799, three days after full moon.

Sir W. Hamilton, April 6, 1803, a few hours before the full moon.

† DEMONOLOGY.

Dæmonomania may be considered the result of a morbid condition of the mind, and the dread of supernatural agency. The belief of an incarnation of the devil leads to the natural apprehension of his having taken possession of our bodies, when a credulous creature fancies that he has fallen into his snares, and forsaken the ways of the Omnipotent. This sad delusion has been admirably illustrated by Sir Walter Scott in his curious and learned Demonology. 'It is, I think,' says he, 'conclusive that mankind, from a very early period, have their minds prepared for such events (supernatural occurrences) by the consciousness of the existence of a spiritual world. But imagination is apt to intrude its explanations and inferences founded on inadequate evidence. Sometimes our violent and inordinate passions, originating in sorrow for our friends, remorse for our crimes, our eagerness of patriotism, or our deep sense of devotion,—these, or other violent excitements of a moral character, in the visions of the night, or the rapt ecstasy of the day, persuade us that we witness with our eyes and ears an actual instance of that supernatural communication the possibility of which cannot be denied. At other times, the corporeal organs impose upon the mind, while the eye and the ear, diseased, deranged, or misled, convey false impressions to the patient. Very often both the mental delusion and the physical deception exist at the same time ; and men's belief of the phenomena presented to them, however erroneously, by the senses, is the firmer and more readily granted, that the physical impressions corresponded with the mental excitement.'

From the foregoing observations we may venture to conclude,

that an individual who gives credence to apparitions will also believe in the incarnation of the devil. In both cases we infer that spiritual beings can assume corporeal forms ; and, although we may not presume to question the possibility of such appearances when it may please the Omnipotent so to will it, to believe in possession is actually to admit that the devil is a spiritual being endowed with specific attributes and powers, and acting either independently or with the consent of the Almighty. This admission would to a certain extent border on the heresy of the Manicheans, who believed, with the heresiarch Cubricus, that there existed a good and an evil principle co-eternal and independent of each other. We find in Holy Writ that indulgence was granted to Satan to visit the earth. But the period when miraculous power ceased, or rather was withdrawn from the church, is not determined. The Protestants bring it down beneath the accession of Constantine, while the Roman Catholic clergy still claim the power of producing or procuring supernatural manifestations when it suits their purpose ; but, as Scott justly observes, it is alike inconsistent with the common sense of either Protestant or Roman Catholic, that fiends should be permitted to work marvels, which are no longer exhibited on the part of religion.

Cullen's opinion on this disease is worthy of remark. He says, 'I do not allow that there is any true *dæmonomania*, because few people nowadays believe that demons have any power over our bodies or our minds ; and, in my opinion, the species recorded are either a species of melancholy or mania,—diseases falsely referred by the spectators to the power of demons,—feigned diseases,—or diseases partly real or partly feigned.'

Esquirol, moreover, justly observes, that 'in modern times the punishment that the priest denounces have ceased to influence the minds and the conduct of men, and governments have recourse to restraints of a different kind. Many lunatics express now as much dread of the tribunals of justice as they formerly entertained of the influence of stars and demons.'

THE HAIR AND BEARD.

THE HAIR TURNED WHITE BY GRIEF.

MANY instances are recorded to establish the fact that sudden alarm or great distress will, as Sir Walter Scott has said, 'blanch at once the hair.' The hair of Ludwig of Bavaria, who died in 1294, on his learning the innocence of his wife, whom he had caused to be put to death on a suspicion of infidelity, became almost suddenly white as snow. The same thing happened to the Hellenist Vanvilliers, in consequence of a terrible dream; and also to the French comedian, Blirard, who, having fallen into the Rhone, remained for some time in imminent danger, clinging to an iron ring in one of the piles of a bridge. A like change was wrought in the case of Charles I. in a single night, when he attempted to escape from Carisbrooke Castle. Marie Antoinette, the unfortunate Queen of Louis XVI., found her hair suddenly changed by her distresses, and gave to her faithful friend her portrait, 'whitened by affliction.' The beard and hair of the Duke of Brunswick whitened in twenty-four hours, upon his learning that his father had been mortally wounded in the battle of Aurstadt.

The World of Wonders.

Chemists have discovered that hair contains an oil, a mucous substance, iron, oxide of manganese, phosphate and carbonate of lime, flint, and a large proportion of sulphur. White hair contains also phosphate of magnesia, and its oil is nearly colourless. When hair becomes suddenly white from terror, it is probably owing to the sulphur absorbing the oil, as in the operation of whitening woollen cloths.

MUMMIES.

Mummies were of several kinds, and were all of great use in magnetic medicines. Paracelsus enumerates six kinds of mummies : the first four, only differing in the composition used by different people for preserving their dead, are the Egyptian, Arabian, Hirasphatos, and Libyan. The fifth mummy of peculiar power was made from criminals that had been hanged, 'for from such there is a gentle siccedion, that expungeth the watery humour without destroying the oil and spirituall, which is cherished by the heavenly luminaries, and strengthened continually by the affluence and impulses of the celestial spirits ; whence it may be properly called by the name of constellated or celestial mummie.' The sixth kind of mummy was made of corpuscles or spiritual effluences radiated from the living body ; though we cannot get very clear ideas on this head, or respecting the manner in which they were caught.

Medicina Disuclatica ; or Sympathetica, from Paracelsus.

CHANGES IN THE HAIR.

Dr. Roget has written these remarks upon the changes in the hair. 'With some it grows grey at thirty years of age, or even earlier ; with others, this change does not take place till the less equivocal indications are manifested. Many causes, which affect but little the constitution, accelerate the death of the hair—more especially the depressing passions, corroding anxieties and intense thought. Fevers are often destructive to the vitality of the hair, when they do not permanently affect any other part of the body. There is, however, an essential difference in the effects of disease and of old age upon the hair, inasmuch as the former rarely destroys the bulbous capsule from which the hair is formed ; and, accordingly, a new crop of hairs is often found to spring up after a certain time, when the system recovers its vigour. But the death of hair from age is hopeless and irretrievable ; for it implies the destruction of every part of the root as well as the shaft, and the consequent separation of the hair is attended with the obliteration of the

canal which it occupied, and which penetrated the true skin. The loss of colour in the hair begins in the shaft, which first becomes grey, then white, and lastly transparent, giving to it that silvery appearance which is esteemed so venerable a mark of age. Baldness generally commences over the upper part of the temporal and occipital bones, particularly in the male sex, and then spreads over the whole upper surface of the head. The hair on other parts of the body suffers corresponding changes with those of the head, and also falls off partially by age.

CASE OF GREEN COLOUR OF THE HAIR.

M. Stanislas Martin has published in the '*Bulletin de Therapeutike*,' Paris, the curious case of a worker in metals, who wrought in copper only for five months, and whose hair, which was lately white, is now of so decided a green, that the poor man cannot appear in the street without immediately becoming the object of general curiosity. He is perfectly well; his hair alone is affected by the copper, notwithstanding the precautions that he takes to protect it from the action of the metal.

LONG HAIR AND THE BEARD.

In 1102, at a council held in London by Archbishop Anselm, it was enacted that those who had long hair should be cropped, so as to show part of the ear and the eyes. Odericus Vitalis tells us how Bishop Serlo, preaching before Henry I. and his court, inveighed so successfully against the iniquity of long locks, that his audience saw the folly of their ways; and the prelate, seizing the favourable moment, produced a pair of scissors from his sleeve, and cropped the king and many of his courtiers with his own hand.

From Wace and the Bayeux tapestry, we find that the beard was not worn by the Normans at the time of the Conquest, though in fashion among the Anglo-Saxons. And the Normans continued their custom till the second half of the twelfth century. The monumental effigy of Henry II. at Fontevraud,

represents him without either beard or moustache. 'The beard,' says Stothard, 'is painted and pencilled like a miniature, to represent its being close shaven.' Among the English, however, the beard was often retained, and became a sort of protest against the new dynasty. In 1196, William Longbeard—'le dernier des Saxons,' as he is named by M. Thierry—became conspicuous from his opposition to the Norman rule, the inveteracy of which was manifested to the world by the excessive length of his beard. At this time, however, a beard and moustache of moderate dimensions were in vogue among both races. The effigy of Richard II. at Fontevraud, and that of King John at Worcester, offer good examples of this change of fashion.

Hewitt on Ancient Armour.

UNLUCKY HAIR.

A Correspondent of 'Notes and Queries,' No. 20, N.S. writes: 'Among our peasantry, it is considered very unlucky to leave lying about, or to throw away, any, even the smallest scrap of human hair.' They therefore pick it up, sweep up the place where hair has been cut, and scrupulously burn the sweeping in the fire, saying, that if left about, the birds would build their nests with the hair, a fatal thing for him or *her* from whose head it had fallen: they say, if a *pyet* (Anglicè magpie) got hold of it for any such purpose—by no means an unlikely circumstance, considering the thievish propensities of the bird,—the person's death 'within year and day' was sure.

BALDNESS.

A correspondent of the *Medical Gazette* observes that 'the great prevalence of baldness may be observed by any person looking from an eminence upon a crowd of persons in those places where it is necessary to take off the hats (as in the pits of a theatre). A vast majority of the individuals, whose scalps are denuded, seem scarcely more than thirty years of age. When we look at persons fifty years of age, and upwards, and contrast them with younger men, we find the latter more fre-

quently affected by loss, and extensive loss, of hair. How, then, are we to account for the fact? Some assert that the gradually increasing variability of climate may conduce to the affliction; others, the custom of wearing hats, lawyers' wigs, &c., and thus preventing the access of the air; while a third set declare the prevalent baldness to be attributable to the modern custom adopted by gentlemen, of wearing long hair. Concerning the first two explanations, I shall say nothing; but, regarding the third, the fact that women, who seldom have their hair submitted to the scissors, rarely suffer loss of hair, would contradict it.' The question remains unsolved.

HAIR AND HAIR-DYES.

Mr. Erasmus Wilson, a leader among the professors of dermatology, has entered upon and discusses the whole question in a series of very interesting observations in the '*Journal of Cutaneous Medicine*.' He observes that the hair owes its property of dyeing to its porosity; which is evidently greater than its physiological structure would lead us to infer. Another of its properties—namely, the presence of sulphur in its constitution—renders it prone to darken under the use of certain mineral substances; for example, lead and mercury, whose compounds with sulphur are black. Thus, if a weak solution of lead or mercury be brushed into the hair, a certain quantity of the solution will penetrate the hair, and a dark colour will be produced, in consequence of the formation of a sulphuret of lead, or sulphuret of mercury. The depth of the shade of colour will depend upon the quantity of sulphur present in the hair; and as red hair and light-coloured hair contain more sulphur than dark hair, the result will in that case be comparatively greater. But where the amount of sulphur is too minute to produce the dye, science suggests the means of introducing more sulphur, as is illustrated, by a reversal of the process, in the following quotation from a paper by Dr. M'Call Anderson on '*Eczema Marginatum*':—'During the treatment I accidentally discovered what promises to be the most perfect black dye for the hair which has been seen. After having used the

bichloride lotion for some weeks, I changed it for the lotion of hyposulphite of soda; and the morning after the first application, the hair of the part, which before was bright red, had become nearly black. One or two more applications rendered it jet black, while neither the skin nor the clothing were stained. I saw this patient a couple of weeks later, and there was not the least deterioration of colour; although, of course, as the hair grows, the new portions will possess the normal tint.' The reason of the escape of the epidermis, while the hair was so thoroughly dyed, is that it contains no sulphur. Mr. Balmanno Squire, in a commentary on the above process, observes that if instead of the hyposulphite of soda, one of the more common mordants be employed—say, for example, the sulphide of ammonium—'instead of a black, a bright red colour will result.

The *modus operandi* of Dr. Anderson's dye is as follows:—'The hyposulphurous acid, on being liberated from the soda, decomposes into sulphurous acid and sulphur. The sulphurous acid reduces the bichloride of mercury to the chloride, and the sulphur converts the chloride into (black) sulphide. The effect of sulphide of ammonium on bichloride of mercury, is to produce the (red) bisulphide, which is the common vermilion of commerce.' Another commentator on 'hair dyes' observes that, with the barbers, the 'sheet anchor appears to be lead and lime.' And again, it is recommended to 'first wash the hair with a solution (ten grains to the ounce) of nitrate of silver; then use a weak solution of pyrogalllic acid, and wash.' An interesting article on the subject, from the pen of an able chymical writer, Dr. Scoffern, may be found in 'Belgravia,' under the head of 'Cosmetics for the Hair.' Dr. Scoffern reminds us that the Persians employ indigo to procure a blue-black dye, and the Turks and Egyptians a 'pasty writing ink,' composed of pyrogalllic acid, in combination with a native ore of iron, while in the West, the chief constituents of hair dyes are metallic bodies and walnut-juice. The metals chiefly in use as 'capillary chromatics' are silver, lead, and arsenic; while others applicable to a similar purpose are gold, bismuth, iron, copper, cadmium, titanium, uranium, and

molybdenum. Lead, in its crudest form, is represented by the leaden comb; but as the process by this means is slow, a compound of oxide of lead or litharge, with lime, and made into a paste with water, is more commonly employed. This is smeared on the hair at night, the evolved gases being imprisoned by an oil-skin cap, and in the morning the dried paste is brushed out, and the hair refreshed with pomatum. Or, if a so-called brown, a 'smothered' or 'fusty black,' is required, the paste should be mixed with milk instead of water. The night is preferable for these remedies, because the hair is supposed to exhale more sulphur at this period than during the day. These preparations remind us of a lotion in common use at the present time, consisting of a drachm of acetate of lead, with twice the quantity of sulphur to half-a-pint of water. The nitrate of silver is another common form of dye, but is open to the objection of staining the skin, and, in fact, everything it touches, and also of becoming iridescent on exposure to light, producing, as Dr. Scoffern observes, a 'chromatic play of tints,' which is very undesirable. Bismuth presents the same characteristics as lead, but is not much used; and when iron is employed to produce a black tint, it requires for its mordants either the pyrogallic acid or the hydrosulphate of ammonia. Brown is produced by the chloride of gold alone, as also by a solution of sulphate of copper with a mordant of the prussiate of potash (ferrocyanide of potassium); and titanium, uranium, and molybdenum, judged by their chymical behaviour, would give rise to similar results. The 'golden yellow colour,' so much in fashion of late, is produced by a solution of arsenic with a mordant of the hydrosulphate of ammonia. And cadmium would probably give rise to a similar result. In the case of dyeing the lighter tints, however, it becomes necessary to submit the hair to a process of bleaching, which is commonly effected by a solution of one or other of the alkalis, by chloriline, by the chloride of soda or lime, or by sulphurous acid, bisulphate of magnesia or lime, or peroxide of hydrogen. In general the dyes requiring mordants do not stain the epidermis.

EAU DE COLOGNE.

Competent authorities declare that the excellence of this perfume almost entirely depends upon the purity of the spirit employed as its basis. Spirits made from malt and other materials *not* vinous, will never produce Eau de Cologne of a high character, owing, it is believed, among other causes, to the odour of fusel oil in the first, and to cœnanthic ether in the second. A good and cheap Eau de Cologne, which may be denominated as 'first class,' is made as follows: Spirits of wine from grape, sixty over proof; otto of neroli (pétale), ditto (bigarrade), rosemary, orange zeste, citron zeste, and bergamot. An inferior quality is made from spirits of corn, otto of petite grain, neroli (pétale), rosemary, orange-peel, lemon, and bergamot. Now neroli, without which neither genuine Eau de Cologne nor a good imitation of it can be made, is an essence obtained from orange-blossoms (the bitter species, *Citrus bigarradia*); and when one considers the hundreds of tons of flowers plucked and consumed for the purpose of perfumery, the enormous consumption of leaves for the distillation of an essential oil called petit grain, and that from the rind of the fruit yet another essence is evoked, called oil of Portugal, the affluent nature of this beautiful tree may be in some degree understood. The edible orange tree (*Citrus aurantium*) also produces essences.

PATCHOULI.

In a drug circular, it is stated that the production of patchouli is large, and the price would be very low but that there is great difficulty in getting it shipped, as captains object to its strongly scenting the other cargo. It may be conceived how nice a tea shipment would turn out, which had been accompanied by patchouli.

OTTO OF ROSES.

The Otto, or Attar of Roses, is derived from the rose-farms of Turkey; and Ghazepore, in India; but 'Attar of Roses,

made in Cashmere, is considered superior to any other ; a circumstance not surprising, as, according to Hugel, the flower is here produced of surpassing fragrance, as well as beauty. A large quantity of rose-water twice distilled, is allowed to run off into an open vessel, placed over-night in a cool running stream, and in the morning the oil is found floating on the surface, in minute specks, which are taken off very carefully, by means of a blade of sword-lily. When cool, it is of a dark green colour, and as hard as resin, not becoming liquid at a temperature about that of boiling water. Between 500 and 600 pounds' weight of leaves is required to produce an ounce of the attar.'

Indian Encyclopædia.

• ARQUEBUSADE WATER.

Arquebusade water was originally prepared as a remedy for a wound from an *arquebusade*, or shot from an arquebus, or handgun, first mentioned by Philip de Comines, in his account of the battle of Morat, in 1476. In England, on the first formation of the Yeomen of the Guard, in 1485, half were armed with bows and arrows, the others with arquebuses ; and a large party of arquebusiers may be seen in the picture in Hampton Court Palace, which represents the procession of King Henry VIII., to meet Francis I. between Guisnes and Ardres. Though invented for the purpose from which it is named, the *Eau d'Arquebusade* is still occasionally applied to sprains, bruises, &c. The French prepare it very carefully from a great number of aromatic herbs. In England, the recipe is : dried mint, angelica tops, and wormwood ; angelica seeds, oil of juniper, and spirit of rosemary, distilled with rectified spirit and water.

STORIES *of* EPIDEMICS.

ORIGIN OF EPIDEMICS.

Perhaps it may be premature to assume that the phenomena presented by Epidemics, as stated in the 'Report on Public Health in 1871,' 'are the effects of changes in man and in the higher animals wrought by the invasion of self-multiplying molecules of the lowest, simplest forms of life ; that they succeed each other in generations, with the marvellous variations of number so commonly observed in vegetable blights—fungi, flies, locusts, and parasites ;' but this theory has at least the convenience of leaving the great question as open and undetermined as before. We do know that blights and flies come at some times, and not at others, and that they stay or go with just as much uncertainty. That, we are afraid, is all that, after years of investigation, we know of epidemics. The Report for 1871 can suggest no more than that the Plague originated in Egypt, which is certainly an established legend ; the small-pox in Arabia, an assumption equally popular ; and the cholera in Bengal, a proposition by no means incontestable. But of the Egyptian story there is more than one version. Sometimes the origin of the pestilence is ascribed to the muddy mouths of the Nile, sometimes to the accumulation of the corpses in the old cities of the dead. 'A child in Arabia,' says the Registrar-General, 'has small-pox, and the disease of this child spreads, and exterminates tribes of North-American Indians.' But how or why did the Arab child first take the small-pox ? Here, be it observed, the theory of origin is totally different. The pestilence is not traced to the malaria of a great river's mouth, but to the communication of a special complaint from one of the

lower animals to man. Small-pox is said to be a disease peculiar to the camel, and on this account to be preventable by the interposition of another and milder disease, peculiar to the cow. The Saracens, in the time of Mahomedan conquests, brought the new epidemic to Europe, and the Europeans carried it with them to the newly-discovered world in the West. Of this theory we say no more than that it has long been current, but of the specific generation of cholera at Jessore, we must observe that the story is not universally believed. This case too, deserves peculiar attention, as the only one coming within our own view. The other legends are almost pre-historic, but here is an alleged derivation of a new and dreadful plague, dated as recently as the year 1817 ; and, unfortunately for the reputation of such narratives, its truth is not established by modern enquiry. It seems probable, to say the least, that the disease was well known in various parts of India long before its supposed birth in Lower Bengal.

Even assuming, however, that epidemics represent disorders of local origin, disseminated afterwards throughout the world, how is the hypothesis to be turned to practical account? Owing to our system of intelligence, we are told, 'immediate intimation is given of any epidemic arising in the horizon, even when the cloud is no bigger than a man's hand.' That is true, and the warning is assuredly not to be despised ; but do all such epidemics necessarily travel ; and, if they travel, what is to be done to prevent their reaching us? Of the plague we now, happily, know nothing from personal experience in this country ; while small-pox, whatever it may have been originally, is now only an ordinary disorder, though liable to periodical extensions. At this point, too, we are confronted with a fact bearing strangely upon the whole question. Small-pox is one of half-a-dozen complaints which alternately rise or subside after such a fashion, that, while the destructive agency may be varied, the result on the public health remains practically the same. In 1871, for example, to quote the Registrar-General's own words, in the seventeen largest English towns 'the greatly increased fatality from small-pox was nearly balanced by a decline in the deaths from the other diseases,'

and our experience in this respect is almost uniform, nor have any means been discovered of mitigating its effects. On the contrary, its fatality is greater, and the remedial power of medicine less, than in earlier days, the only recognised security being found in flight. All we can say is, that as an antidote to the plague has actually been discovered in good sanitary conditions of living, so we may hope, by a steady improvement of these conditions, to counteract or neutralise with equal success epidemics of more recent though not more intelligible origin.

Times Journal, April 1872.

REMARKABLE INSTANCES OF CONTAGION.

The following remarks are applicable chiefly to Typhus Fever and the Plague. When patients are ill of typhus fever, there issue from their bodies certain poisonous effluvia, which, being diffused through the air, render the persons who are exposed to the breathing or contact of them liable to the same disease. These effluvia attach themselves to various substances, to clothes, to bedding, to furniture; and such as receive the effluvia from these are in like manner generally infected with the same disease. Wool, cotton, and fur carry contagion to a great distance in a very concentrated state. Instances have been known of persons being struck dead while opening a bale of cotton, which had come from a place infected with the plague. Dr. Parr, of Exeter, relates—‘The last plague which infected the town in which we now write, arose from a traveller remarking to his companion, that in a former journey, he had the plague in a room where they sat. “In that corner,” said he, “was a cupboard, where the bandages were kept; it is now plastered, but they are probably there still:” he took the poker, broke down the plaster, and found them. The disease was soon disseminated, and extensively fatal.’ From the above statements we see the necessity of thoroughly cleaning everything connected with the house, and the bed and body-clothes of patients who have fever, and of burning everything that cannot be completely cleansed; and the indispensable necessity

of quarantive laws, judiciously made, and rigorously enforced.

These poisonous particles do not appear to be very widely diffused through the air, nor do they infect persons in an adjoining street, room, or house, unless they be exposed to the substances to which the effluvia adhere, or unless they come too near to the patient himself. Where one or more persons, ill of typhus fever, are kept in a small ill-aired apartment, when their clothes are not cleaned, and their discharges are not duly carried out, the poison acquires a most malignant virulence, and persons going near the apartment are almost sure to be infected. It would appear that a healthy person, confined in an ill-ventilated and unwholesome apartment, generates a contagion of the most pernicious kind, which may infect others, though he himself is not ill of the disease. This was remarkably shown at the Old Bailey in 1750, when a culprit in good health was brought out for trial, and the effluvia from his body and clothes infected a number of persons in court—not fewer than forty.

EPISODES OF THE GREAT PLAGUE OF LONDON.

London has frequently suffered from the ravages of pestilence; and thousands and tens of thousands of the inhabitants have been swept by its virulence into one common grave. But at no period of its history was the mortality so devastating as in the year 1665, the 'last great visitation,' as it is emphatically entitled by De Foe in his 'Journal of the Plague Year.' This work was originally published in 1722: now, as De Foe was only two years of age when the great pestilence occurred, his 'Journal' was long considered as much a work of imagination as his 'Robinson Crusoe'; but there is abundant evidence of his having compiled the 'Journal' from contemporary sources (as the Collection of all the Bills of Mortality for 1665, published as 'London's Dreadful Visitation'; the 'Loimologia' of Dr. Hodges; and 'God's Terrible Voice in the City,' by the Rev. Thomas Vincent, 1667); and many of the events which De Foe records derive collateral support from the respective Diaries of Pepys, Evelyn, and Lord Clarendon

—works which were not published until very long after De Foe's decease, and the manuscripts of which he could never have perused. De Foe is believed to have been familiar with the manuscript account of the Great Plague by William Boghurst, a medical practitioner, formerly in the Sloane Collection, and now preserved in the British Museum : it is a thin quarto manuscript of 170 pages, from which only a few extracts have been published. Boghurst was an apothecary in St. Giles's-in-the-Fields ; and he states that he was the only person who had then (1666) written on the late Plague from experience and observation. Rapin and Hume have recorded the event in little more than a single sentence ; but Dr. Lingard has grouped the details of De Foe's 'Journal' into a terrific picture, which has been compared to the celebrated delineation of the Plague of Athens by Thucydides.

The Great Plague was imported, in December, 1664, by goods from Holland, where, in Amsterdam alone, 20,000 persons had been carried off by the same infection within a short time. The infected goods were opened at a house in St. Giles's parish, near the upper end of Drury-lane, wherein died four persons ; and the parish books record of this period the appointment of searchers, shutting up of infected houses, and contributions by assessment and subscription. A Frenchman, who lived near the infected house in Drury-lane, removed into Bearbinder-lane (leading to St. Swithin's lane), where he died, and thus spread the distemper in the City. Between December and the ensuing April, the deaths without the walls of the City greatly increased, and in May every street in St. Giles's was infected. In July, in August, and September, the deaths ranged from 1,000 to 7,000 per week ; and 4,000 are stated to have died in one fatal night ! In the latter month fires were burnt in the streets three nights and days, 'to purge and purify the air.'

The Court removed from Whitehall to Hampton Court, and thence to Salisbury and Oxford ; and the Londoners, leaving their city, carried the infection into the country ; so that it spread, towards the end of this and the following year, over a great part of England. The plague gradually abated in the metropolis ; but it was not until November 20, 1666, that

public thanksgivings were offered up to God for assuaging the pestilence in London, Westminster, and within the bills of mortality. There were reported dead of the plague in 1664-5, 68,596 ; probably less by one-third than the actual number.

Among the plague medicines were pill rufus and Venice treacle. Another antidote was sack. Tobacco was used as a prophylactic ; and amulets were worn against infection.

Among many touching episodes of the plague, is that of a blind Highland bagpiper, who, having fallen asleep upon the steps of St. Andrew's Church, Holborn Hill, was conveyed away in the dead cart ; and but for the howling of his faithful dog, which waked him from his trance, he would have been buried as a corpse. Of the piper and his dog, a group was sculptured by Caius Gabriel Cibber. Another episode is that of a grocer in Wood Street, Cheapside, who shut himself up with his family, with a store of provisions, his only communication being by a wicket made in the door, and a rope and pulley to draw up or let anything down into the street ; and thus they escaped infection.

The master of the Cock and Bottle or Cock ale house, in Fleet Street, near Temple Bar, in 1665, dismissed his servants, shut up his house, and retired into the country ; having advertised farthings belonging to the said house to be brought in ; and one of these farthings is to this day exhibited by the present landlord of the tavern.

A cross was affixed by authorities to the door of the house where there was infection ; and in the Guildhall Library was a few years since found one of these 'Plague Crosses.' It was the ordinary size of a broadside, and bore a cross extending to the edges of the paper, on which were printed the words, 'Lord have mercy upon us.' In the four quarters formed by the limbs of the cross, were printed directions for managing the patient, regulations for visits, medicines, food, and water. This 'cross,' unfortunately, is not now to be found.

Very stringent enactments were introduced by Jac. i. c. 31. a statute which made it capital felony for any person having an infectious sore upon him uncured, to go abroad and converse in company, after being commanded by proper authority to *keep his house*. The necessity, however, of any regulations

adapted to an actual prevalence of this disease among us, have been long at an end ; no plague having, by the blessing of Providence, been known in this island for more than 180 years past ; and the statute of James, after remaining for so long a period dormant, was, at length, in the first year of the reign of her present Majesty, repealed.

Stephen's Commentaries.

During the period of the Great Plague, the office of *searcher*, which is continued to the present day, was a very important one ; and a noted body-searcher, whose name was Snacks, finding his business increase so fast that he could not compass it, offered to any person that should join him in his hazardous practice half the profits ; and those who joined him, were said to go with Snacks. Hence 'going snacks,' or dividing the spoil.—*Mems. &c., by W. Wadd.*

THE PLAGUE OF 1665, AT EYAM.

Eyam, a hamlet secluded among the hills of the Peak of Derbyshire, is about 150 miles from London, and had a population of 350 souls. Quite early in the month of September, when the plague was at its worst in London, there was sent from London to one George Vicars, a tailor, a box of clothes. He opened the box, and hung the clothes to the fire, and while he watched them was suddenly seized with violent sickness, and other alarming symptoms. On the second day he was worse, and he died on the following night, September 6. The disease spread from this centre ; by March 1, 1666, it had destroyed 58 souls ; and by the beginning of June, 77, or more than one in five of the population. About the middle of June, the plague began to increase ; and then it was that Mrs. Mompesson, the rector's wife, implored her husband to remove, with herself and their two young children, from this doomed village. But he, alleging his duty to his suffering flock, and his responsibility to his Maker, and pointing out the stain which would rest on his memory did he desert his post in this hour of danger, determined to remain. He, on his part, tried to persuade his wife to take their children with her to some place of safety, till the plague should be stayed. But she

declared that nothing should induce her to leave him alone amid such ravages of death. Her children, however, she would send away. It was at this time (about mid-June) that the inhabitants, wishing to follow the example of the few wealthy who had left early in the spring, and of a few others who had built huts for themselves in the neighbourhood, would have deserted the village *en masse*. But now Mompesson, with his own example, and that of his wife to back him, pleaded so effectually the selfishness and the uselessness of such a course, the danger to the neighbourhood, and the slight chance of profit to themselves, that the inhabitants were induced to give up all thoughts of flight. Mompesson then concerted measures with the Earl of Devonshire, who remained at Chatsworth during the plague, and with his assistance established and carried out an efficient quarantine. A circle was drawn round the village at a distance of about half a mile, beyond which no inhabitant should pass, and to two or three chosen spots provisions were brought every morning by persons from the neighbourhood, who immediately retired. Men appointed by the rector fetched these provisions, and left the purchase-money for the few articles not given by the earl, in troughs of water. Towards the end of June, the plague began to rage even more fearfully. There were so many deaths, that the passing bell was no longer rung, the churchyard was no longer used for interment, and the church door was closed. The rector read prayers and preached from an arch in an ivy-mantled rock, in a secluded dingle, to his people seated on the grass, at some distance from each other. All this time, though Mompesson had been visiting from house to house, he and his wife had escaped; but on August 22, Mrs. Mompesson was seized, and three days after was at rest in the village churchyard. In this terrible month of August, there were 77 deaths, out of a population of less than 200 remaining at the beginning of the month. At least two in every five must have died. The hot month of September proved less fatal, and on October 11, the plague, as if exhausted with excessive slaughter, held its hand. It had attacked 76 families, and swept away 267 out of about 350 inhabitants—say seven in nine. These are the *figures* taken from the parish register. Mompesson states the

deaths at 259; it is likely, therefore, that eight died from causes other than plague. Mompesson, the hero of this sad tragedy, left Eyam in 1669, three years after the plague had ceased, for a living in Nottinghamshire, where, so fearful were the people even then of the plague, in which he had lived and worked so long, that he was obliged to live in a secluded hut, till their fears had died away.

Dr. Guy on Public Health.

'THE BLACK DEATH' IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

The Black Death reached England in August, 1348, appearing first in the county of Dorset, thence spreading through Devon and Somerset, to Bristol, Gloucester, Oxford, and London; in fact, through the whole country. It took three months to reach London. Few places are believed to have escaped, and only a tenth part of the inhabitants were thought to have remained alive. . . . The disease was so contagious, that not only by being with the sick, but by looking at them, one took it of another; so that people died without servants, and were buried without priests. The father did not visit his son, nor the son his father. Charity was dead, and hope extinguished. . . . The mortality was everywhere on a grand scale. Aleppo lost 500 a day, Gaza 22,000 in all, and Cairo 15,000. Genoa lost 40,000, Parma the same number, Naples 60,000, Siena 70,000, Rome an incalculable number; Venice, out of a population of 200,000, lost 70,000, saw 90 patrician families extinguished, and its grand council of 1,250 reduced to 380. In Florence 100,000 perished between the months of March and July. In England, Hecker specifies Yarmouth, Norwich, Bristol, Oxford, Leicester, York, and London, as cities that suffered 'incredible losses.' In Yarmouth 7,052 died, in Norwich 51,100, in London 100,000. Cyprus lost almost all its inhabitants, and ships without crews were often seen in the Mediterranean, and afterwards in the North Sea, driving about, and spreading the plague wherever they went on shore. At Avignon the Pope found it necessary to consecrate the Rhone, that bodies might be thrown into the river without delay, as the churchyards would no longer hold them.

Dr. Guy on Public Health.

BLOOD RAIN.

During the first Great Plague of Rome, in the reign of Romulus, we read in Plutarch that it seemed to *rain blood*; a portent which in ages of barbarism has not been unfrequently recorded. Now the red fungus which presents this appearance has been found to be the concomitant of epidemics in more modern times also, as well as during the continental sweating sickness at Cremona in 1529. Hecker, in his 'History of Epidemics,' cites various other instances of the same phenomenon co-existing with some great epidemic; and remarks that blood-spots, as they were called, went for that reason by the name of *signacula*. They were observed in the plague of the sixth century, and during those of 789 and 959 were called *Lepra vestium*. In the plague of 1500 and 1503, this phenomenon caused great alarm, more especially as the sign of the cross could be recognised in these blood-spots. One of the first persons who considered the thing at all scientifically was George Agricola, who, in the 'History of the Plague' that occurred in his day (sixteenth century), pronounced the spots to be caused by a lichen. With its occurrence was connected a great failure of the crops, which is often consequent on the abundance of fungi.

Dr. Daubeny, F.R.S.

THE PLAGUE PLANT.

This plant grows, or formerly did grow, in the grounds of Charterhouse. It had a small yellow flower; and from the milky juice in the stem, it is thought to be one of the Euphorbiaceæ. This milky juice either had, or was fancied to have, a sickly smell, and it was a current tradition that it only grew on the above spot, owing its nutriment to the bodies interred there during the Great Plague of 1348-52; at which period the grounds and square of Charterhouse formed part of Pardon Churchyard, purchased by Sir Walter Manny, for the burial of the dead.

H. T. Riley; Notes and Queries, 2nd Series, No. 42.

FOUR THIEVES' VINEGAR.

A report of the plague in 1760 having been circulated, Messrs. Chandler and Smith, apothecaries in Cheapside, had taken in a *third* partner (Mr. Newson), and while the report prevailed, these gentlemen availed themselves of the popular opinion, and placed in their windows a written notice of 'Four Thieves' Vinegar sold here.' Mr. Ball, an old apothecary, passing by, and observing this, went into the shop. 'What!' said he, 'and have you taken in another partner?' 'No,' 'Oh, I beg your pardon,' replied Ball; 'I thought you had by the ticket in your window.'—*Mems. &c. by W. Wadd.*

ARABS AND THE PLAGUE.

The Arabs seldom employ medicine for the Plague; but, though predestinarians, the common belief in Europe is erroneous that supposes they use no precautionary measures. Burckhardt states that many of the townsmen fled from Medina to the desert; alleging as an excuse, that although the distemper was a messenger from heaven, sent to call them to a better world, yet, being conscious of their unworthiness, and that they did not merit this special mark of grace, they thought it more advisable to decline it for the present, and make their escape from the town. The Sembawees have a superstitious custom of leading a she-camel through the town, covered with feathers, balls, and all sorts of ornaments; after which it is slaughtered, and the flesh thrown to the dogs. By this process they hope to get rid of the malady at once, as they imagine that it has been concentrated in the body of the devoted animal.

Hist. Arabia, by A. Crichton.

ROYAL DEATHS FROM SMALL-POX.

By way of impressing the ravages of small-pox in the pre-Jennerian period on people's minds in a manner more pictur-

esque than that of ordinary statistics, Dr. John Gairdner selects the history of a few Royal Houses. Thus, of the descendants of Charles I. of Great Britain he finds that of his 42 lineal descendants up to the date 1712 five were killed outright by small-pox—viz., his son Henry, Duke of Gloucester, and his daughter Mary, wife of the Prince of Orange and mother of William III.; and three of the children of James II.—viz., Charles, Duke of Cambridge, in 1677; Mary, Queen of England, and wife of William III., in 1694; and the Princess Maria Louisa, in April 1712. This does not include, of course, severe attacks not fatal, such as those from which both Queen Anne and William III. suffered. Of the immediate descendants of his contemporary, Louis XIV. of France (who himself survived a severe attack of small-pox), five also died of it in the interval between 1711 and 1774—viz., his son Louis, the Dauphin of France, in April of 1711; Louis, Duke of Burgundy, son of the preceding, and also Dauphin, and the Dauphiness, his wife, in 1712; their son, the Duc de Bretagne, and Louis XV., the great grandson of Louis XIV. Among other royal deaths from small-pox in the same period were those of Joseph I., Emperor of Germany, in 1711; Peter II., Emperor of Russia, in 1730; Henry, Prince of Prussia, 1767; Maximilian Joseph, Elector of Bavaria, December 30, 1777.

British Medical Journal.

PERIODICAL SMALL-POXES.

The small-pox (Aubrey notes) is usually in all great towns: but it is observed at Taunton, in Somersetshire, and at Sherborne, in Dorsetshire, that at one of them at *every seventh year*, and at the other at *every ninth year*, comes a small-pox which the physicians cannot master—*e.g.*, small-pox in Sherborne during the year 1626, and during the year 1634; from Michaelmas 1642, to Michaelmas 1643; from Michaelmas 1649, to Michaelmas 1650; from Michaelmas 1657, to Michaelmas 1658; in the year 1667, from January to September; also in Taunton all the year 1658; likewise in the year 1670; again in the year 1677; again very mortal in the year 1684.

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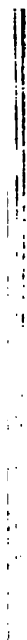
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